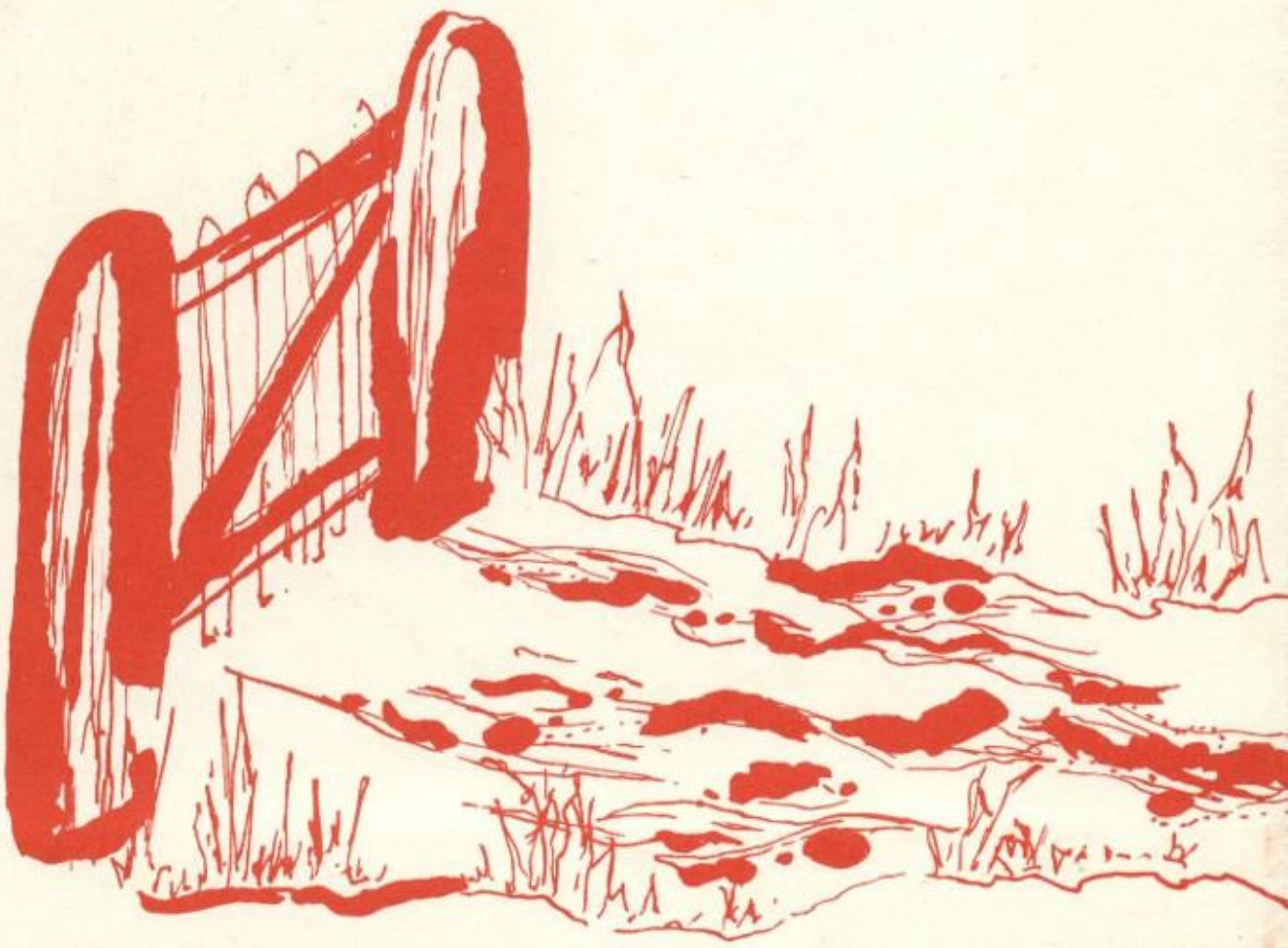
Speculum Latinum

1964



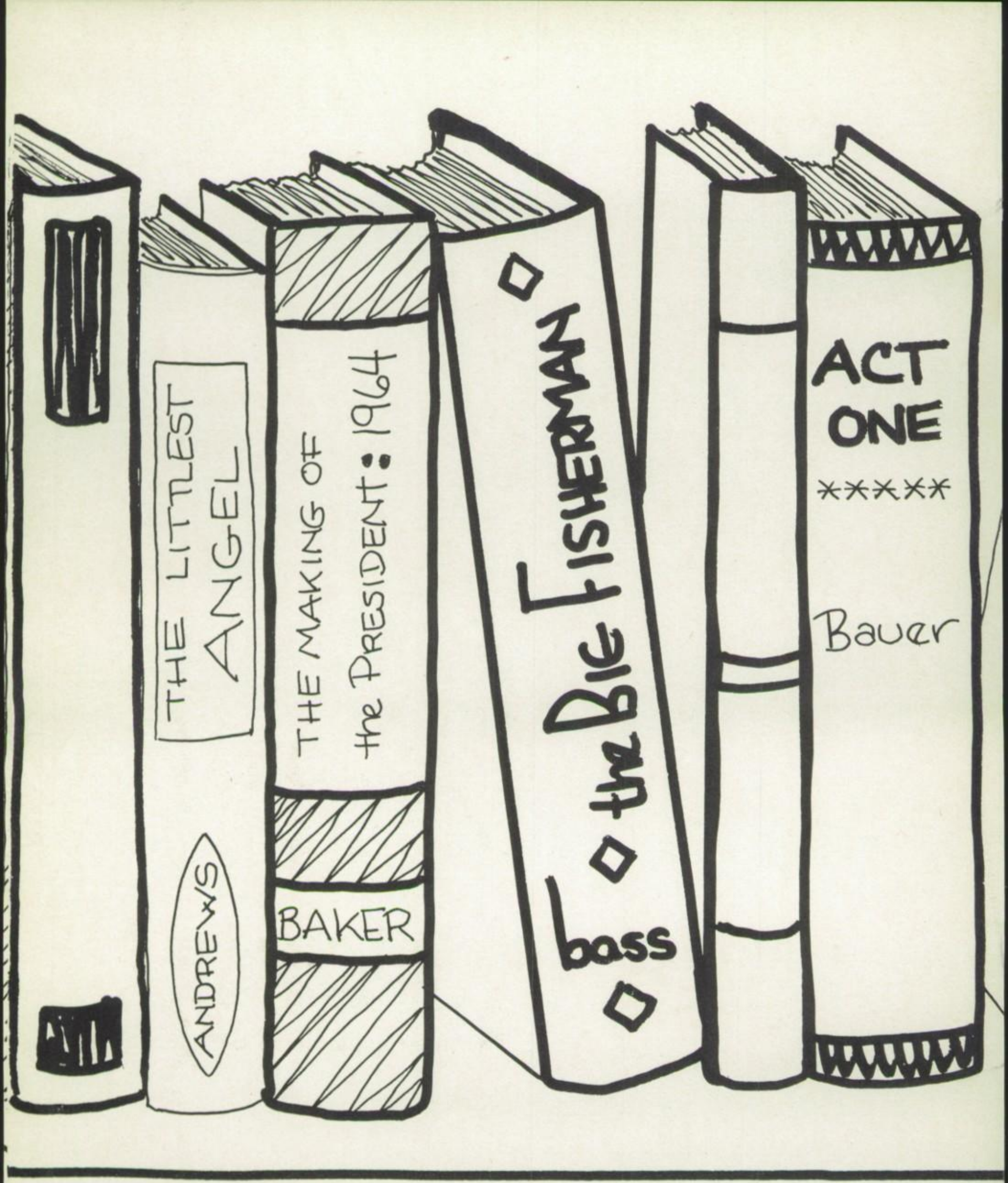
Ye Olde
Book Shoppe

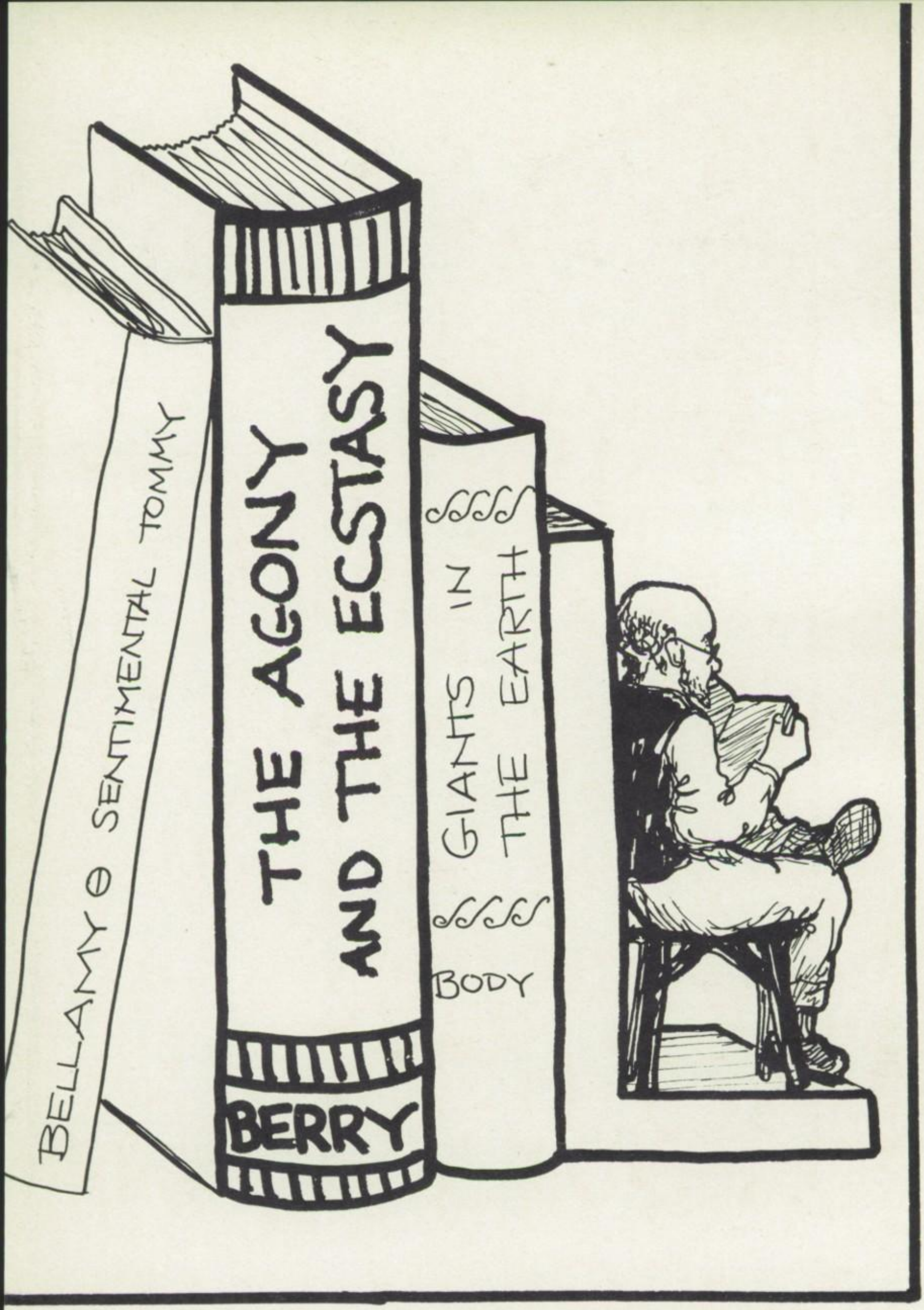
HATHAWAY-BROWN SCHOOL

CLEVELAND 22, OHIO

Speculária

1964

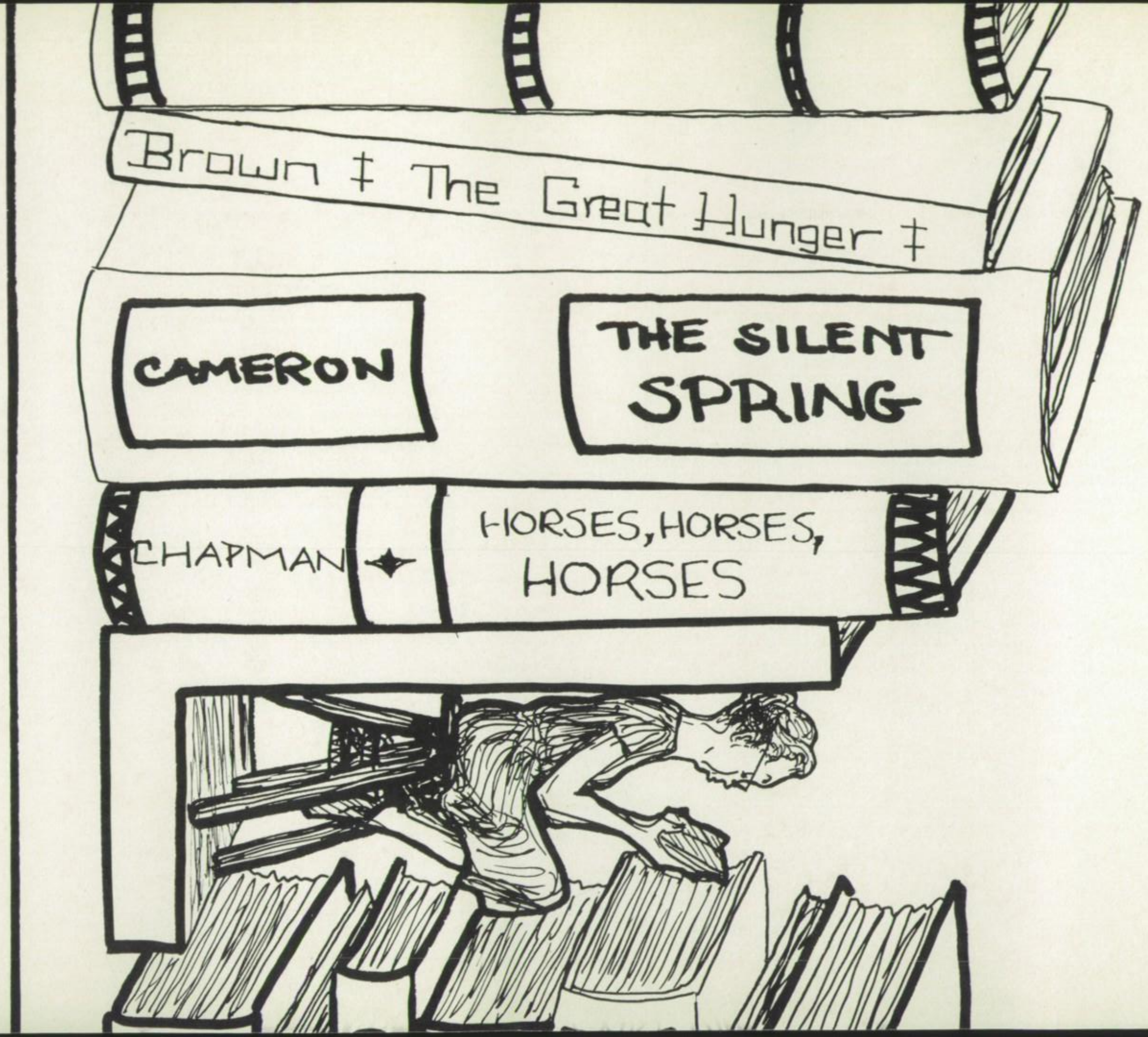

THE LITTLEST ANGEL
THE MAKING OF the President: 1964
ANDREWS
BAKER
the Big Fisherman
bass
ACT ONE
*****
Bauer



THE OLD BOOKSHOP

To Miss Jensen

For her enthusiastic participation in all our activities
and her service to our school;
for her guidance toward a finer appreciation of our language; and
for her understanding of us as children, past and present,
We dedicate this book.


Brown ‡ The Great Hunger ‡
CAMERON
THE SILENT SPRING
CHAPMAN
HORSES, HORSES, HORSES

SPEC AS IN WRECK
COLBORN
QUEEN of SCOTS
CROCKER
DIARY OF A YOUNG GIRL
DALTON
AUNTIE MAME
DALZELL

Miss Anne Cutter Coburn
Headmistress

Miss Charlotte Van Houten
Head of Primary Department

Mrs. Seth Hammond
Head of the Primary Department

Miss Gladys Dolloff
Miss Sarah Birney
Mrs. L. A. McCreary
Miss Susan Taplin
Mrs. Allan Abbott

Not present:
Miss Rosemary Denniston

Mrs. Foster Miller
Miss Grace E. Finley
Mrs. Charles Hudson
Miss Sally R. Thompson

Miss Carolyn Newman
Mrs. E. W. Huffer
Miss Roberta Wessell
Miss Sue Betzold

Not present:
Mrs. James Sampliner

Mrs. George McCormick
Miss Arlene Jermyn
Miss H. B. Fairman

Seated:
Miss Eva Selka

Mrs. J. Paul Visscher

Seated:
Mrs. T. R. Sliker

Miss Dorothy Jane Nyman
Mrs. R. H. Foulkes
Mrs. J. E. Morgan
Miss Mary Virginia Monroe

Seated:
Mrs. Joseph Kader

Miss Jenny Jensen
Mrs. C. P. Ecclestone
Mrs. R. J. Gregg

Seated:
Mrs. Anne Holmes
Mrs. Seth Hammond

Mrs. Eleanor D. Leuser
Mrs. Ethel G. Scheufler
Mrs. Aubrey Hackenburg
Miss Helen L. Kylin

Mrs. Arthur Morison
Mrs. F. G. May
Mrs. Thomas Piwonka

Seated:
Miss Joanne Rosenberger
Mrs. J. R. Jewitt, Jr.

Mrs. J. N. Wilkin
Mrs. Meriam Herrick

Seated:
Miss Charlotte Van Houten

Miss Audrey Wilk
Mrs. J. T. Johnston
Mrs. C. H. Sturgeon

Seated:
Mrs. F. S. Rodgers
Miss Roxana M. Downing

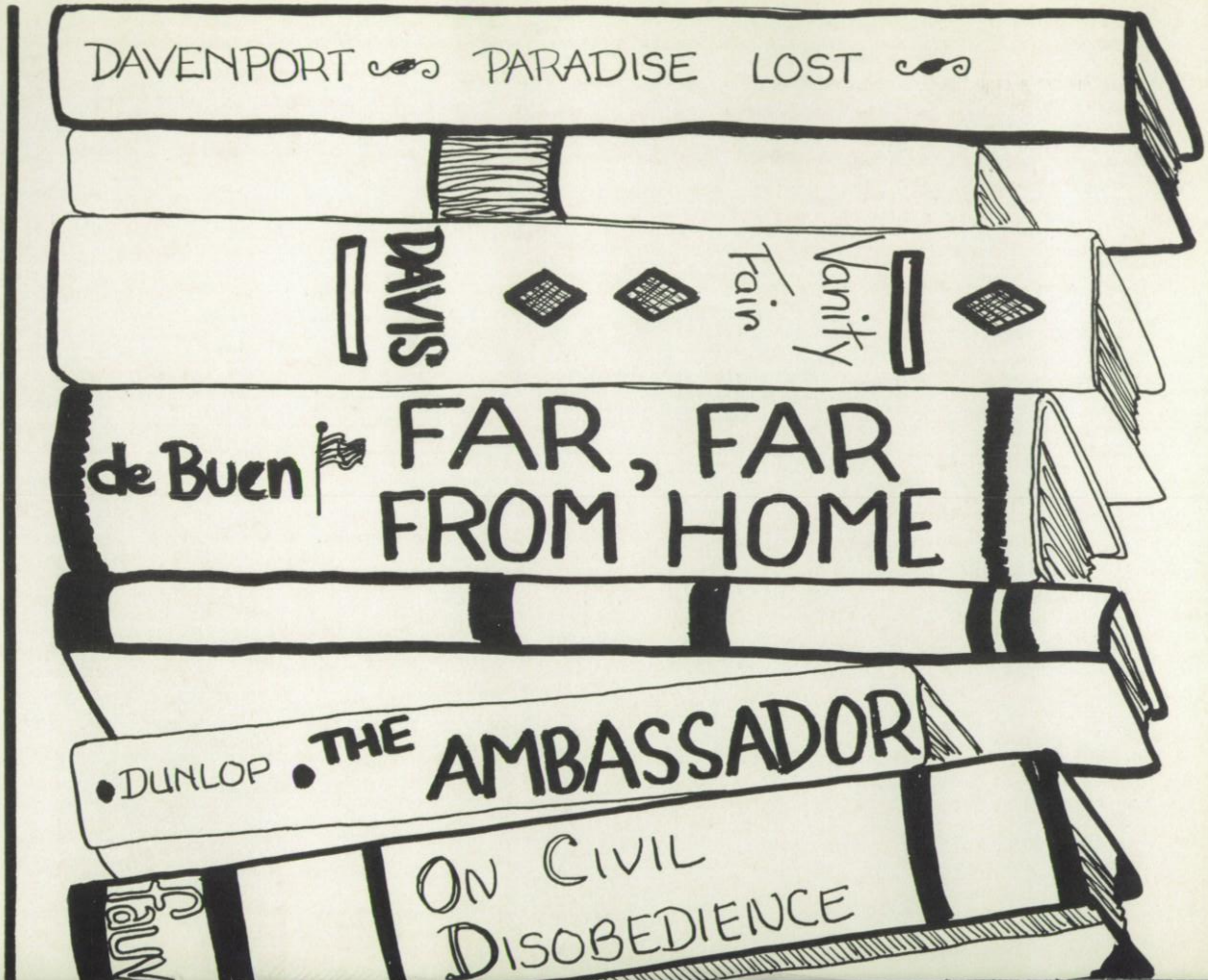
Miss Mary Lou Frey
Miss Dorothea Dudley

Seated:
Miss Bonnie Bruce

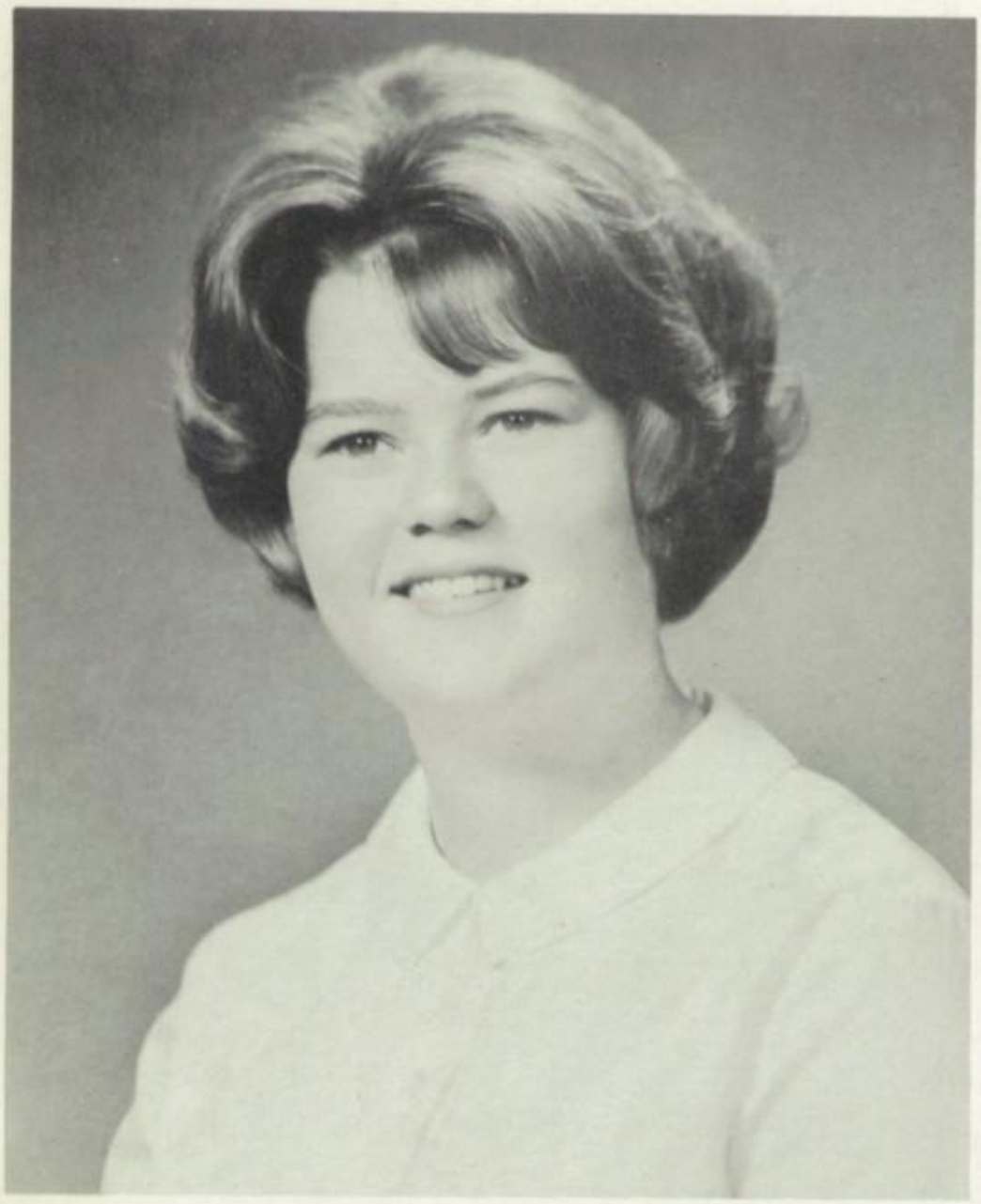
Mrs. S. LaD. Rice
Miss Marion Caul
Miss Mary Ann Doerner
Mrs. William Pierce

Seated: Mrs. M. Ewald

Not present: Mrs. Dan Kaye


DAVENPORT
PARADISE LOST
DAVIS
Vanity Fair
de Buen
FAR, FAR FROM HOME
DUNLOP
THE AMBASSADOR
ON CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE

BEST SELLERS



Jilly Bean, Billy Jean, Marcia Jill, Midge, Jo Anne, or Jill . . . warm sunny smile . . . industrious and competent mathematician . . . Johnny's big sister and leader of the Andrews clan . . . "absolute blasts!" in California, Arizona, and Canada . . . familiar splash at the Country Club pool for many summers . . . frequently in a *riotous* mood . . . Big Light in Drama Club . . . cheery unsophisticate . . . diligent treasurer for *Review* . . . dry humor . . . ardent believer in the advantages of the Sunshine State . . . unforgettable glow which she transmits to all . . . bombs around in a maroon and black Corvair . . . butterflies . . . rather cherubic . . . Jill

Marcia Jill Andrews

Only offices she didn't rope were those which could not be held simultaneously with those of Sophomore class president, editor-in-chief of *Review,* and Student Council president . . . "All right, you all!" . . . a bob that goes from perky to flowing and a twist from bouffant to sleek . . .' gives Rich priority for Saturday movie . . . enviable poise in classroom recitations . . . devotion to friends in St. Louis . . . early acceptance to University of Michigan on Carnival day . . . memorable Roy Rogers's "Happy Trails to You" . . . drives a tough Bonneville . . . firm authority felt throughout the school . . . Laura

Laura Baker

Bookkeeper of this book . . . cotton-pickin' animal stuffer for Craft Shop . . . only senior to take both French IV and Latin IV . . . early classics lover . . . stories retold of a summer in France with the Experiment in International Living . . . a romantic poet with honors in poetry contest junior year . . . member of the Miss Bruce Fan Club . . . brightens up at neighboring schools . . . Bobara and her bobbed nose . . . J.C.W.A., Drama Club, Latin Club . . . candid in her opinions . . . admirably self-confident and composed . . . Barby

Barbara DeJong Bass

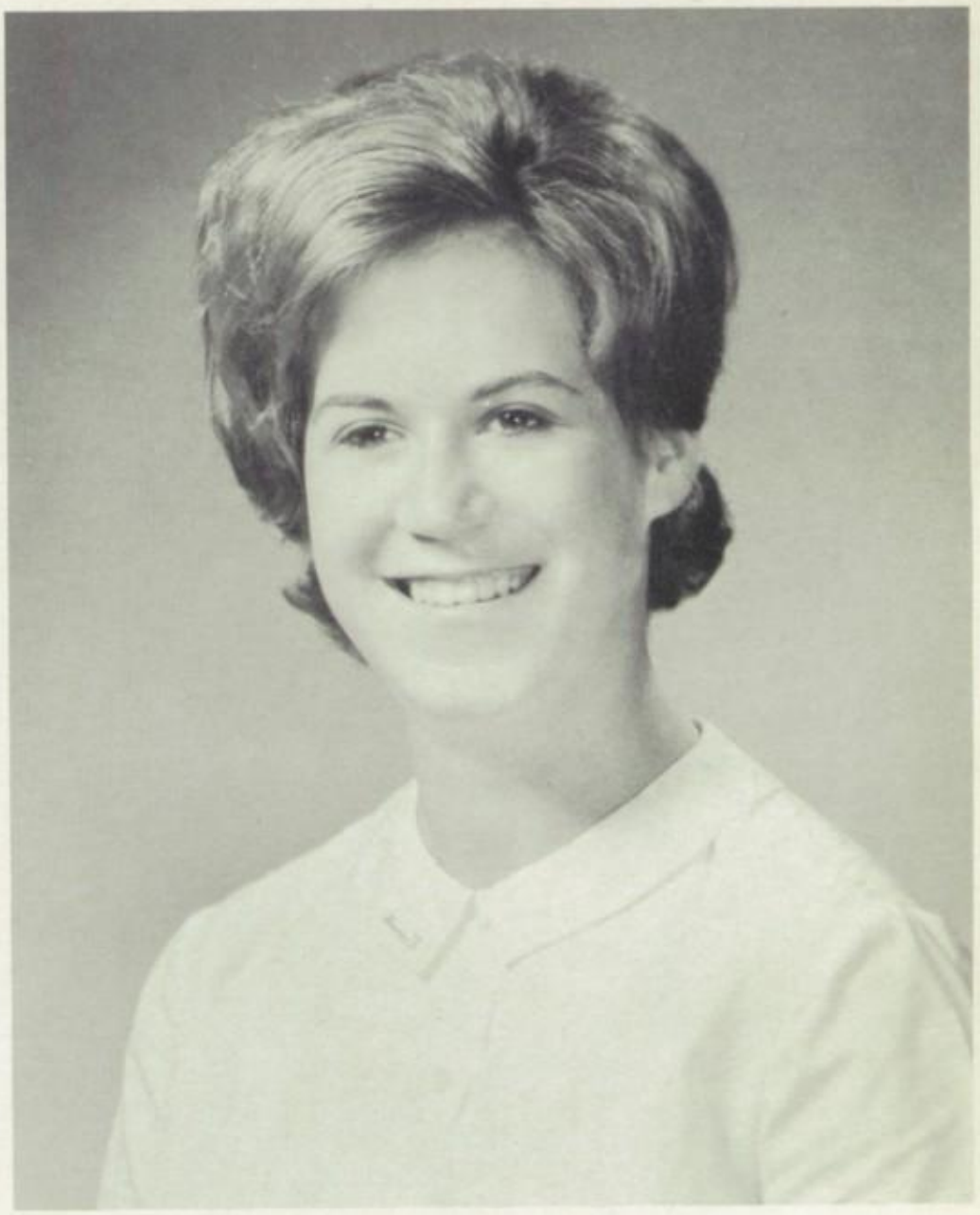
Dramatic president of Drama Club, who can make any story funny . . . sentimental memories of Shelby including daily kick-the-can games . . . return to Dorm senior year after two years absence . . . exceptional dancer . . . exotic glasses, dramatically long hair, and short skirts . . . council member sophomore year . . . a jet . . . her word, "fabulous" . . . ardent promoter of Mike Douglas . . . many Pot Luck field trips and riotous parties in Lakewood . . . singer of interesting ballads . . . sensitivity . . . sleeps on her face . . . the question on the floor is, "Does Barb . . .?" . . . a warm personality . . . Barbi

Barbara Hamilton Bauer

Our own Miss Speaking Socially who always sticks to her guns . . . candid . . . President of College Widows Club . . . Secretary of Glee Club with undying loyalty to Music, Mrs. Foulkes, and Hallelujah . . . Ensemble's second soprano . . . folk singing integrationist . . . "obnoxious lectures on evils of smoking" followed by her downfall . . . known as major supporter of No-Doze Co. . . . candles . . . rumored to have eaten several bags of sunflower seeds in biology class . . . "If somebody doesn't take my mice, they're going to the boa constrictor next week." . . . undying admiration for one from whom she received many a "Zero, Bellamy!" . . . "That's right, Miss Jermyn." . . . an interesting individualist . . . Consie

Constance Elizabeth Bellamy

Bombs around in a little white Berry bug . . . vast store of zany ideas for skits—especially for Carnival . . . recently removed to fairer outskirts of this fair city but still finds time to make weekly jaunts to Fairmount . . . extreme emotions . . . favorite victim of Lumb's mutt . . . teeny voice, titan body . . . unrestrained merriment . . . the Dude from Spring country . . . gargantuan sneezes . . . never seen without her shades . . . never misses a summer day at "the club" . . . "To-night's the night!" . . . generous and understanding . . . Janie

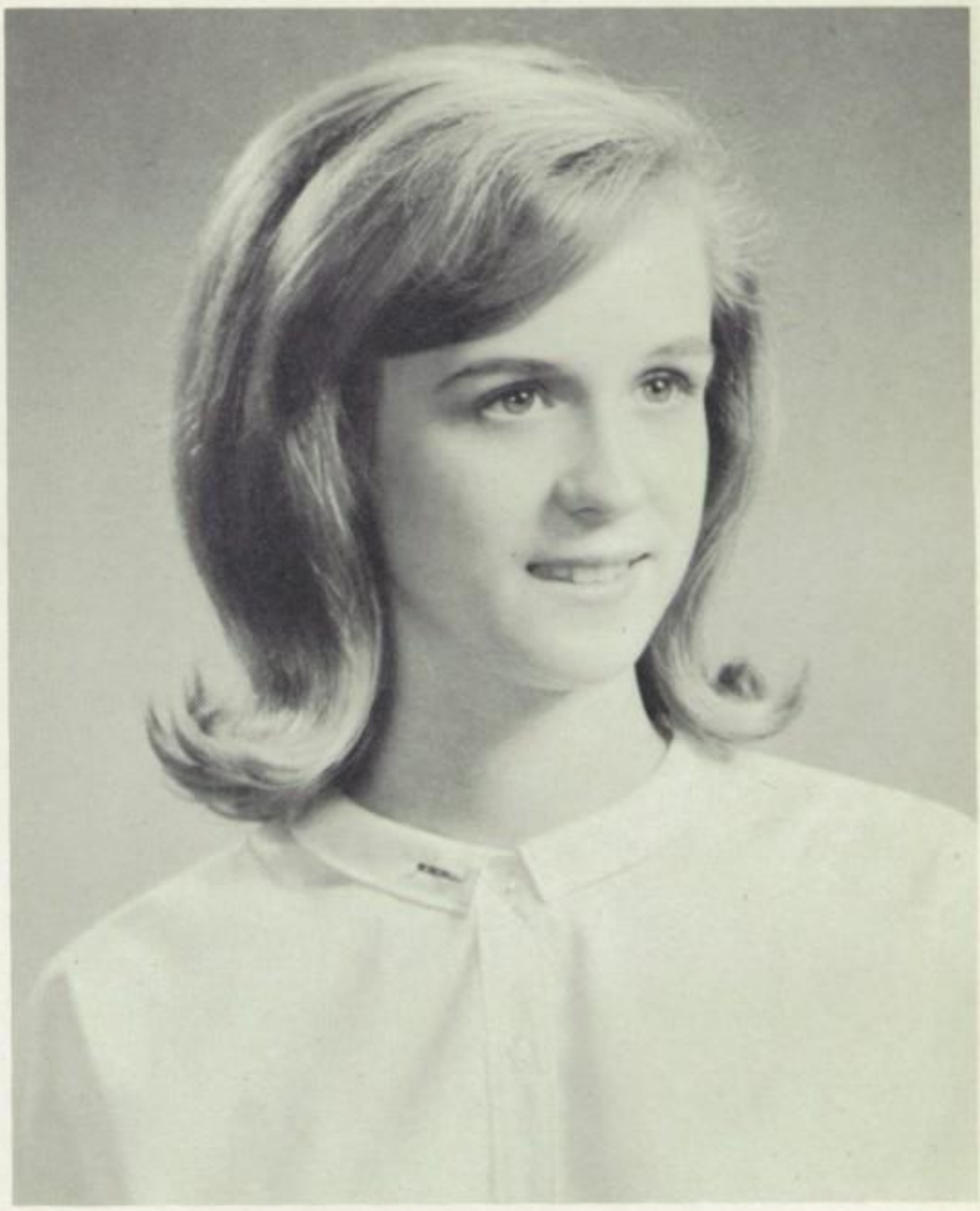


Jane Gilchrist Berry

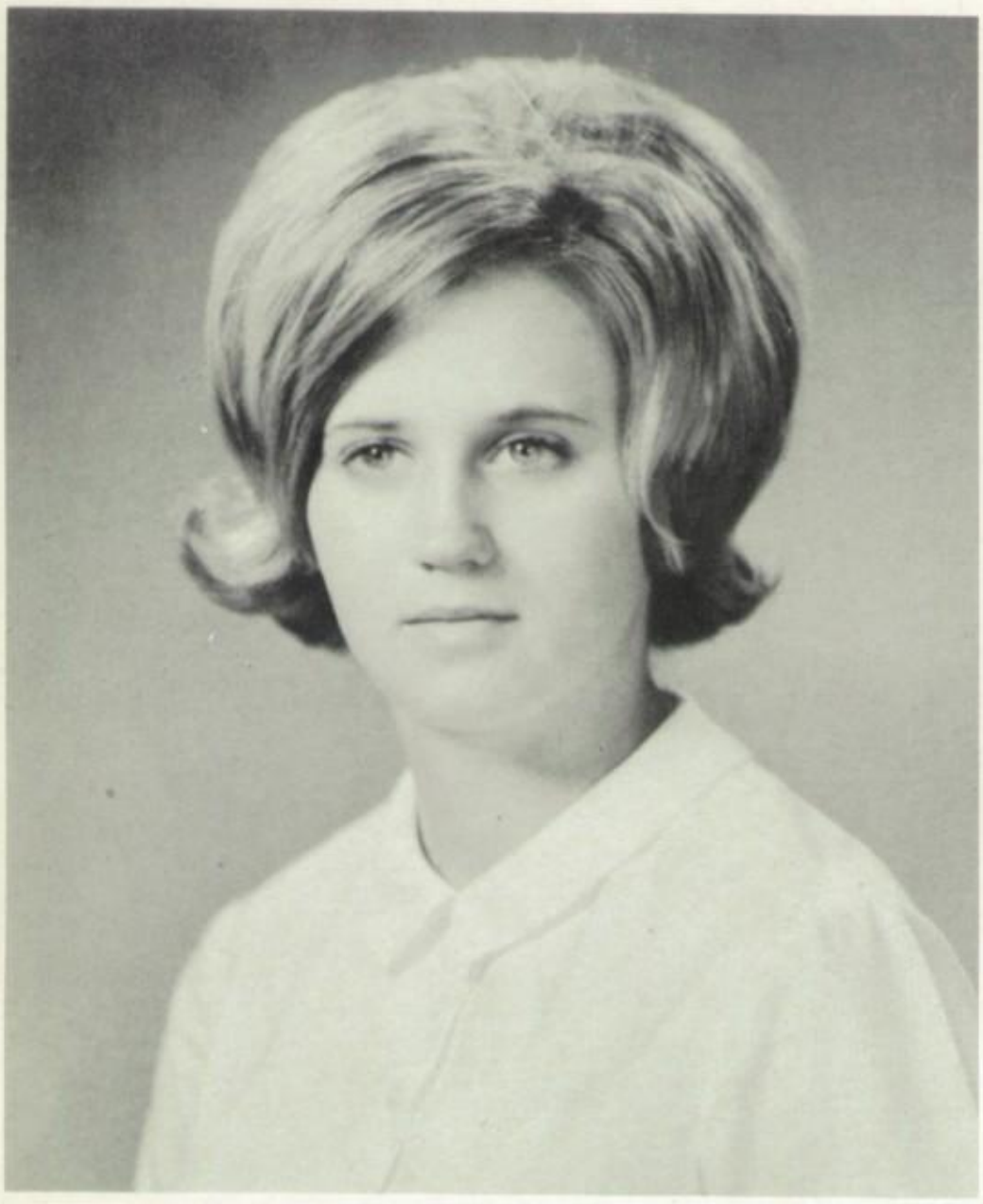
Spunky field hockey half-back . . . consistent Thursday candy-striper . . . hostess in Canada for very desirable company . . . facile in math and science . . . enviable skiing ability and trips to Aspen and Ellicottville . . . our vigorous fire chief . . . memorable "Tom-Boy" in IV Prep play . . . a steady advocate of tennis . . . open house after football games and proms . . . "Stay away from the lab. Hilde's at her malodorous project again." . . . stage presence in the tumbling act . . . "May I see anyone who doesn't have a date for Batzer's?" . . . prolonged death agonies in Christmas play . . . a deep chuckle . . . "I'll take care of it." . . . Hilde

Hildegarde Baker Body

"Bones" . . . Lakewoodite who joined H.B. and dorm in her junior year . . . a ready-made model . . . Laurel? Brown? all she needs is a Hathaway . . . a cool head when the going gets rough . . . the Lost and Found girl who picks up most of her own things . . . an Amsterdam basketball fan . . . never ending battle to gain a pound . . . can always be found writing letters in study hall . . . a good sport as field hockey goalie . . . appreciated speed in Friday afternoon chapel . . . willowy with an enviable sleek shoulder length flip . . . Laurel



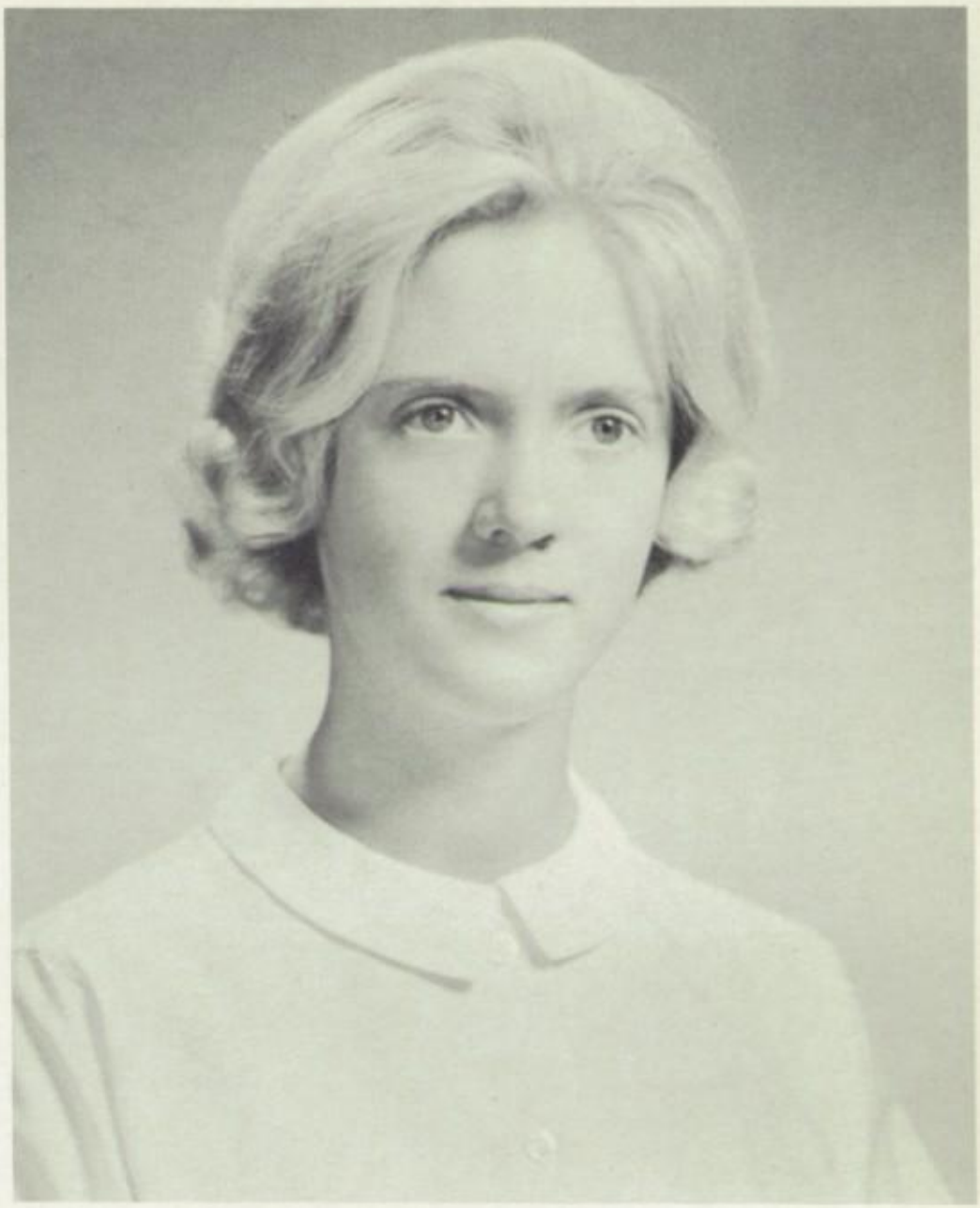
Laurel Whiting Brown



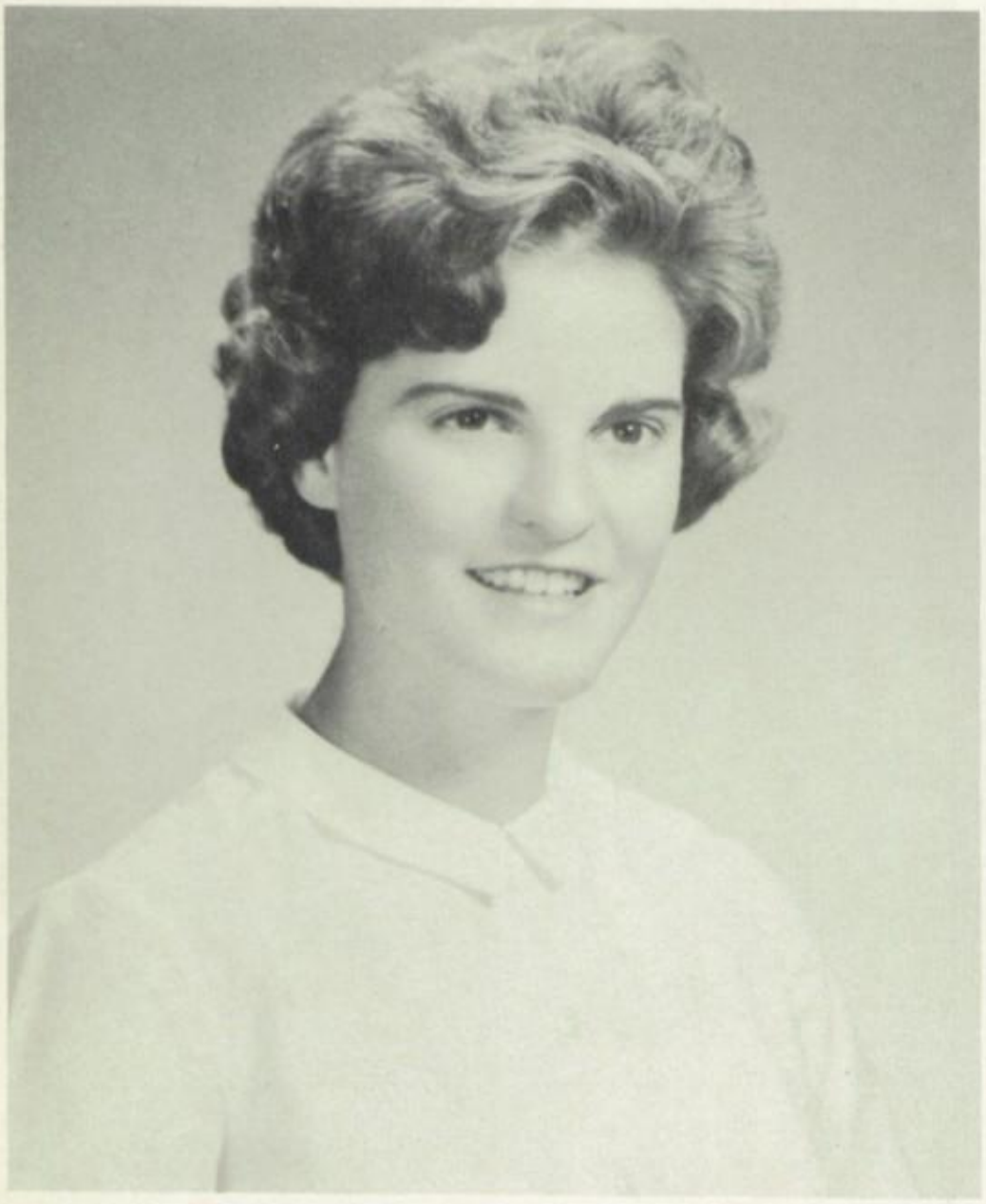
A jazz-prone member of modern dance . . . graceful and adept swimmer . . . second quarter president of school . . . played the field for awhile at U.S., then moved on to bigger and better things . . . our freshman May Queen attendant . . . memories of summers at Willow Ranch in Montana . . . only senior who wears gunboats instead of shoes . . . "I don't really live that far out!" . . . unforgettable two weeks with the doorless "red lobster" . . . foot contortions . . . has set all time records in weight lifting . . . an understanding nature . . . an outward serenity covering a unique sense of humor . . . Lynn

Lynn Elizabeth Cameron

A real talker . . . tags everything from a sweater to a car with the name George . . . a unique shaggy-dog hair style . . . type cast as a dramatic, shoe-pounding, Czechoslovakian delegate to the Mock U.N. . . . gained from a summer in France the speed, if not the grammar, of the language . . . equally at home in the worlds of horse shows and skiing . . . sudden bursts of enthusiasm . . . a senior-year addition to Glee Club . . . unforgettable participation at Madison Square Garden . . . one of the first dissenters from the bicycle set . . . capricious with an underlying firm independence . . . unblotted pink lipstick . . . works in spurts . . . an outgoing and frank nature . . . Gail

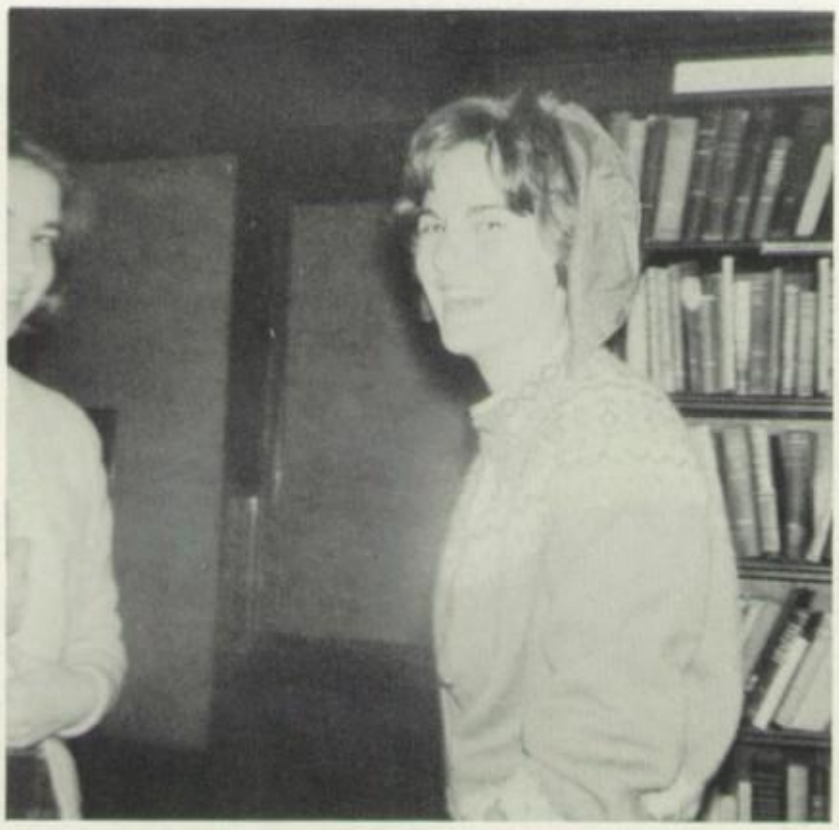


Gail Drake Chapman

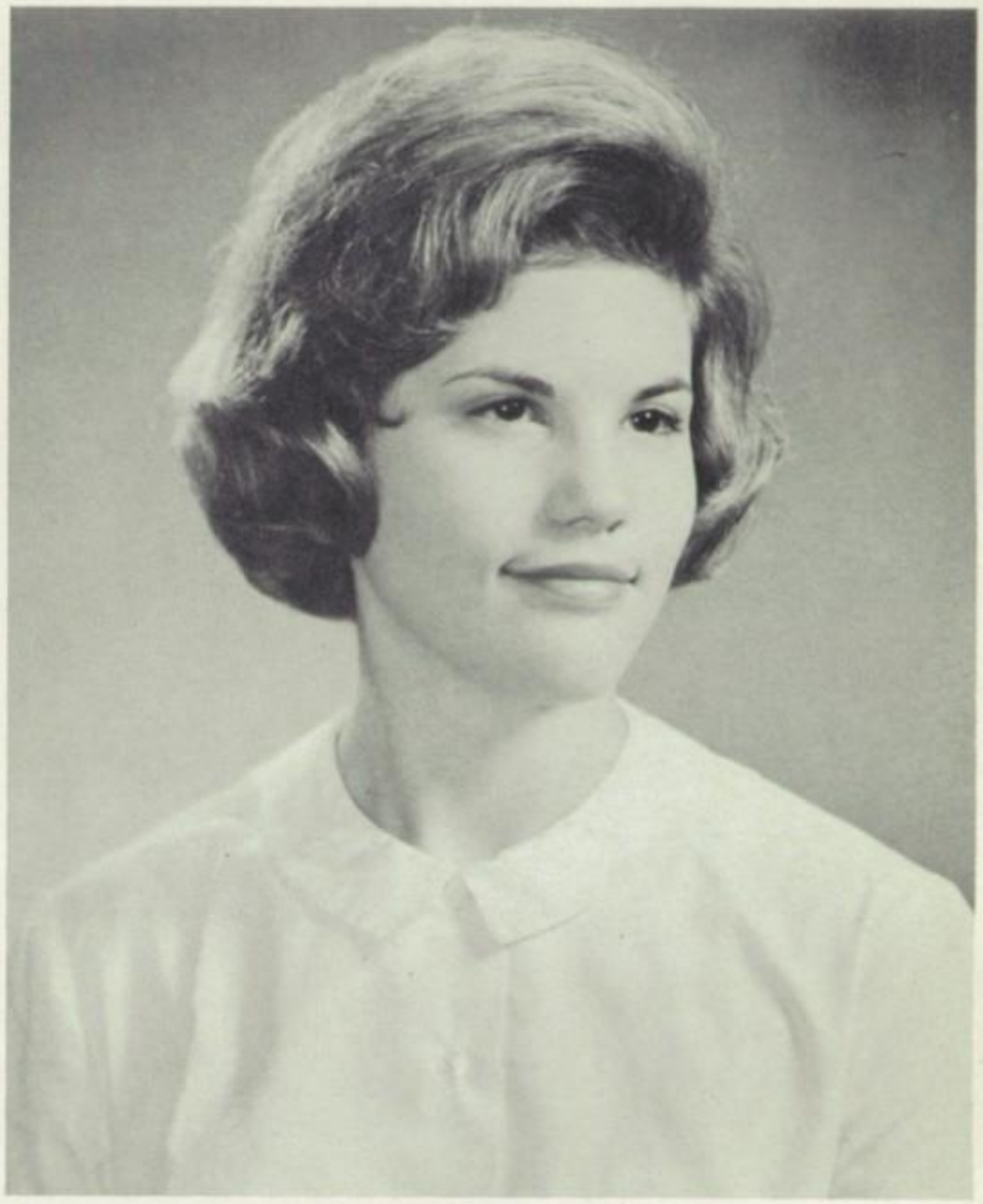


Ann Constance Colborn

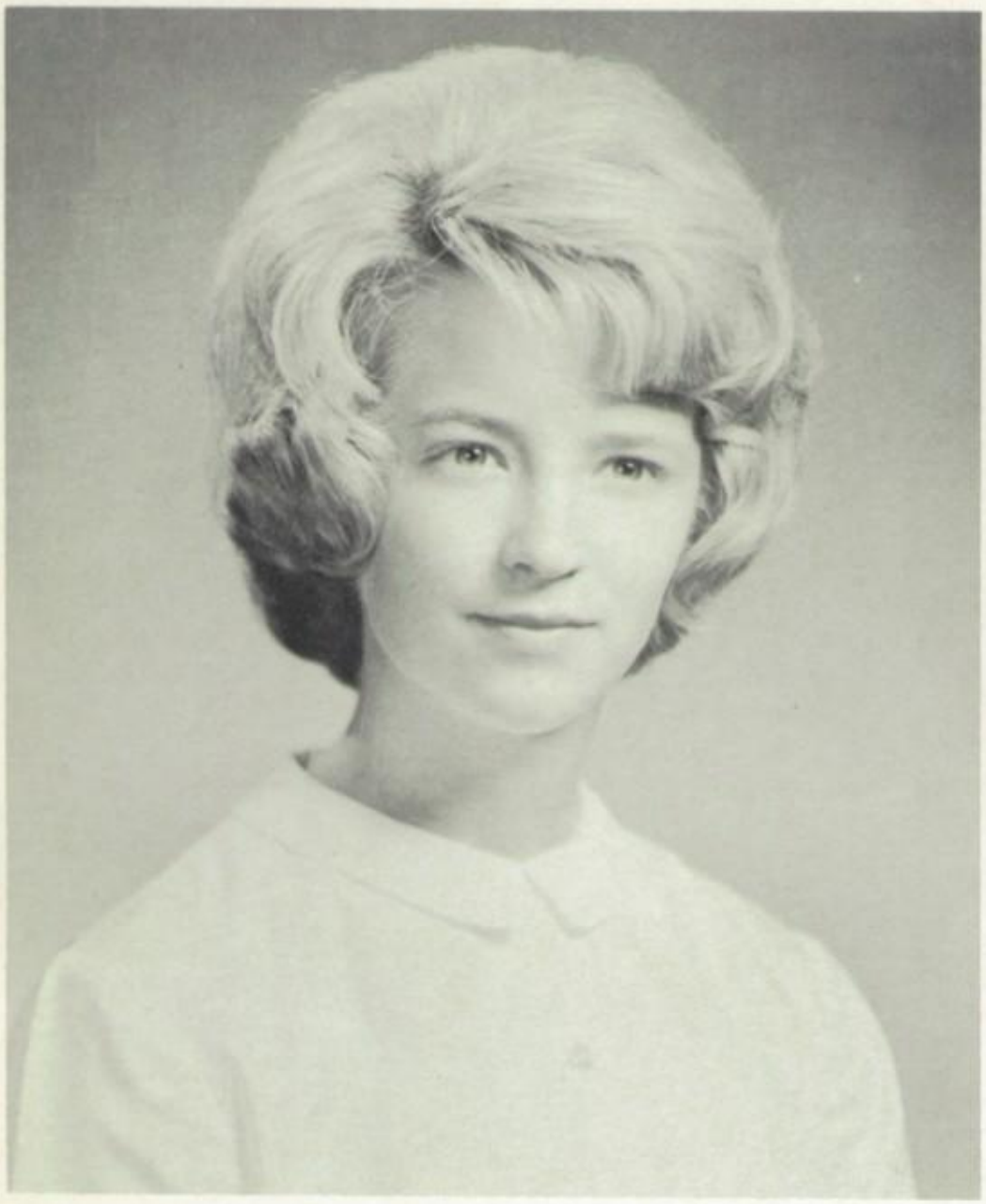
Colborn, not Coburn . . . "okey-dokey-hokey-soakey—" . . . organized assistant editor of *Review* but harried shopkeeper for this book . . . "What white blouse?" . . . fits of laughter . . . "Heeeey Jupe!" . . . summer weekends in Chautauqua and at the tennis courts . . . president junior year . . . the famous Stoplight Crash . . . astounds us all in English class . . . talks incessantly in all classes . . . vintage Modern Dancer . . . Ann's dance . . . always gives us scatter-brained directions . . . left half on our first team . . . determination . . . Ann



Cherishes a special picture of Bobby Vinton . . . a promising actress . . . one of the pierced-ear set . . . a variety of hair colors . . . extremely capable in history and Spanish . . . "Cricket" . . . a memorable summer at Cain Park . . . great family unity . . . Maysie protégé . . . fervent admirer of her brother . . . able to age two years in three months . . . Program Chairman of Drama Club . . . ecstatic senior member of Scholastic Honor Roll . . . two unforgettable prom nights ruined because of dates with appendicitis and mono . . . pride in Corky, a rare type of mutt . . . the Elizabethan enthusiast . . . a deep sensitivity . . . Sharyn



Sharyn Crocker



Bubbling exuberance . . . new contacts . . . "Oooh, this is my *favorite* song." . . . Canadian summers at Georgian Bay . . . proud sister of Mac . . . gesticulations galore . . . a plotter . . . "Why the jam in the dining room line?" . . . long drives . . . a shortie in Modern Dance Club . . . vice-president of Student Council . . . ND and ND . . . numerous celebrations at Dairy Queen and Boukair's . . . "California's boss!" . . . "But I don't blush half as much as I did in seventh grade!" . . . unsuppressible enthusiasm for everything . . . Nan

Nancy Carolyn Dalton

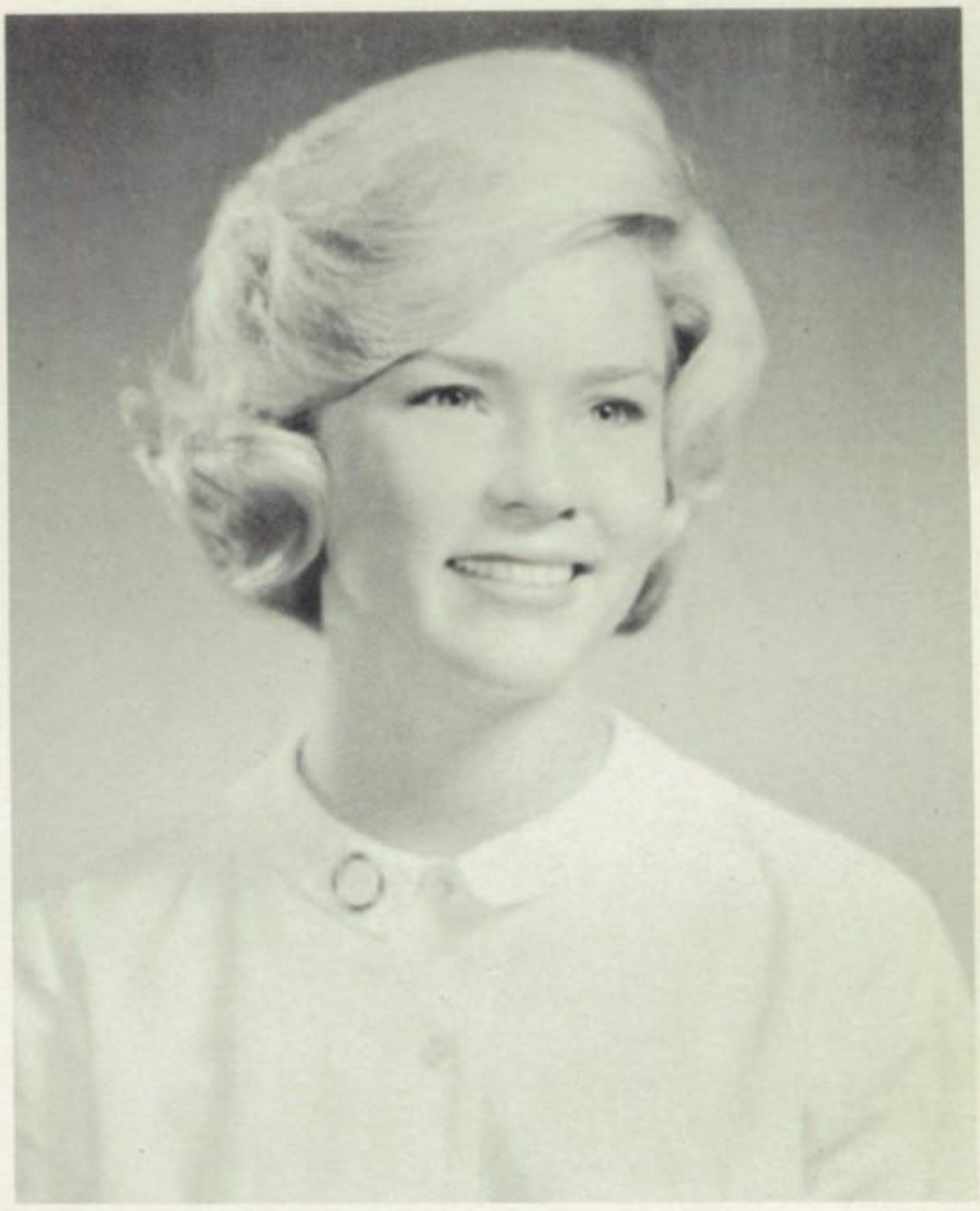
Coordination on hockey field, basketball court, and dance floor . . . keeper of the Seniors' shekels . . . "All right, Big Luce, you've got four minutes to cut my hair!" . . . competence as Miss Rosenberger's social director of Athletic Council . . . clutters up mirrors with everything from yellow notes to memories of WRA . . . little mother to Black (which is English for Shvah) . . . a hacker who comes up with brainstorms . . . Cin Cin . . . confiscates all borrowed items . . . Brunhilde's complement . . . caustic comments and quick come-backs . . . Cindy

Lucinda Lambert Dalzell

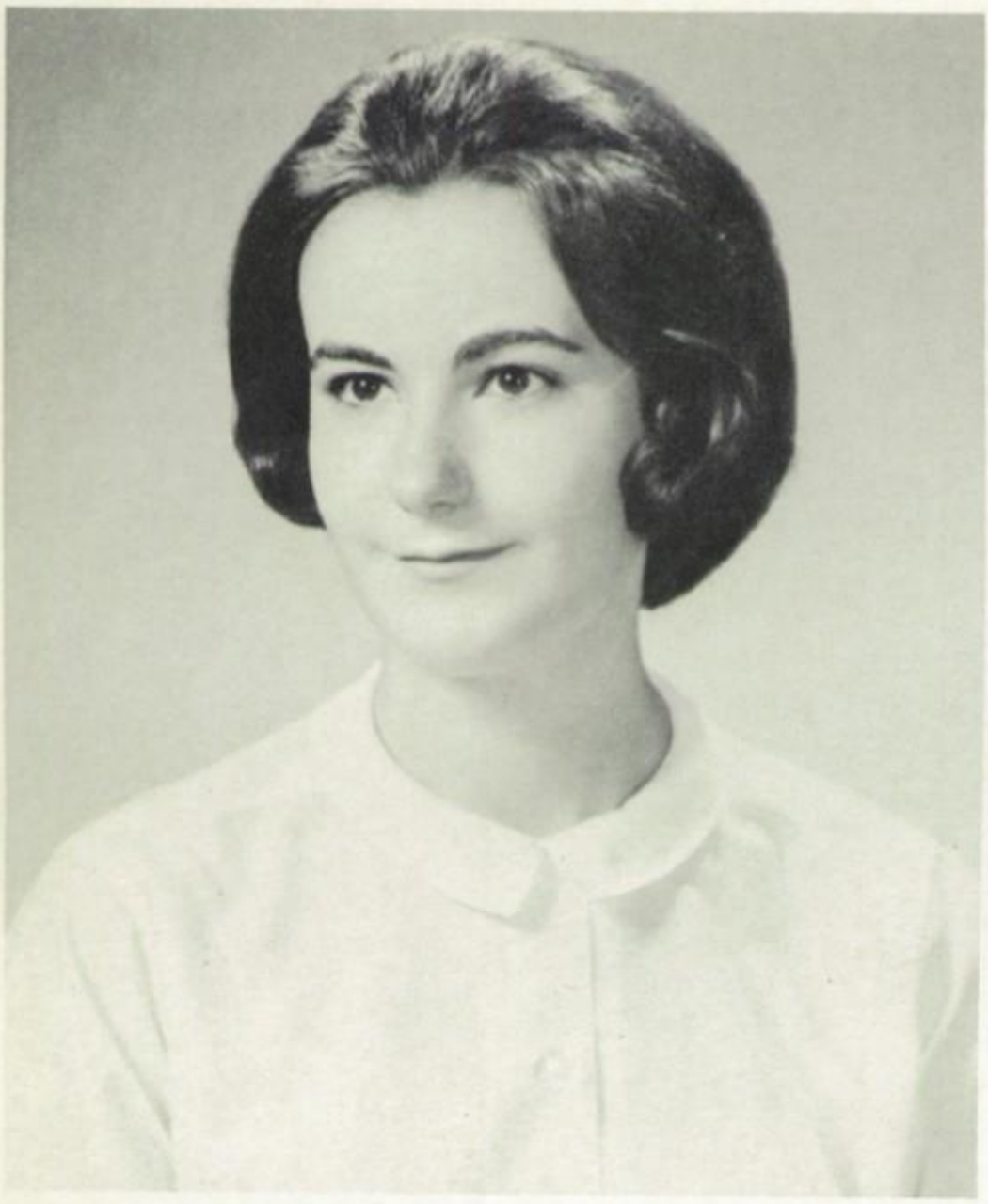
Blonde (?) . . . light-hearted Jupiter of 1963 . . . Carnivals, Carnivals, Carnivals . . . HB-ite since Nursery School . . . crooked-smiled Sophomore May Queen attendant . . . Sofa, Miggs, Dav . . . hardest working Glee Clubber in the class . . . "What does she mean 'more resonance'?" . . . natural alto for Ensemble . . . unanimously elected class president after seventh grade class party at the Hangar . . . happy summers in Michigan . . . Davenport menagerie of horses, dogs, turkeys, hamsters . . . first and last at the table . . . Newports, candles . . . fierce class spirit . . . glass-shattering shrieks . . . "I know just how you feel" . . . Margot

Margot Bradley Davenport

An innocent little smile with an equally innocent "What?" . . . knows how to "yuk" it up . . . enviable blond hair and blue eyes . . . "Oh, it's just a friendship sweater" . . . summers spent at Bryn Afon and Valley Ranch . . . comes out with hilariously funny remarks that are completely irrelevant to topics under discussion . . . Modern Dance for four years . . . "I don't have any homework tonight!!" . . . aide-de-camp of Mrs. Batzer . . . only the older boys are good . . . ceaseless whine for her every whim . . . lives in an invisible crush-proof box . . . Nancy



Nancy Hodges Davis

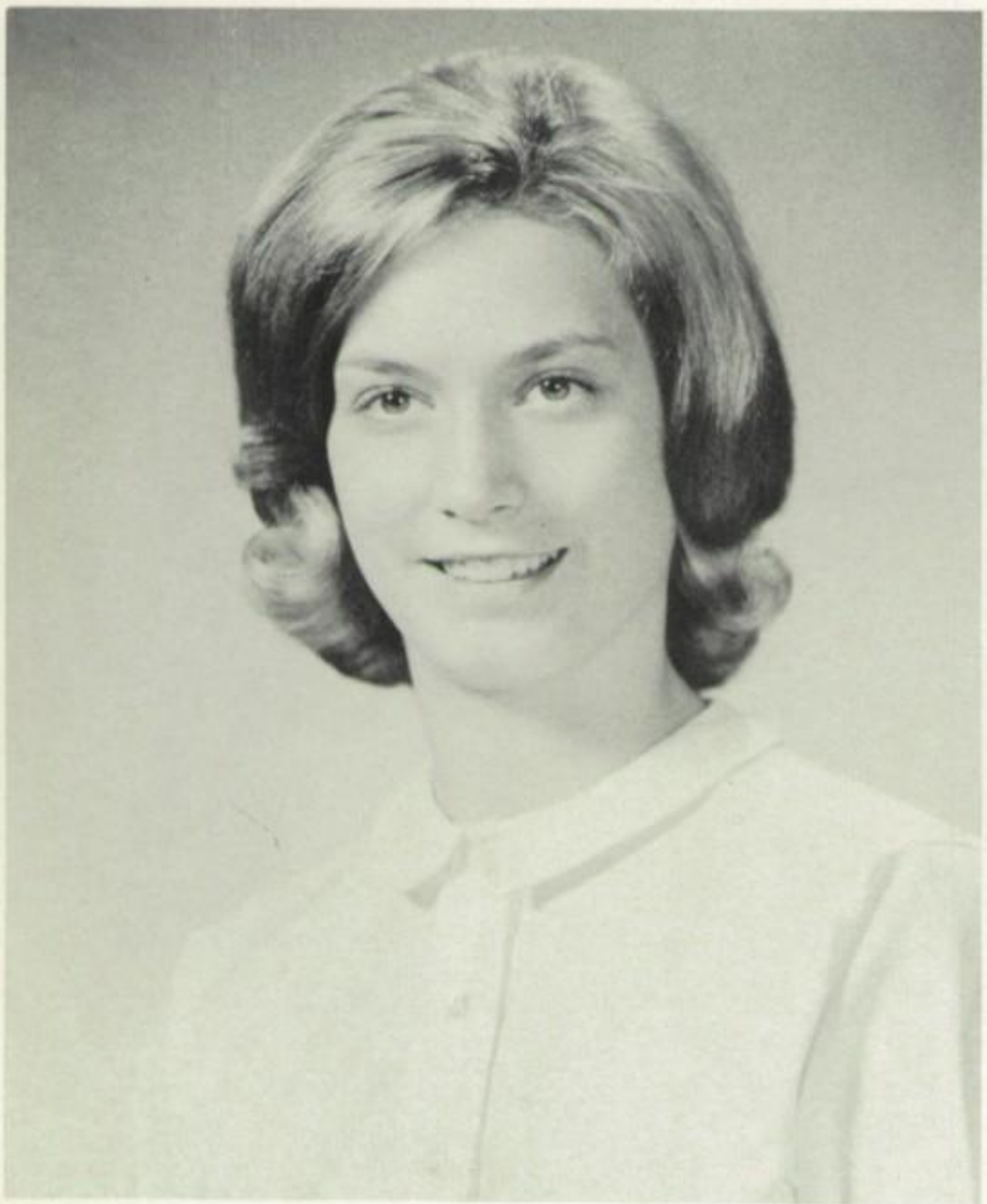


Maria-Luisa de Buen

An angelic expression . . . mishap on Carnival day robbing us of a star basketball player . . . wonderful AFS exchange student . . . riotous slumber party . . . never without a pocket Spanish-English dictionary . . . fantastic job as art chairman and co-chairman of games for Carnival . . . an enviable American wardrobe . . . non-playing captain of Los Componeones . . . a sensitive artist . . . shares her linguistic abilities with less talented classmates . . . serious ambition to be a pediatrician . . . a cultured taste for symphonies and museums . . . a natural pianist . . . mischievous but mature . . . Isa

The photographer with the Gleem smile . . . freshman class president who was determined to learn *every* new girl's name . . . represented J.C.W.A. in Homecoming '62 . . . only remaining Girl Scout in our class . . . led Carnival ticket sales to an all time record with a plaintive little wail of "I don't want your piggy bank; I want what's in it!" . . . skilled swimmer . . . a blind date committee of one . . . J.C.W.A. president who gave in to "dues to feed starving members" demand . . . $5 salamander?! . . . "Now, you all" . . . earnestness and outgoing friendliness . . . Kitsy

Katherine Morris Dunlap

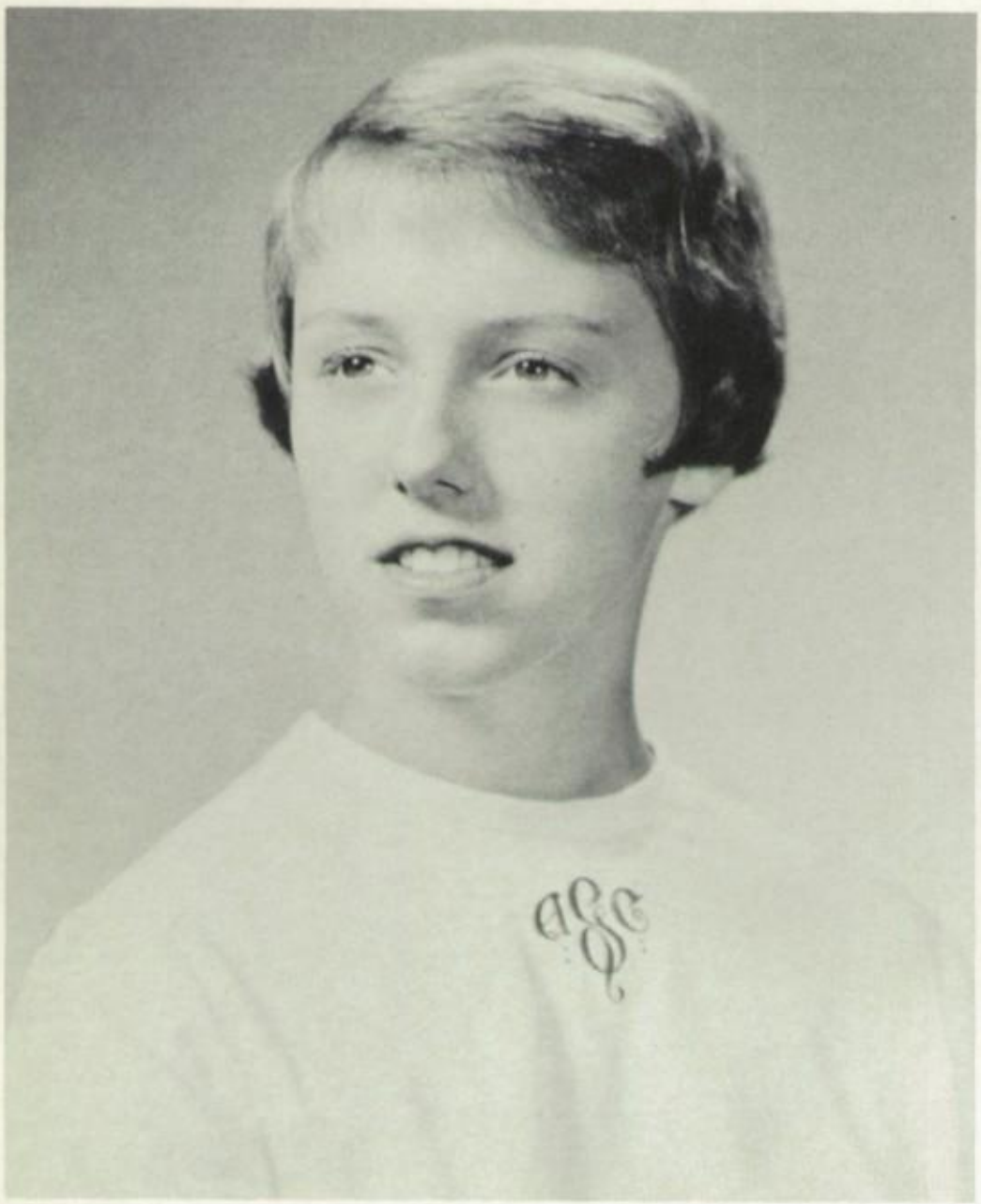


"Fickle" a true-blue Boyne booster . . . foxes the gym teachers out of the fox hunt . . . responsible Junior year secretary of the class . . . wild ideas which lead to never a dull moment . . . a Suburban Beaver . . . a two year dormite from Oberlin . . . innocence? . . . drives a ferocious "Wildcat" . . . big five . . . an always interested listener . . . one of only three senior altos in Glee Club and thus Ensemble . . . a waist like Scarlett O'Hara's . . . subtle friendliness and generosity . . . Barb

Barbara Fauver

A quiet sophistication . . . authoritative vice-president of Drama Club with a great hand at technical work . . . still repeats the lyrics, "and when I die, I'll be Red Raider dead" . . . a world traveler especially to the north of Europe . . . one who thinks Boston is the best place to be . . . headed Smitty's Gig at Ellicottville . . . a good driver with a heavy finger on the turn signal . . . "her voice was ever soft and low" . . . valuable technical director of Variety Show . . . mature control . . . Ginny

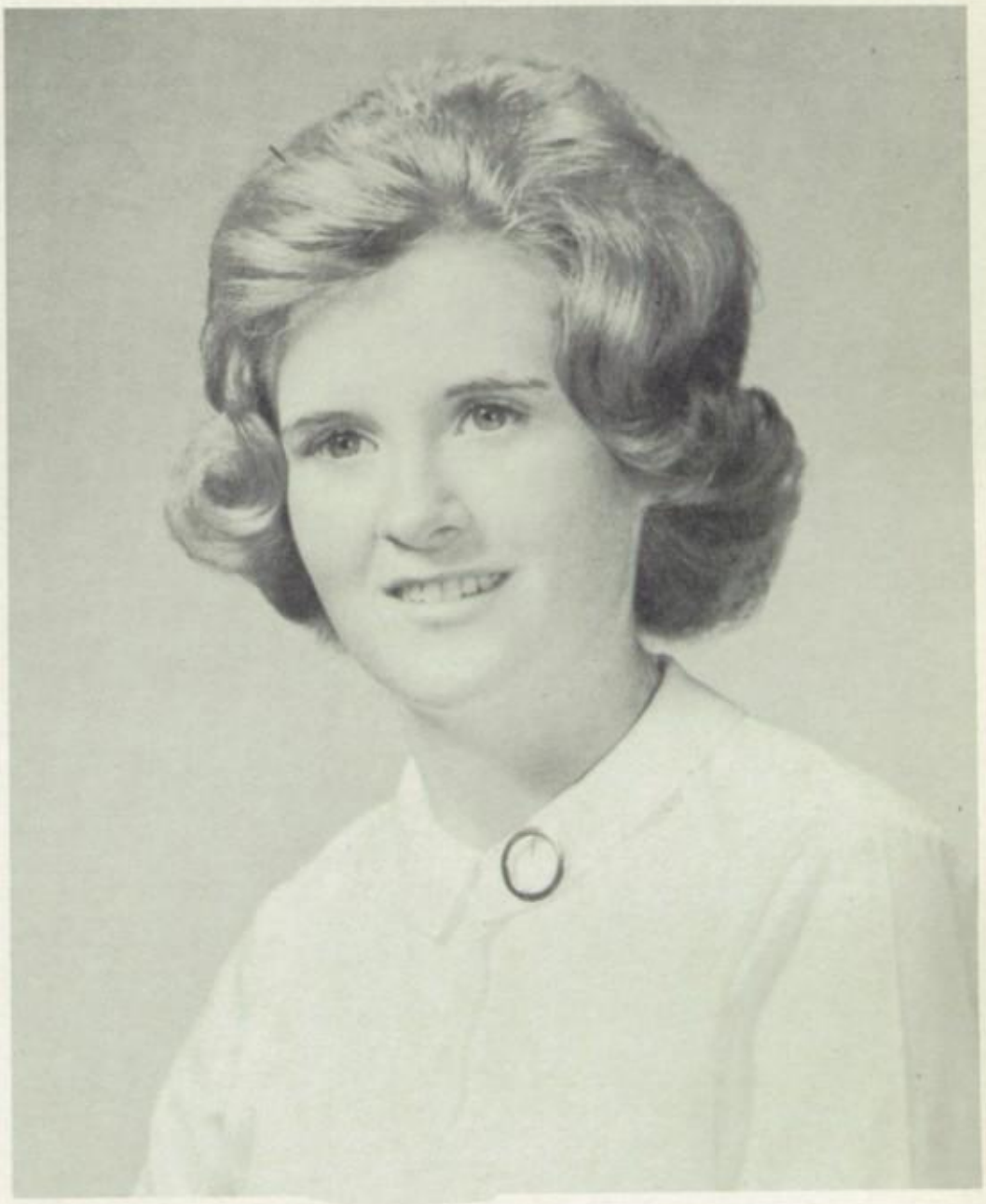
Virginia Fewsmith



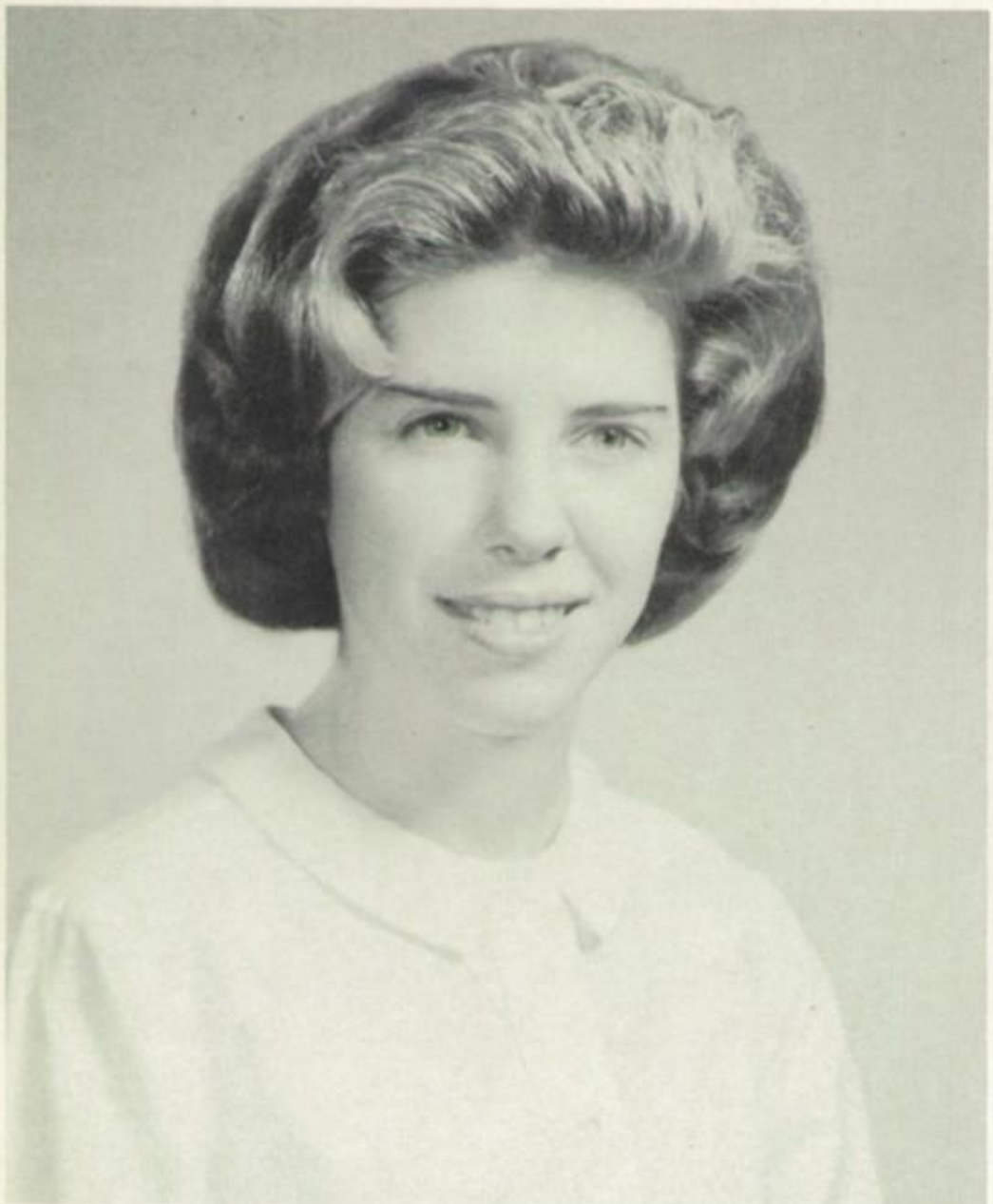
Vivacity plus . . . skipper with first rating . . . Mentor enthusiast and camp counselor . . . memorable Bay weekends . . . sports car driver with bicycle for "emergencies" . . . partner of the Garver-Shannon MG Club, but somehow lost her horn . . . a boyish bob . . . loves Monopoly, sick rabbits, biology classes . . . the ad-lib, "You don't mow flowers!" as Lady Hurf . . . Glee Club Treasurer with one-ninth interest in Ensemble . . . "Say, guys, that's sharp!" . . .weekday nights spent saving friends in the Heights pool . . . ski lessons and volunteer jobs . . . conscientious J.C.W.A.er and Drama Club member . . . organizer of '63 Glee Club Retreat and Junior Car Wash enterprise . . . panic-proof and dependable . . . Toni

Antoinette Carroll Garver

Beautifully expressive Irish eyes and curly red hair . . . urge to perpetuate herself through innumerable letters and a diary . . . a heart always belonging to Shelby . . . a four-year dormite . . . "Oh! you guys!" . . . expensive shopping sprees when depressed . . . constant worries over too many beaux . . . "Pea-Green" . . . house and heart open to everyone . . . many hilarious accounts of "riot-times" . . . a plethora of freckles . . . "They said it couldn't be done. But Judy—a lifeguard?" . . . daring skier . . . a zany pixie . . . Judes



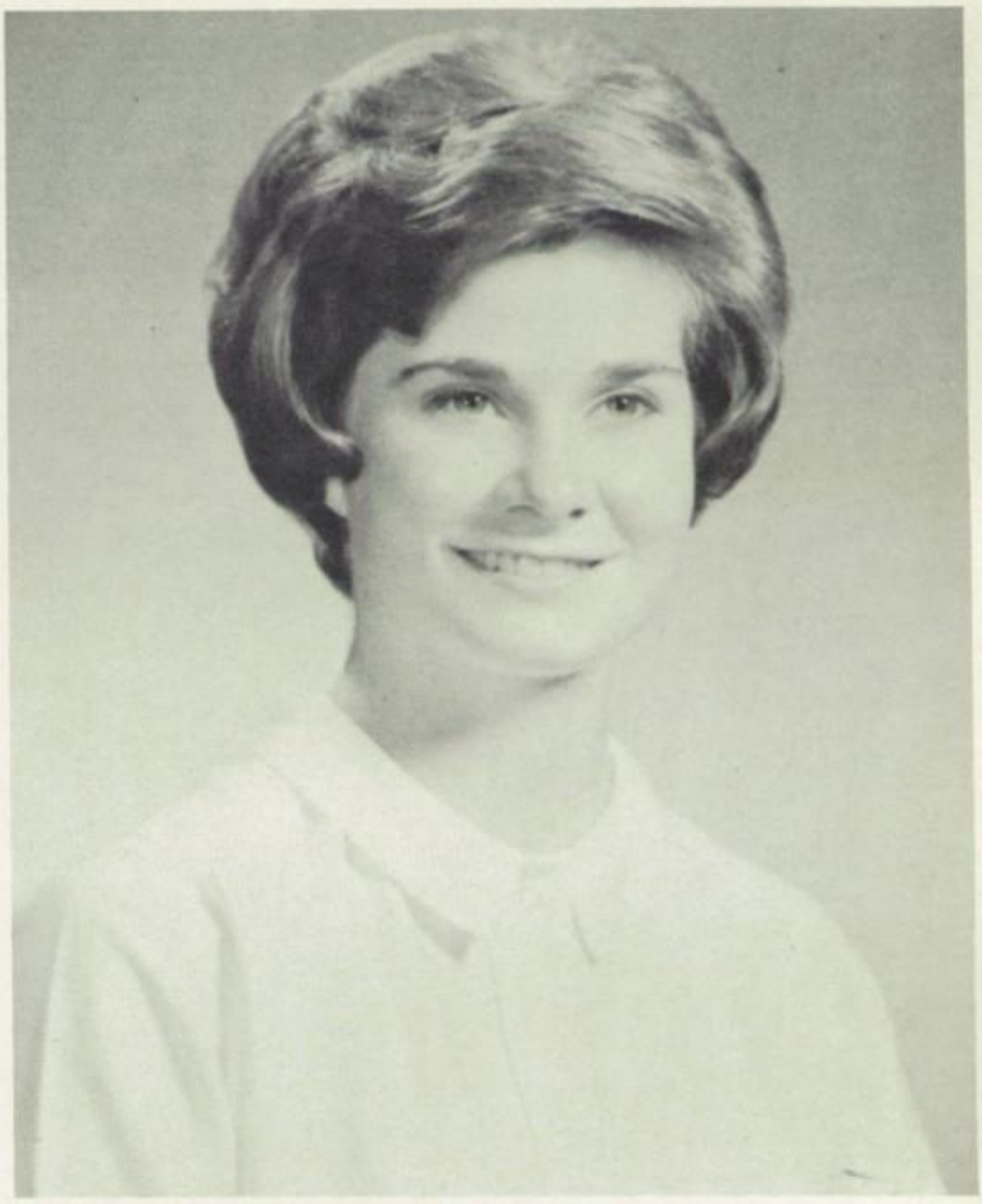
Judith Elaine Green



"Oh no!" . . . Miss Clairol written all over her face . . . summers in New Hampshire . . . never without a handkerchief in her belt . . . inhabitant of the Dorm since Freshman year . . . perpetually tormented with at least five incurable diseases . . . interests outside of school . . . the quiet girl . . . never rises before the five-minute bell . . . expected to break single-handedly all Newport sales . . . speaks in a Hall drawl . . . one of first seniors accepted for college . . . "There's a Tree in the Meadow" . . . knows her own mind . . . Jennifer

Jennifer Hall

Short, freckled, and bubbly leader of the modern dancers . . . well-scrubbed look . . . bell-like voice that supports soprano sections of Glée Club and Ensemble . . . unforgettable summers up north at Grannie's . . . a sincere scholar, the only senior who studies successfully by a schedule . . . crooked smile but an honest heart . . . lover of animals and small children . . . "I never will marry, I'll be no man's wife," etc. . . . unbelievable naivete . . . Ducky Doodles . . . called Di only by those who don't really know her but wish they did . . . Diane

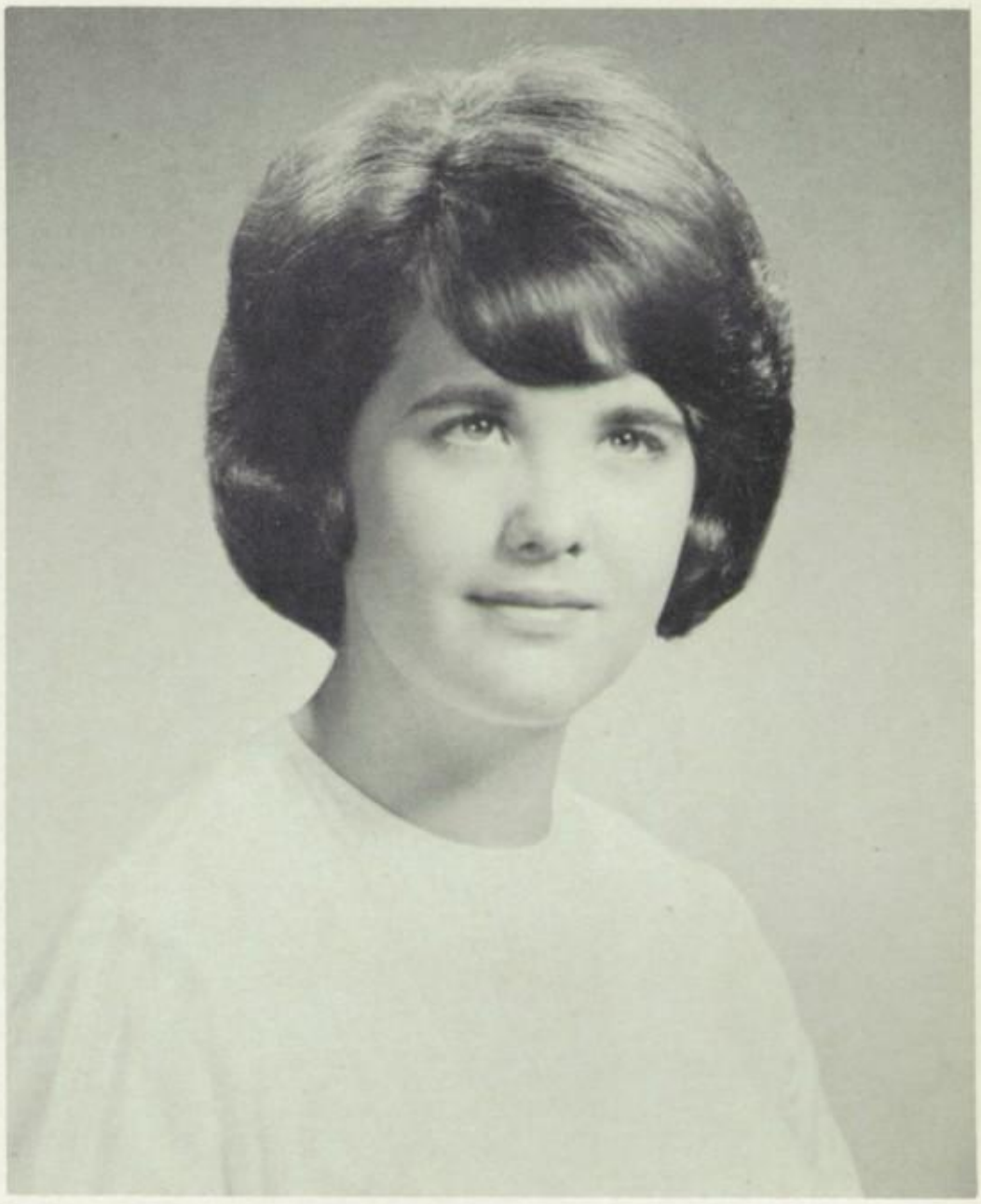


Diane Elaine Horsburgh

Harried ad-manager for financially sinking *Spec* . . . "I'm in love with the whole male sex!" . . . master of the off-beat Hunkin lingo . . . English whiz with an amazing ability to write loooong themes . . . strategically located home . . . finally a Modern Dancer . . . keeps the mailman busy . . . graceful hands . . . Columbus, Cedarville, Roch., Florida, Northampton . . . fantastic stories about everything . . . DRAMAtic . . . ex-Teen Board member . . . Tiger, Booey, Manfred . . . n-n-nervous . . . Glee Clubber . . . generally at loose ends . . . a misplaced Southern belle . . . Tudy

Margaret Ann Hunkin

Artist of Ye Olde Bookshoppe . . . memorable vacations in Fort Lauderdale with a favorite cousin . . . patient playschool teacher summer of senior year . . . one of the Country Club pool-sitters . . . freshman refugee from Byron . . . "I'm going to the *only* college" . . . El Greco's favorite artist . . . regular member and officer of Fairmount fellowship . . . broad-minded and curious . . . wonderful relationship with younger look-alike sister . . . candles . . . definite tastes . . . J.C.W.A. member, glee clubber, modern dancer, and busy president of a revivified Art Club . . . vote for Garry Boldwater and I can't get the star carted . . . scatterbrained intellectual with a spontaneous spoonerism for every occasion . . . Jean

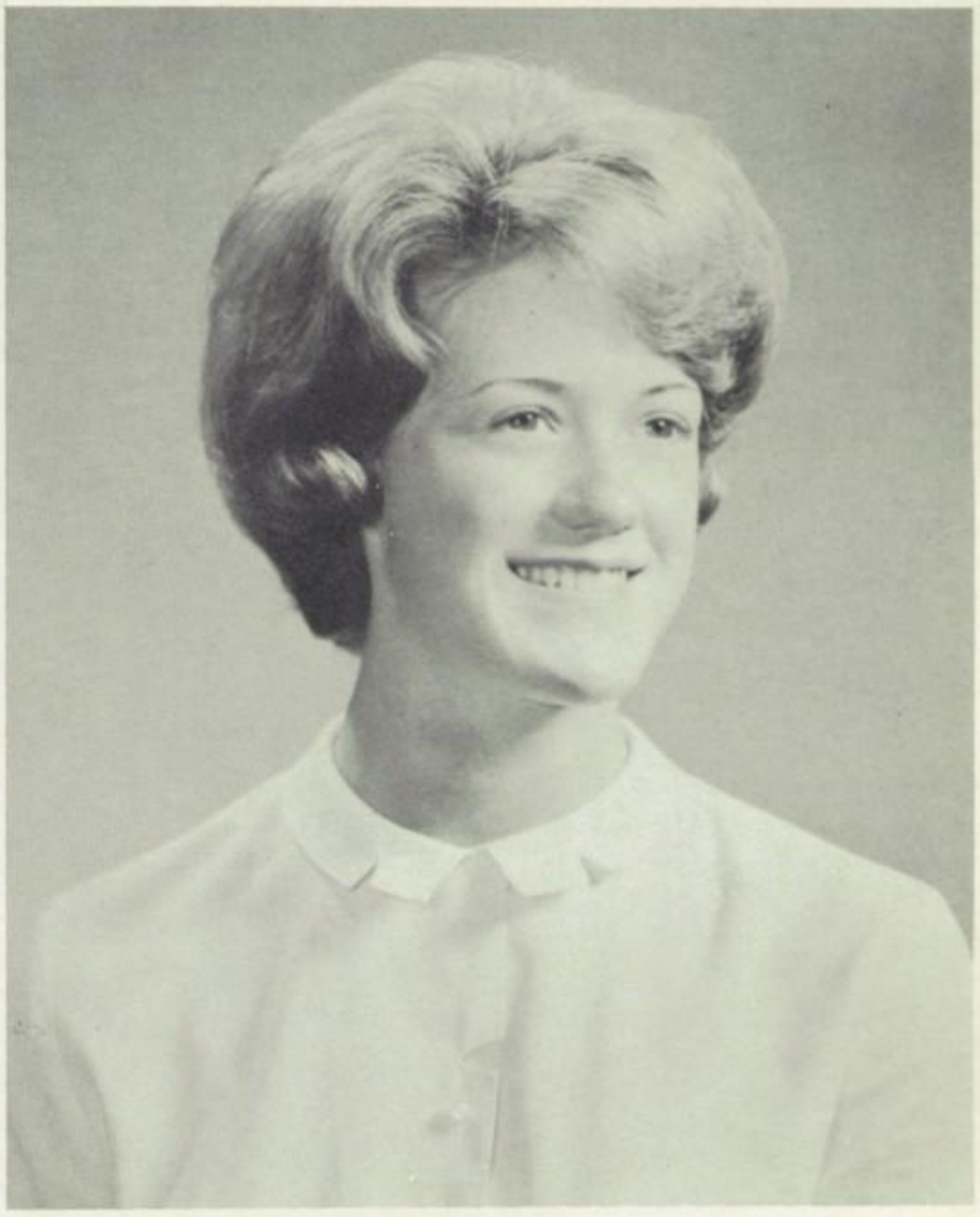


Jean Dickey Hutton

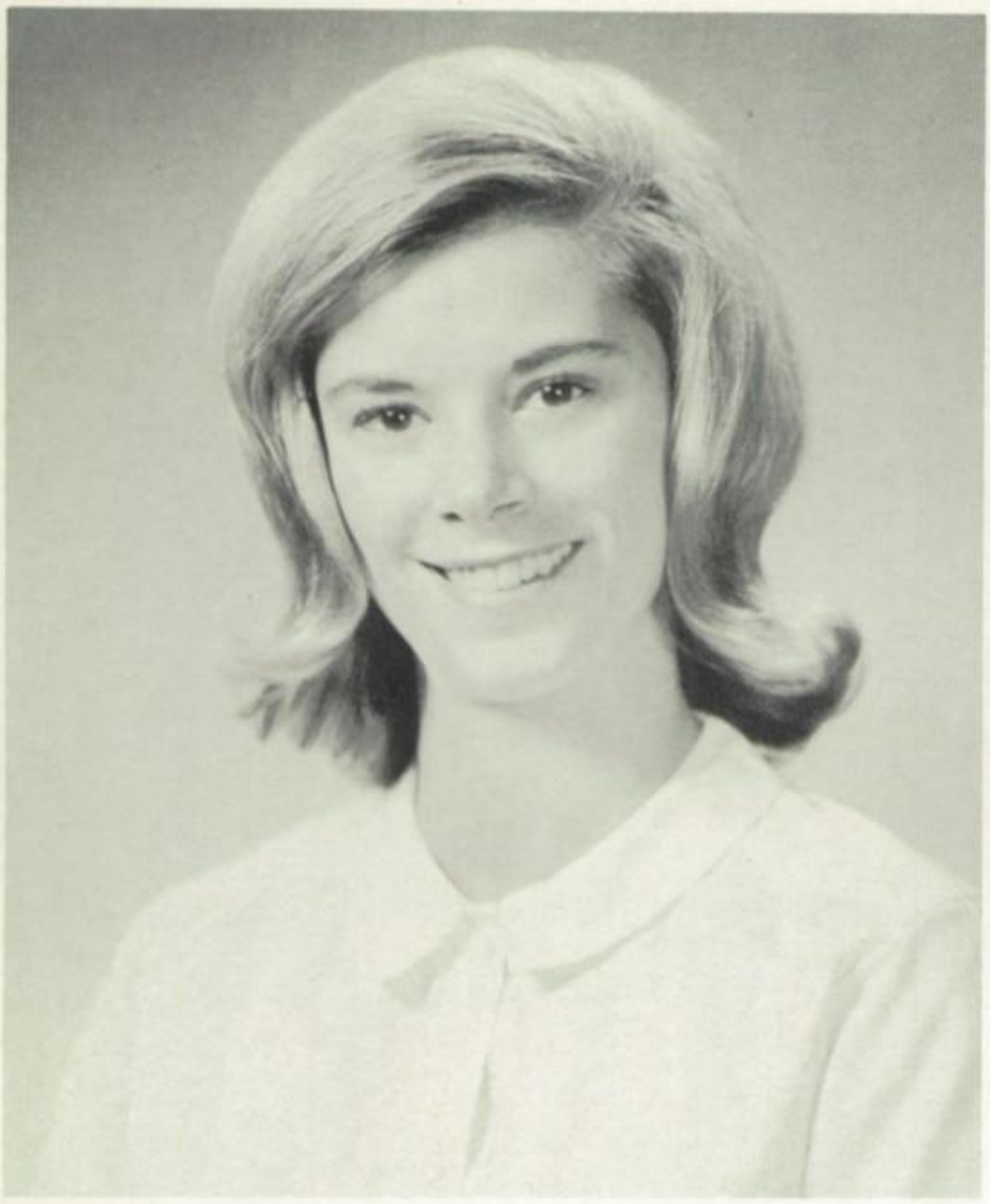
Gained world-wide recognition for her "Ballet of the Chipmunks" in which she danced the starring (and only) role . . . wouldn't be caught dead where there isn't a T.V. within a ten mile radius . . . two-year veteran of Drama Club . . . ferocious temper . . . never rises before one p.m. unless *absolutely* necessary . . . became a "Heights-Honey" the summer of her junior year . . . crack shot at the rare art of telephone hurling . . . finally got up enough courage to try out for Glee Club and made Ensemble . . . notorious driver who has charmed every policeman in Northern Ohio . . . outspoken on a great many subjects about which she knows little . . . endless closets of clothes . . . ever-changing moods . . . fun-loving and friendly . . . Cody

Katherine Cody Johnson

A.C. enthusiast . . . a sympathizing frown . . . seven year veteran of Camp Bryn Afon and spirited captain during her final year . . . friends and cousins from coast to coast . . . highly appreciative of others' kitchens . . . a fashion figure . . . "Honor Bright" . . . spring vacation freckles from Florida . . . frequenter of first teams in every sport . . . collegiate wardrobe A La Mere . . . vice-president of class senior year . . . crows-feet . . . Jonesy . . . "I'll never tell" . . . a be-do dog, Magyar Kedvesh . . . an unyielding debater with a valued opinion . . . absolutely helpless convulsions of laughter . . . a little conniver . . . Deb



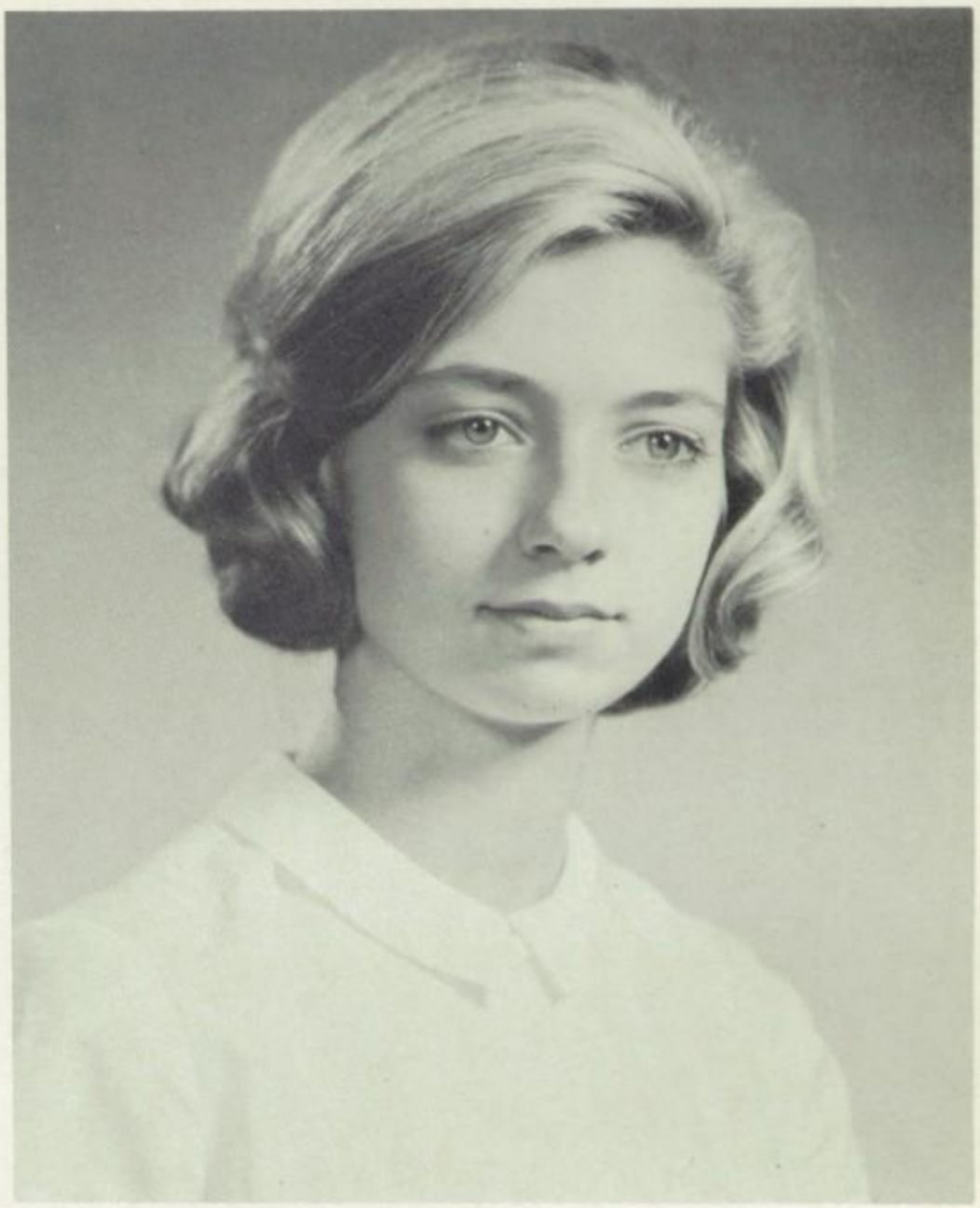
Deborah Floyd-Jones Jones



Janet Susan Lockwood

Laughter like a faucet — she can turn it off or on . . . accomplished net player . . . famous (or infamous) for her little Tempest . . . a special way of sauntering . . . memorable spring vacations in Antigua and Arizona . . . connections in almost every state, even U.S. . . . insatiable appetite . . . great friends with Carrie . . . deep, innocent (?) brown eyes . . . veteran modern dancer . . . "Dyoo!" . . . green army shoes . . . probably tips the scales at 100 lbs. . . . "Yes, I am actually going steady —well sort of." . . . jean jacket and a pair of cut-offs . . . inexhaustible store of excuses . . . maintains personal privacy and self-sufficiency . . . Janet

"Do I look any different today?" . . . versatile acting ability with a special knack for comedy . . . ecstatic senior year member of Glee Club . . . captivating blue eyes . . . believes any and everything . . . eats enough for a horse . . . a leaping gazelle as Dupont-Dufort Sr. in the Senior play . . . unforgettable imitations of Miss Hathaway . . . a lumbering walk . . . generosity . . . various hair colors . . . tells wonderful stories and jokes . . . one of the "McMullen cum Lanz" set . . . loves animals . . . Mrs. Piwonka's favorite example of hyper-extension . . . enthusiastic sprite . . . Ginny

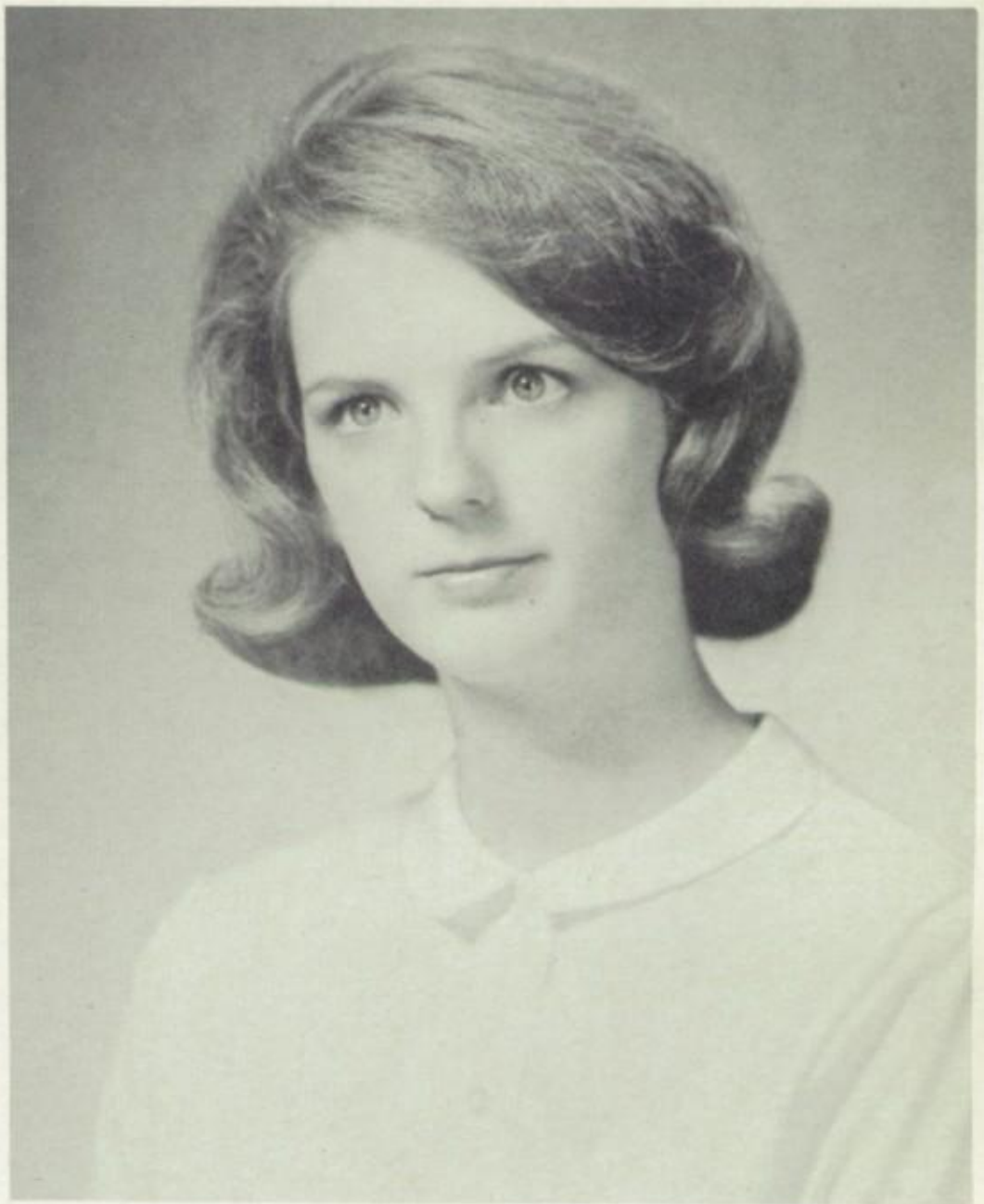


Virginia Nancy Lumb

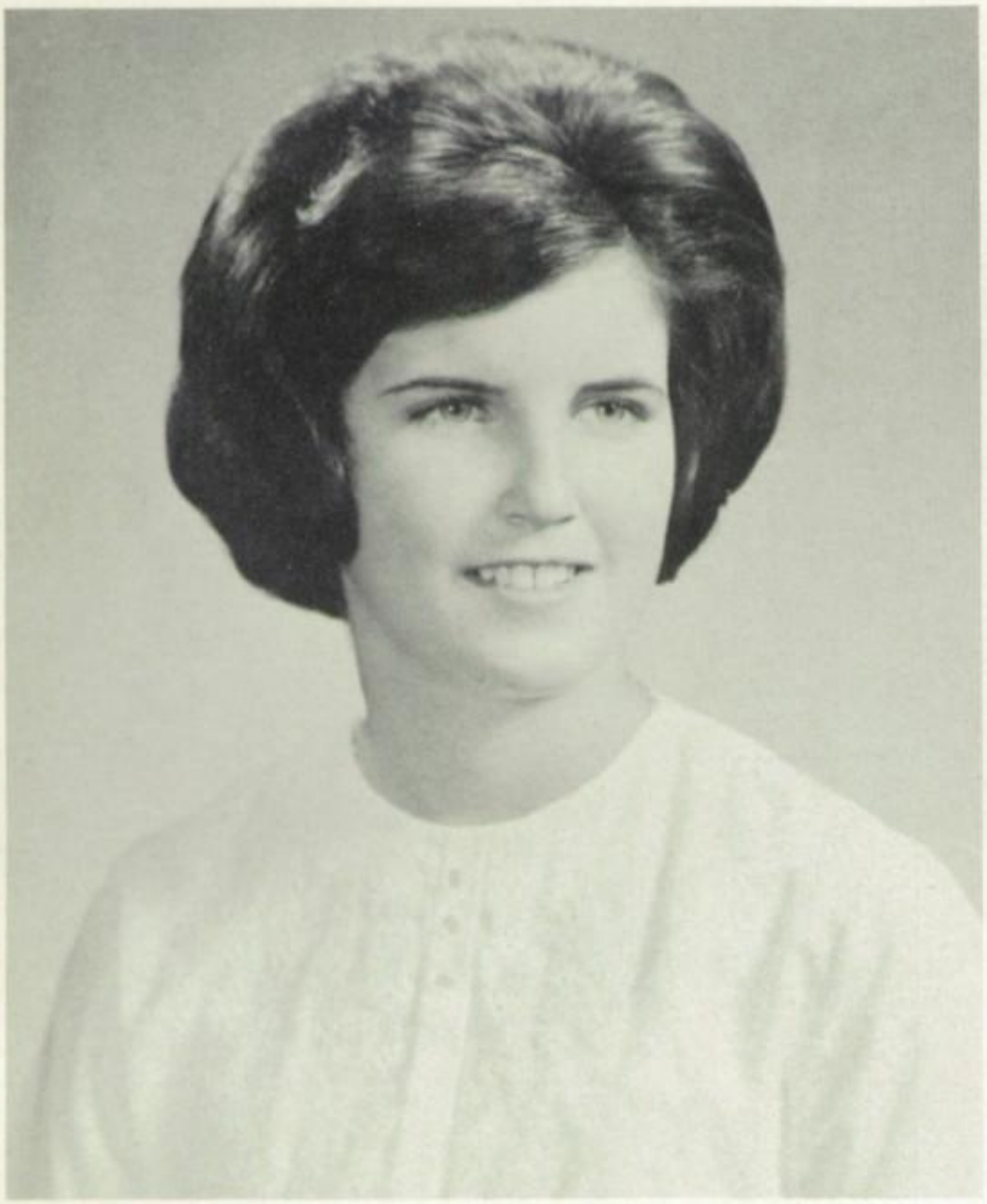
"I'm tough" . . . finally joined the H.B. team after bucking us for lo! these many years . . . "Now sure!" . . . and yes, the question on the floor is, did she or didn't she bleach her hair and pierce her ears? . . . Mrs. McCormick's scholarly Spanish Club President . . . "Torque it out! Hang a left!" . . . industrious Drama Club member . . . still trying out for Modern Dance . . . ferocious warrior on the hockey field . . . "four-eyed" . . . quick and caustic humour . . . bold honesty . . . a trusted confidante . . . Maas

Janet Helen Maas

The only girl in the class who does "happy exercises" . . . our precocious class "baby" . . . an equestrienne who has a special love for Smokes . . . memorable class parties at Mountain Glen Farm . . . messages on Christmas cards we still haven't figured out . . . an innate kindness and care for others . . . a deep and complicated mind revealed in heated discussions and high grades . . . organized living to the most minute detail . . . king in Christmas play which led to Drama Club Secretary - Treasurership . . . stark individualism . . . our "American Scholar" . . . Kate

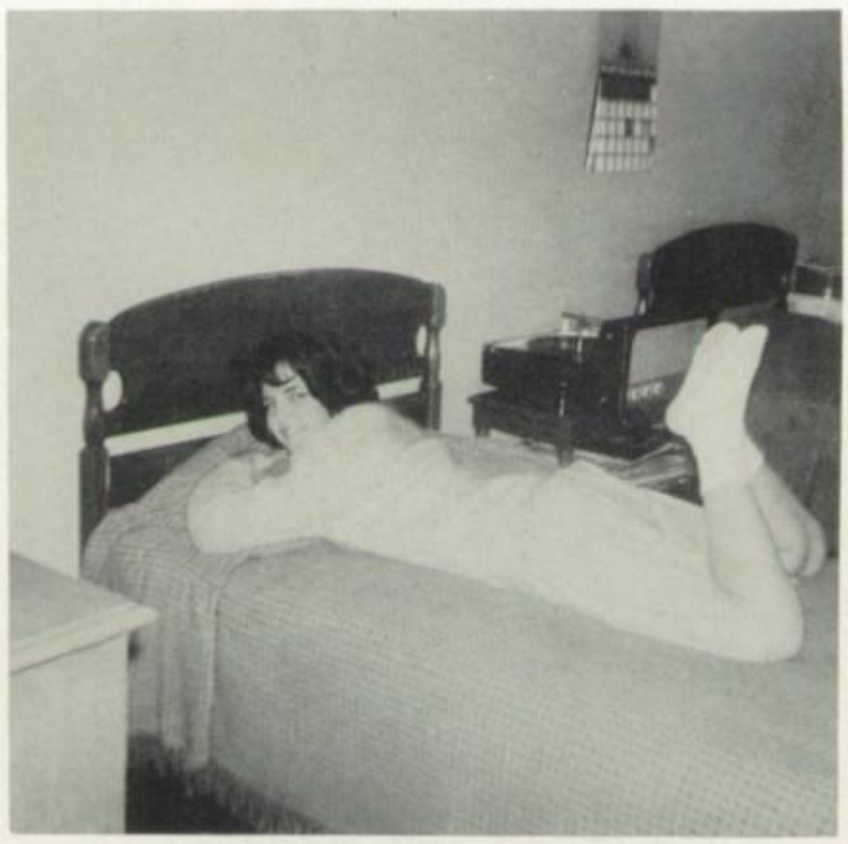


Katharine Livingston McMillan

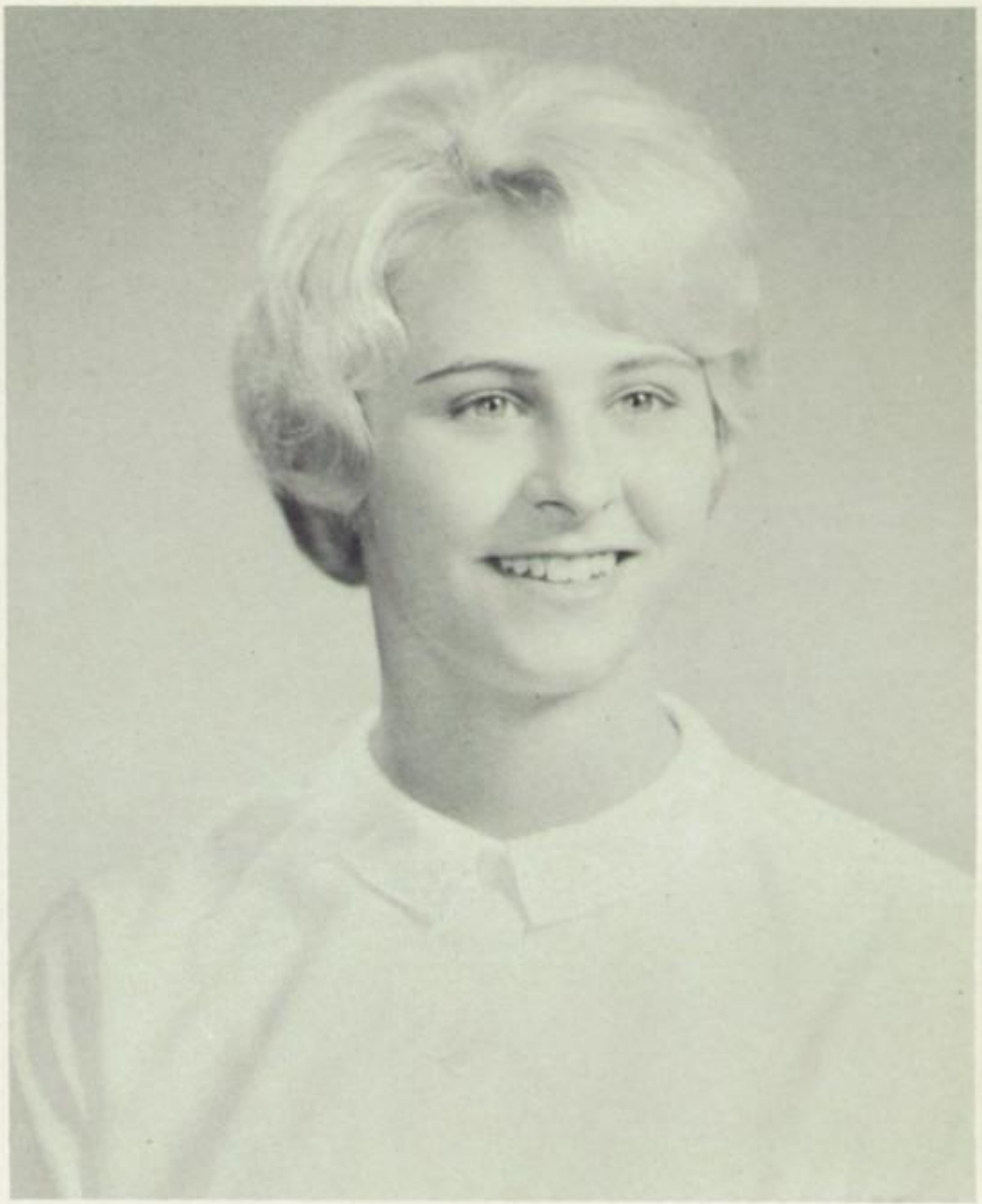


Marilyn Miller

A lady to her finger tips . . . BLACK-haired beauty with peaches and cream complexion and personality to match . . . a pleasant word for everybody . . . has roomed with Judy for four years . . . president of Raymond Hall . . . vibrant colors in an inexhaustible wardrobe . . . goes to Boca Raton even for Thanksgiving . . . memories of Europe . . . "Mouse" . . . organization plus plus . . . "Come on, you guys" . . . really quite crafty . . . senior addition to soprano section of Glee Club . . . inherited her mother's knitting skill . . . a calm panic . . . Marilyn



Mung . . . a natural sportswoman . . . talented President of Ensemble with a soft alto voice . . . individual version of Pinocchio . . . "an agile plucker" . . . regular attendant at "the house" . . . deceiving shyness . . . a unique and magnetic personality . . . modesty . . . an increasing blondness as years pass . . . "Goody goody!" . . . four-year dormite hailing from Bradford Woods?? . . . fast and effective wit . . . an Indian beauty . . . the dorm fox . . . a sophisticate with a simple philosophy of life . . . a little friend named Michelle . . . "Let's went!" . . . Suzy



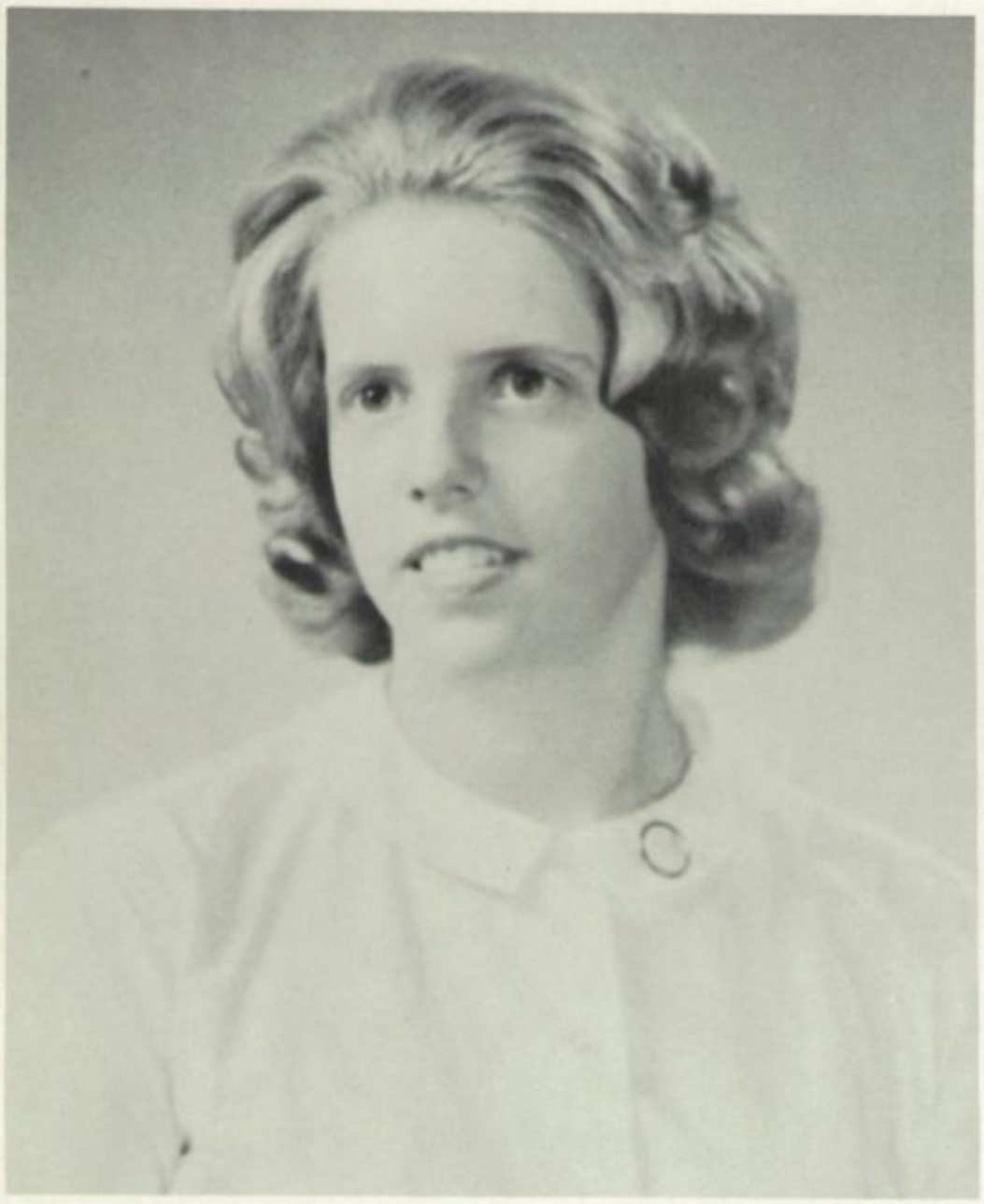
Suzanne Miller

"Hi ya, babes!" . . . a happy nut . . . Nort . . . our conscientious leader in '64 . . . an uncontrollable tease . . . Jansie . . . immortalized in cartoons . . . most confusedly organized person ever . . . always made French class, well—different . . . many offers for summer babysitting jobs . . . summers in Michigan . . . bouncy Modern Dancer . . . Canton . . . "I've got a bone to pick" . . . a gruff, rapid speaker as Lord Edgard . . . the widest grin ever . . . created a new breaststroke . . . a swingin' dancer with an infectious sense of rhythm . . . warmth and a real concern for all . . . Jan

Jan Cornell Nordstrom

Dark glasses, black turtleneck, black sweaters, black skirts, black . . . enough nerve to remain field hockey goalkeeper for three years . . . notorious inhabitant of Salem with connections in Canton and Grosse Pointe . . . a dormite who has gone home every weekend for four years . . . loves hot-rods . . . curls always in place but hair colors not . . . a horse named Trigger . . . avid reader with interesting philosophies . . . menacing basketball guard . . . keen sense of humor . . . a perfectionist in subjects she likes . . . Potser

Carolyn Luce Potter



Patricia Iris Prescott

Elder portion of Prescott contingent . . . proud aunt of several nieces and nephews . . . summer house in converted cow-barn overlooking Kirtland's golf course . . . incurable curiosity and innocent naivete . . . memories of distant summers at Aloha Hive . . . "No, I'm not Vicky." . . . patience shown in meticulous and intricate artwork . . . long a member of J.C.W.A. . . . Northfielder in summer of '63 . . . letters from certain Britons . . . happiness is a pair of nylon stockings and a driver's license . . . Patsy

Half of Miss Thompson's "les jumelles" . . . loyalty to her look-alike . . . inveterate Art Clubber who always comes up with lively Carnival and dance decorations . . . undoubtedly H.B.'s champion jack player . . . a knack for creating . . . Aloha Hive . . . proud owner of a precocious kitty . . . secretary of her church guild . . . a key for her entry in National Scholastic Art Competition . . . long time hockey supporter . . . Anglophile . . . willingness to help with anything from skit costumes to class gifts . . . Vicky

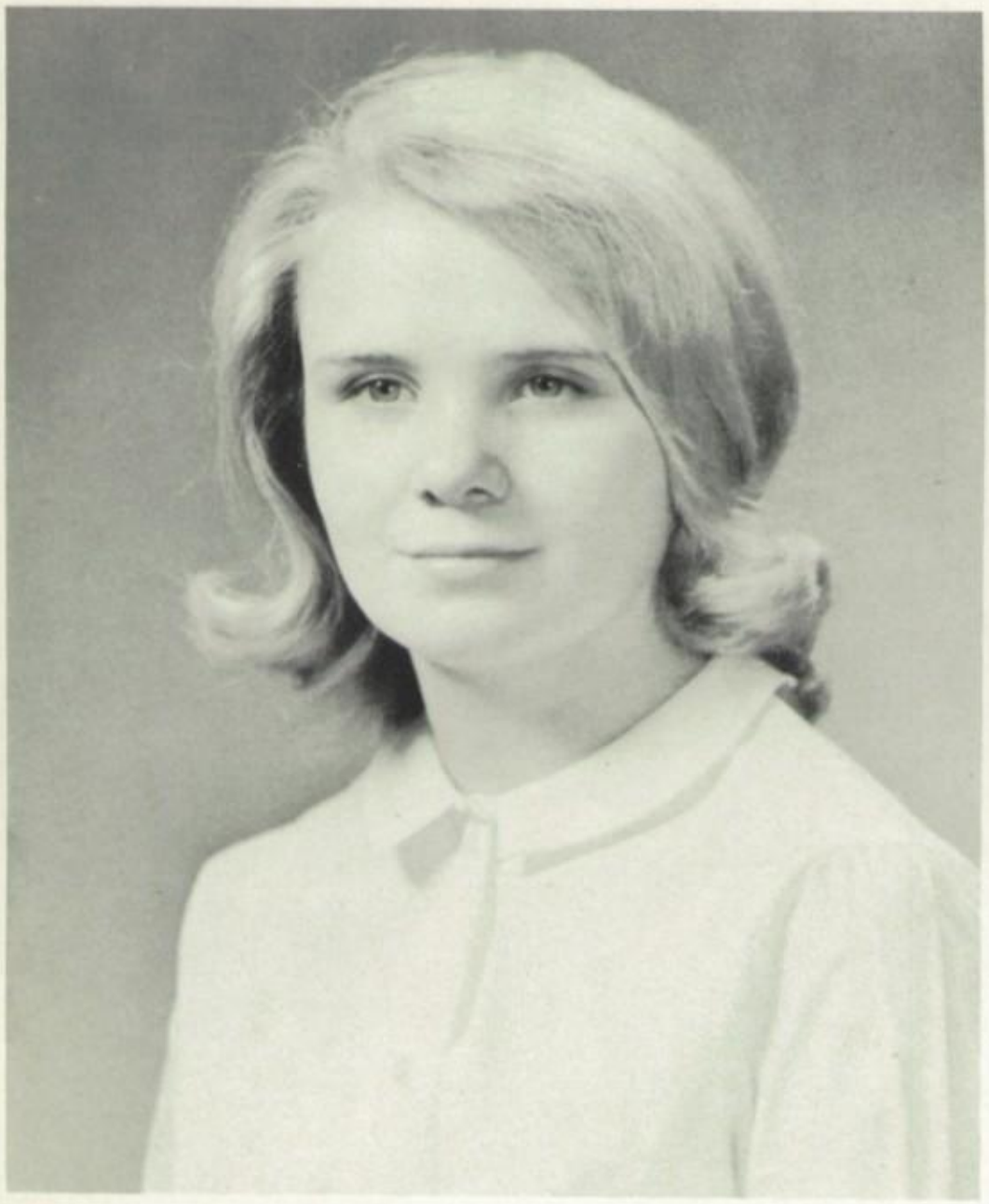
Susan Victoria Prescott

H.B.'s linguistic scholar who has tackled everything from Latin to Russian . . . a logical mind for studies . . . a creative interest that shows itself in drama . . . weekend acting at the Play House and a memorable walk-on part at U.S. . . . followed a certain Latin teacher's daily diet plan for a while . . . "Have you met my dogs?" . . . limpid eyes set in a lovely tan . . . valuable Glee Clubber with a terrific adaptability . . . only member of Latin Club not taking Latin . . . enthusiastic J.C.W.A. and debate supporter . . . Vassar . . . would have a great career at the U.N. . . . sensitivity, changeability, frankness . . . Dorsey

Dorothea Weir Regal

Alligator heels, black sheath, and leopard coat typical of her glamorous sophistication . . . has convinced almost everyone that she has a personal hairdresser . . . never been known to wear the same outfit twice . . . often has people in an uproar . . . an "enlightening" year in Washington . . . added to the dorm crew her senior year . . . Penn State fan . . . theatrical goals made probable by ability . . . Shimmy Shaffer . . . famous "Don't Bring Lulu!" . . . independence . . . Sue

Susan VanVleck Shaffer



Carolyn Ann Shannon

Her native land—Nantucket . . . expresses herself with music . . . has thrown extravagant scavenger hunts . . . has been known to play both ends against the middle . . . avoids corner of Coventry and North Park whenever possible . . . picked up half her wardrobe in Nantucket . . . famous last words—"Charge it" . . . has an amazing throwing arm . . . "Miss Betzold, are we both up to my translating today?" . . . biggest bullslinger in the East . . . hair extravaganzas . . . Cupid . . . connoisseur of the art of cooking . . . a "Foggy" appearance . . . perfect innocence . . . Carolyn

Sesby . . . rawther hysterical wit who is often in red-faced howling spasms . . . gabby individualist who keeps the conversation ball rolling . . . two-tone top knot . . . famous for little stale candies around the house . . . frantically waving arms . . . live wire in *Spec* meeting . . . most sporadic yet successful Drama Club try-out in history . . . Betsy and boys — need we say more? . . . "No food this meeting? I just might quit." . . . emerges from the summer sun one vast freckle . . . warm hospitality . . . Betsy

Betsy James Sloan

Characterized by uproarious laughter . . . a four-year dorm student from Kent . . . memorable summers in New Hampshire . . . photogenic and angelic countenance hiding a picaresque temperament . . . talented pianist, Glee Club soprano, and interested J.C.W.A. secretary . . . exuberance . . . spreads chaotic happiness . . . will to stand up for her own rights which often brings trouble . . . Bacchus . . . known to have moments . . . family traditions . . . rosy cheer . . . Swift Smith . . . a beautiful home overlooking Kent . . . a conscientious understanding of those around her . . . Dee . . . Smitty

Diantha Barret Smith

Incredible capacity for procrastination . . . impeccable taste in clothes . . . owner of one slightly tired Lark . . . "It's out of the question!" . . . silent laughter . . . not one to be easily swayed . . . May Queen attendant of '63 . . . never without a comb . . . graces the courts with a snappy backhand . . . owner of one backyard pool . . . a comet . . . crying towel for the whole class . . . tall dark beauty with her feet on the ground but her head in the clouds . . . Marilyn

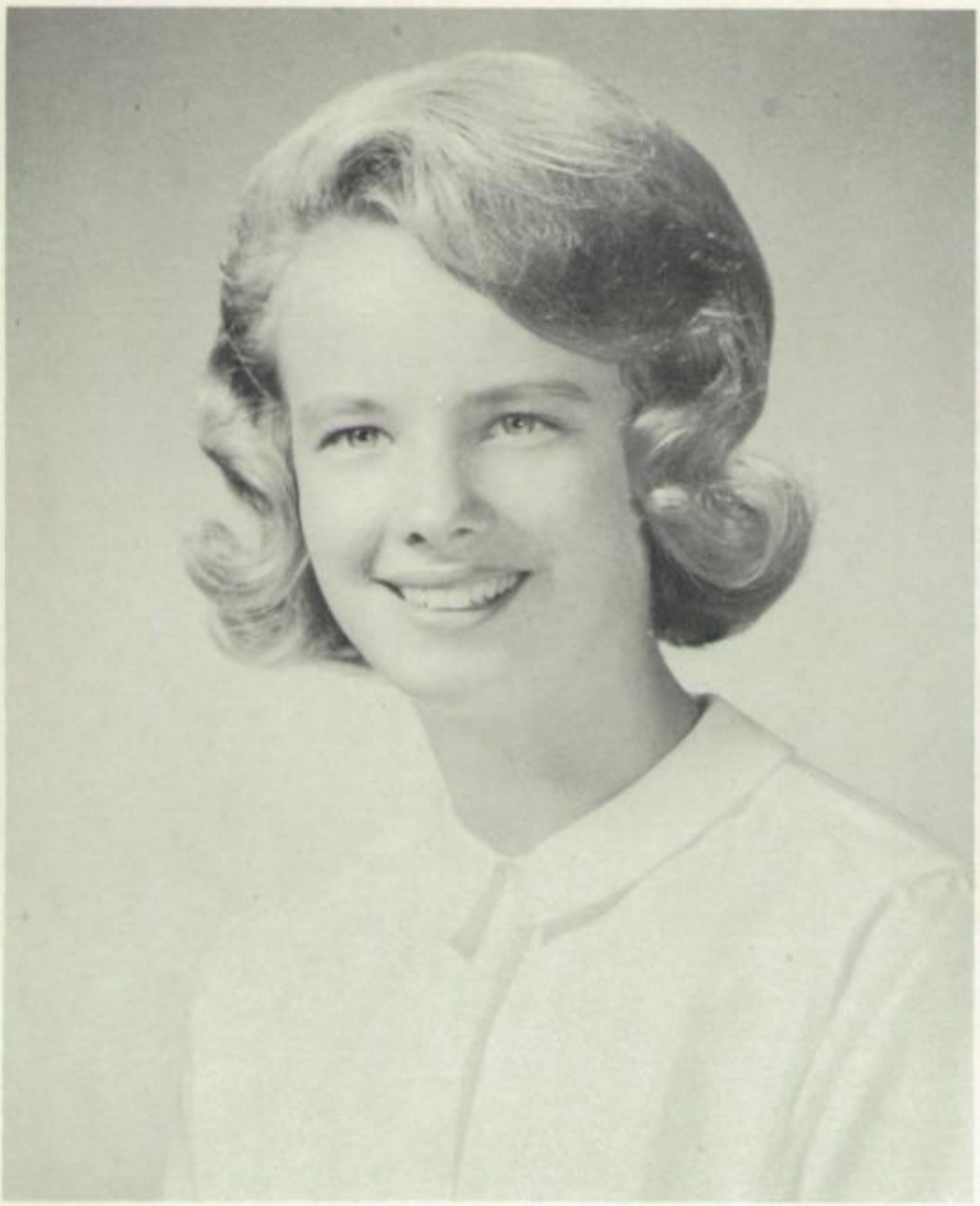
Marilyn Mathieson Spitler

Cheerful president of Glee Club who has never been able to read music . . . even missed her own Retreat . . . a memorable vacation in Cape Cod . . . strong soprano for Ensemble . . . H.B.'s Annie Oakley who teaches riflery at Shaker . . . our celebrity with frequent magazine writeups . . . many wonderful summers at Brown Ledge Camp . . . Goddard's junior counselor . . . million dollar collection of license plates on her car . . . particular fondness for New York . . . more affection for science than for languages . . . council member junior year . . . volunteer work last summer . . . individualist who never panics . . . common sense . . . Marcy

Marcella Tompkins

A model's figure . . . wears binoculars . . . other half of Tompkins . . . "I have a note for Moo Idee" . . . level-headed sophomore and senior council representative . . . "Well—it's on the corner of Torrington, Shaker, and Eaton." . . . one of the Bryn Afon Babes . . . Aunt Nancy . . . composure and poise . . . a proud abstainer from the vicious weed . . . hockey pro . . . naturally curly eyelashes . . . Tarp . . . daintiness that shows up in her art . . . a bottomless glass in *D.C.* . . . has admiration and respect of billions of boys . . . Nanny goat . . . gentle kindness . . . Trav

Nancy Travis



Susan Weaver

"Horses, Horses, Wonderful Horses" . . . a wall full of ribbons from her equestrienne talent . . . first person in the class to have her hair straightened . . . sudden piercing screams of astonishment . . . active member of Modern Dance for three years . . . someday may be nominated for president of the Spearmint Gum Company . . . admirers in every horse show town in the nation . . . always cries when she laughs . . . May Queen attendant freshman year . . . shares bedroom with kittens and dogs . . . D.A.C.K.S.'s party in her tiny library . . . warm hospitality and sparkle . . . Sue

Diligent, organized worker . . . "Honor Bright" . . . loving owner of a ferocious monster called "Beebee" . . . drives up a Tempest in her storm . . . memories of a summer in Liverpool as H.B.'s A.F.S. representative . . . "Rocky" . . . papers her room with clippings of her idols . . . "the ears" . . . a wild spring vacation in Lauderdale, where she gave a brilliant and never-to-be-forgotten performance of Superman . . . holds the all-time record for wrecking cars . . . president of the Athletic Association . . . a good sport as well as an outstanding athlete . . . genuine extrovert with an ever-present grin . . . concern, gentleness, and friendliness . . . Cathy

Catherine Travers White

Strong class president freshman year . . . only member of the class with a Spanish sister . . . long standing interest in U.S. . . . a smile that flashes over her whole face . . . Australian childhood . . . a great slumber party to start off Christmas vacation . . . winner hands down of any freckle contest . . . White vs. White for volunteers at Carnival time . . . "Oh, those Latin Club plays!" . . . dependable basketball forward . . . diligence at summer job . . . a successful dieter . . . business manager of our *Review* staff . . . hostess for many food spongers . . . strong tennis arm . . . sense of humor . . . strength and sensitivity . . . Janice

Janice White

Absentee Members of Class of 1964

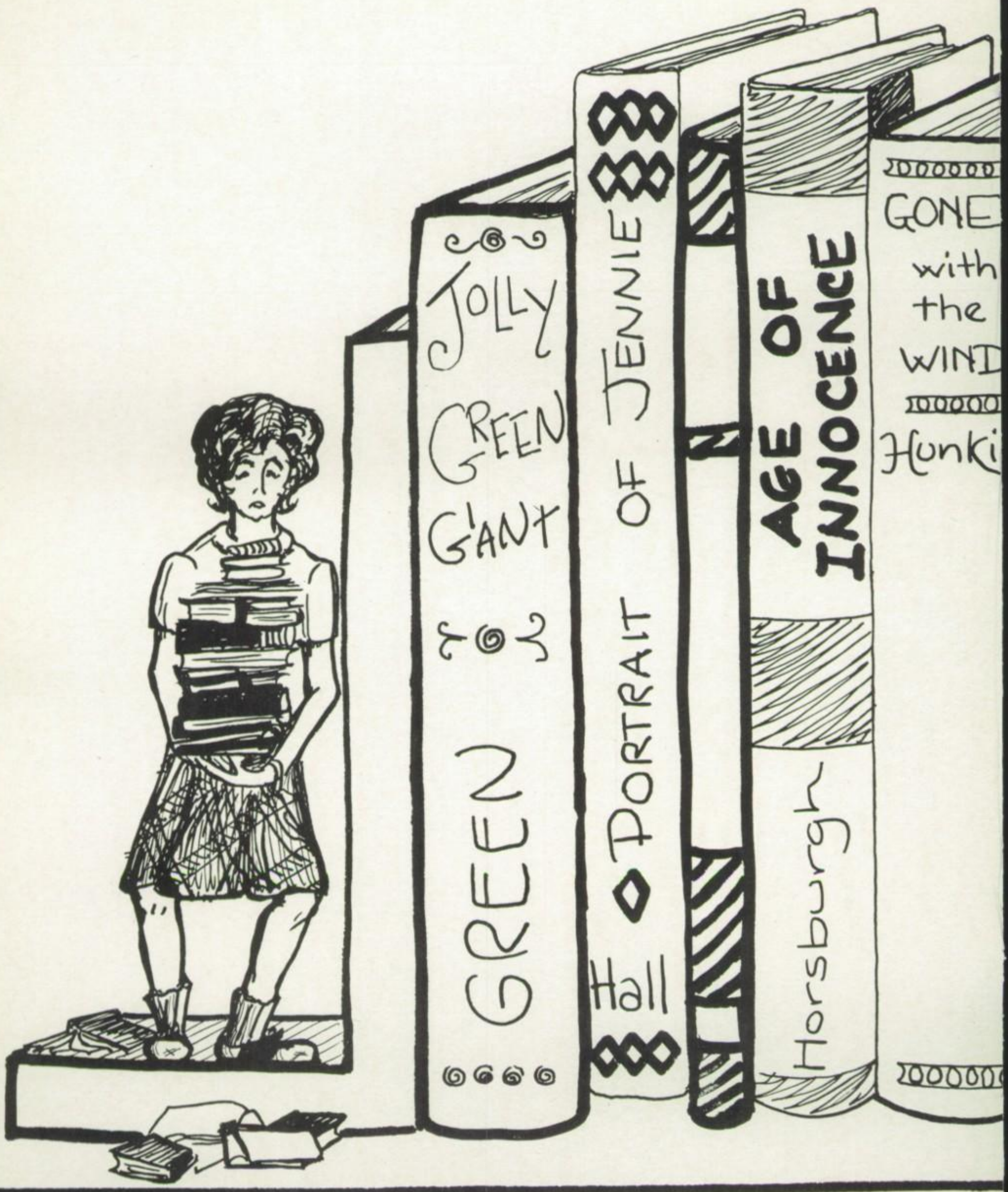
Linda Allen
Connie Bangs
Ellen Brewster
K. C. Cole
Linda Costello
Gretchen Effler
Sue Gibson
Lollie Gilbert
Jan Grabner
Kim Harvey
Kendra Jensen
Jacqui Kerr
Mary Kerr
Kris Kimball
Gwen Lee
Natalie Leonard
Linda MacArthur
Marty Mitchell
Debby Paul
Sue Perkins
Tricia Powell
Ellen Silver
Jan Smith
Betsy Stevens
Becky Sweet

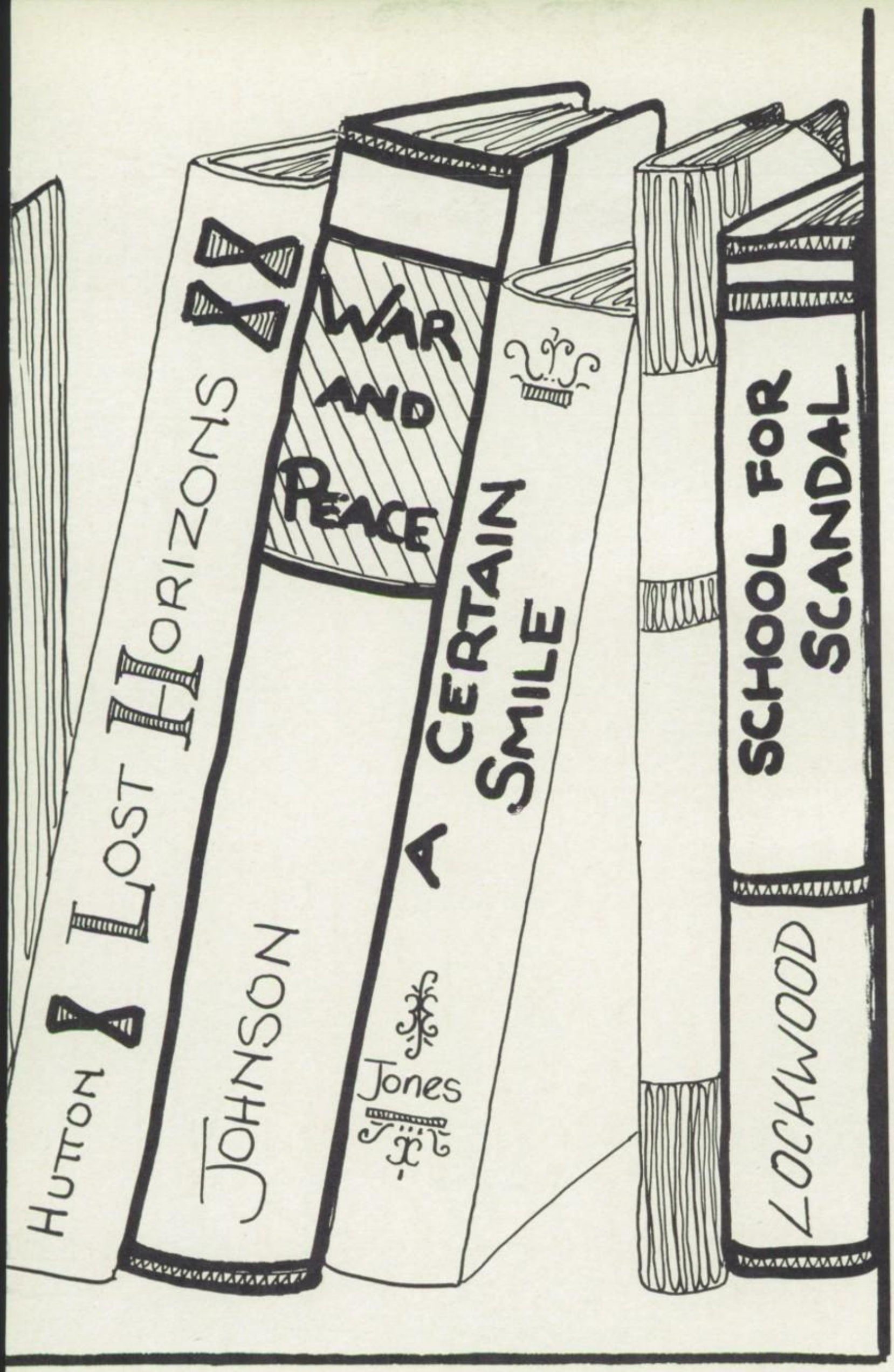
Ginny Slumb
Marilyn Miller
Judy Green
Gail Chapman
Jill Andrews
Cody Johnson
Janet Lockwood
Nancy Davis
Carolyn Shannon
Kate McMillan
Janice White
Kitsy Dunlop
Laura Baker
Cathy White
margot Davenport
Janie Berry
Betsy Sloan
Ginny Newsmith
Marilyn Spitler
Ann Cameron
Nancy Dalton
Debby Jones
Ann Colborn
Barbara Bauer
Cindy Dalzell

Clas

f 1964

Carolyn L. Potter
Vicky Prescott
Jean Hutton
Jennifer Hall
Patsy Prescott
Suzy Miller
Barbara Hanner
Diantha Smith
Sue Weaver
Ina de Baun
Laurel Brown
Dawsey Regal
Hilda Body
Sharyn Crocker
Tani Garner
Nancy Graves
Marcy Tompkins
Jan Nordstrom
Diane Norsworth
Judy Hunkin
Connie Bellamy
Janet Maas
Barby Bass
Sue Shaffer


JOLLY GREEN GIANT
GREEN
Hall
PORTRAIT
OF JENNIE
AGE OF INNOCENCE
Horsburgh
GONE with the WIND
Hunki



JUVENILE SECTION

Left to right

SECOND ROW

J. Buschman
C. Davey
S. Disbro
S. Booze
K. Cleveland
B. Babcox
L. Drinko
J. Caponigro
J. Ernst
J. Curtis

FIRST ROW

M. Fairbank
C. Campbell
M. Gibson
M. Barry
J. Alspaugh

Class

Left to right

SECOND ROW

B. Hobbs
P. Ginn
N. Houck
J. Hand
K. Hellman
J. Glendinning
M. Kerr
P. Hay
L. Hickox
E. Kregelius

FIRST ROW

S. Harwin
S. Holan
B. Jones
N. Hacker
P. Latimer

Left to right

SECOND ROW

S. Meyer
K. McKinney
M. McCuen
K. Peck
A. Oliver
P. Poffenberger
S. Merkel
G. Oppmann
J. North
N. Moonan

FIRST ROW

S. Prescott
S. Pohto
J. Loegler
P. Page
M. Pritchard

f 1965

Left to right

SECOND ROW

S. Turnock
N. Shilling
A. Winant
N. Williams
J. Wells
C. Robbins
C. Shenk
S. Robechek
K. Schneider

FIRST ROW

E. Scovil
B. White
M. Upp
D. Vail
N. Tillinghast

Left to right

L. Decker
J. Beatty
S. Eaton
M. Eakin
M. Coleman
L. Berger
A. Craig
J. Clark

FIRST ROW

S. Ainsworth
M. Adams
C. Clarke
H. Bradley
S. Carter

ABSENT

C. Emeny

Class

Left to right

SECOND ROW

G. Koontz
C. Fuller
P. Hackenburg
N. Hitchcock
C. Holsen
D. Feather
H. Grubb
S. Klie

FIRST ROW

C. Keil
A. Flaherty
K. Holden
B. Jewitt
M. Hudson

ABSENT

M. Ide

f 1966

Left to right

SECOND ROW

P. Lilley
B. Merrick
P. Myers
M. Lee
S. Mayer
B. Schweitzer
L. Meister
M. Larkins

FIRST ROW

M. Sloan
K. Parsons
D. Kuhn
G. Nulsen
M. Magee

Left to right

SECOND ROW

G. Stell
R. Whittlesey
V. Watkins
L. Walters
N. Vaughn
P. Young
W. Williams
M. Watts
J. Weller

FIRST ROW

M. Swander
M. Wick
K. Williams
T. Sprow
D. Vance

Left to right

SECOND ROW

A. Daley
G. Comte
L. Dempsey
P. Eide
T. Batchelor
B. Dell Isola

FIRST ROW

P. Bassett
B. Body
D. Crocker
M. Enos
N. Arnold

ABSENT

S. Cheheyl

Clas

Left to right

SECOND ROW

K. Koontz
D. Floyd
J. Greaves
A. Kennedy
L. Hacker
N. Hollington
S. Henshaw
L. Hills

FIRST ROW

L. Kent
J. Jewitt
S. Files
J. Fogg
E. Hersey

Left to right

SECOND ROW
M. Mackley
C. Nordstrom
T. Neff
M. Ochs
W. Perkins
A. Prescott

FIRST ROW
M. Leppelmeier
D. McNelly
F. Meckes
E. Norweb
M. Merrick

ABSENT
S. Manuel

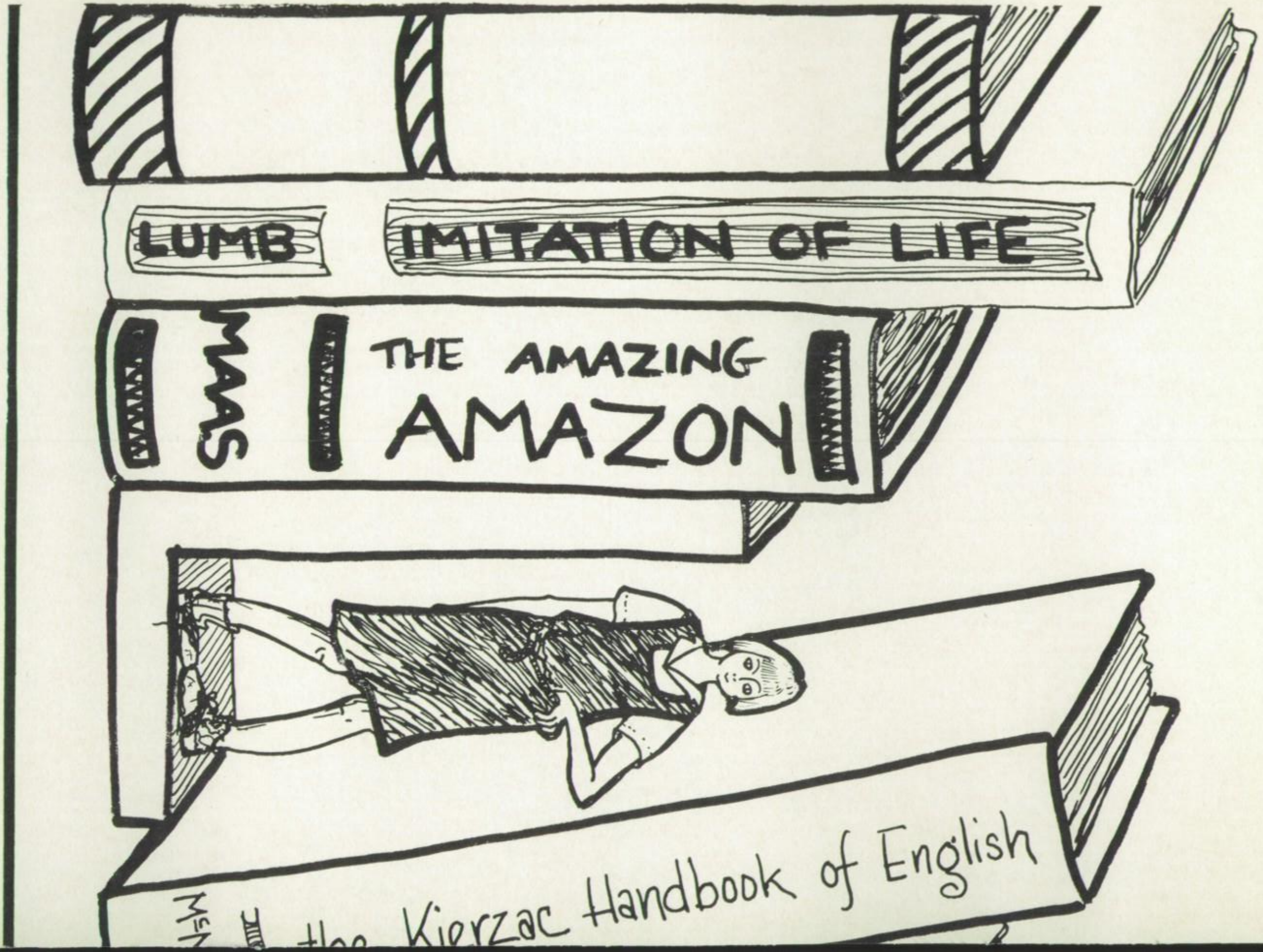
f 1967

Left to right

SECOND ROW
C. Thompson
D. Price
C. Willliams
K. Templeton
N. Rau
J. Quayle
F. Volk

FIRST ROW
P. Recroft
M. Taylor
L. White
R. Wick
T. Snyder

ABSENT
D. Van Duzer


LUMB
IMITATION OF LIFE
THE AMAZING
AMAZON
the Kierzac Handbook of English

Miller = Peace of Mind
ROAD
TOBACCO
Miller
Hot Rod
The Fighting Angel
Nordstrom
Potter

Left to right

FOURTH ROW
A. Worthington
W. Augustus
J. Russell
P. Talbott
S. Jones
B. Oldenburg
C. Eaton

THIRD ROW
K. Simon
K. Knutsen
B. Buss
S. Kendrick
P. Prescott

SECOND ROW
M. Marshall
J. Wierdsma
M. Lee
M. Morrison
S. Hay

FIRST ROW
M. White
S. Mitchell
L. Case
P. Allen

ABSENT
R. Coakley
S. Rountree

Fourth Preparatory Class

Left to right

FOURTH ROW
A. Wick
P. Frohring
D. Steadman
L. Armington
D. Morgan
C. Black
A. Knight

THIRD ROW
S. Page
L. Hayes
E. Cleveland
D. Legros
J. Newell

SECOND ROW
H. Kuss
S. Crocker
M. VanOrdstra
S. Sayle
M. Wilbur

FIRST ROW
M. McCreary
M. Campbell
J. Jordan

Left to right

FOURTH ROW
C. Cronin
M. Andrews
J. Gokay
M. Horth
B. Brown

THIRD ROW
C. Butler
D. Marshall
M. Bindley
M. Hitchcock
B. Campbell
P. Dworken
M. McDaniel

SECOND ROW
E. Clough
E. Farrington
S. Bremer
J. Baker

FIRST ROW
S. Barrett
B. Brueckel
C. Crawfis

Third Preparatory Class

Left to right

FOURTH ROW
M. Zettelmeyer
M. Nulsen
V. Milestone
R. Swetland
D. Perkins
A. Thomas

THIRD ROW
S. Saunders
E. Reuter
J. McElwain
F. Sayle
B. O'Reilly
L. Vilas

SECOND ROW
G. Robinson
D. Moody
P. Page
M. Mlakar
C. Miller

FIRST ROW
L. White
C. Tuttle
M. Meister

ABSENT
J. Blair
H. Strawbridge

Left to right

THIRD ROW
L. Ireland
B. Hunkin
S. Rogers
S. Johnson
J. Rosenthal
S. Taylor
L. Stirn

SECOND ROW
W. Evans
A. Rosendale
V. Grant
C. Kuss
C. Norweb
C. Costello
L. Harris
B. Blossom
C. Neville
M. McDaniel

FIRST ROW
S. Paul
H. Foster
L. Horsburgh
H. Veale
C. Jones

ABSENT
E. Rogers
B. Sylvester

Second Preparatory Class

Left to right

THIRD ROW
S. Hejl
C. White
G. White
P. Allen
A. Hickox
J. Wagenland
S. Vail

SECOND ROW
N. Stockbridg
J. Schipfer
H. Munger
C. Cameron
S. Smith
S. Smythe
S. Chamberlin
M. Steingass
B. Ireland
L. deWindt

FIRST ROW
J. Hadden
M. Alexander
J. Nicholl
H. France
C. Conlin
S. Lamprecht

ABSENT
C. Campbell

First Preparatory Class

Left to right

THIRD ROW

E. Eaton
M. Smallwood
J. Whitney
A. Kitchel
C. Rhinelander
M. Simeone
P. White
C. Tolles

SECOND ROW

J. Lowden
A. Ward
J. Marshall
S. Feather
L. Meacham
E. Rosendale
C. Wachter

FIRST ROW

H. Shannon
M. Fischer
K. Hoffman
M. Kilroy
M. Dempsey
C. Stevenson

Fourth Primary Class

Left to right

THIRD ROW

A. Ephrussi
D. Prescott
D. Meister
L. James
H. Whitney
D. Wolf

SECOND ROW

E. Reinartz
A. Simeone
H. Dworken
N. Milestone
C. DesPrez
E. King
L. Bowler
J. Tracy

FIRST ROW

S. Gottfried
F. Upson
B. Smythe
D. Hitchcock
H. Boyer
P. Gardner

ABSENT

C. Calfee

Third Primary Class

Left to right

THIRD ROW

L. Rhinelander
L. Oliva
S. Gowdy
L. Furman
N. Caraboolad
J. Ladds
E. Wolf
P. Luntz
M. Simon
L. Daniels
S. Whitehouse
D. Day
C. Gardner

SECOND ROW

W. White
N. McDaniel
M. McWilliams
A. Nash
L. Enos
L. Bearden
M. Daniels
K. Oliva
A. Weatherhead
J. Stevens
C. Lux
A. Bassett
G. Dempsey
M. Grogan

FIRST ROW

K. Gottfried
J. Zimmerman
L. Rogers
M. White
A. Hecker
L. Taylor
C. Horner
D. Augustus
M. Rose
C. Newpher
M. Marshall
E. Alexander
P. Abbott

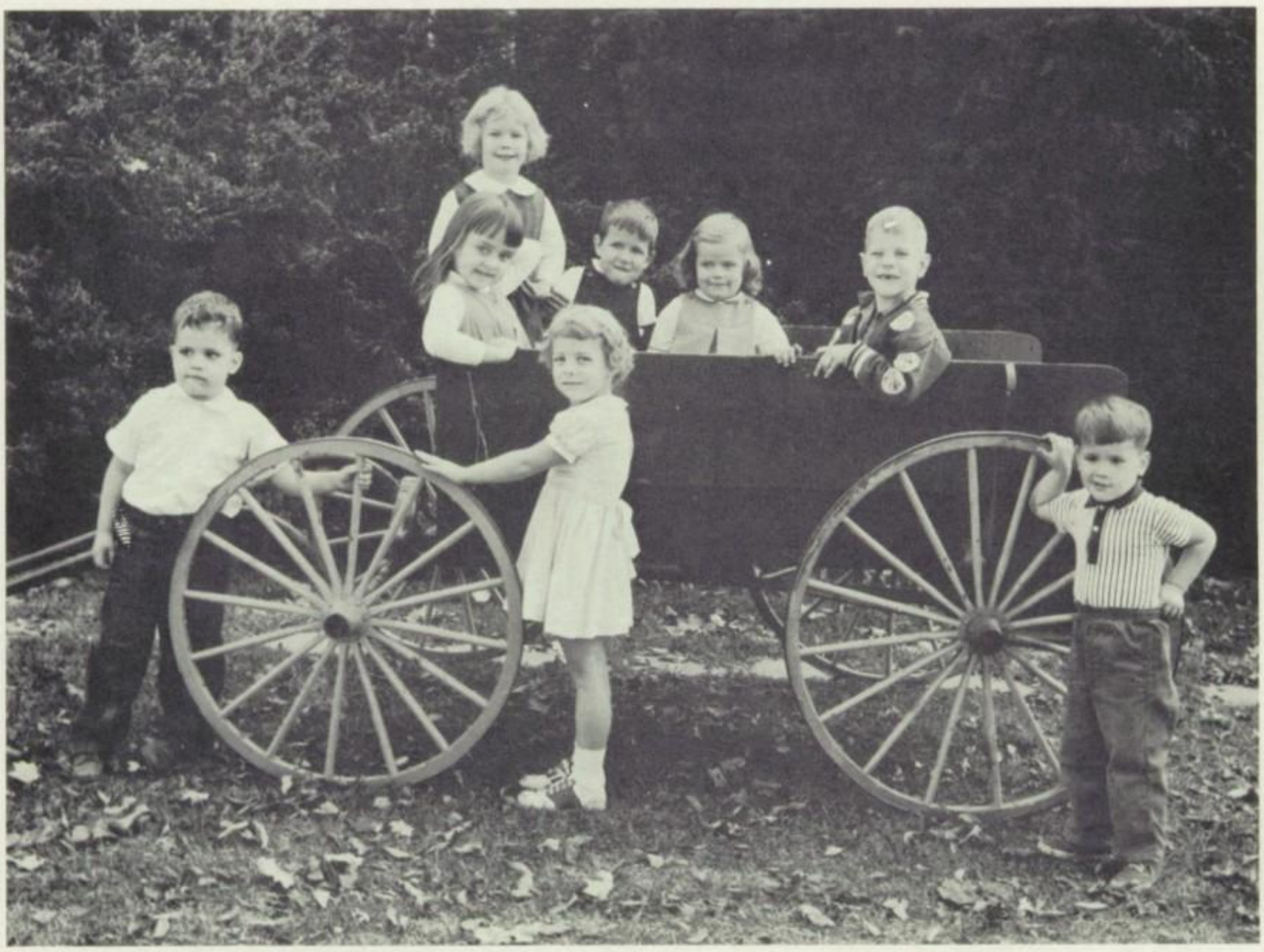
ABSENT

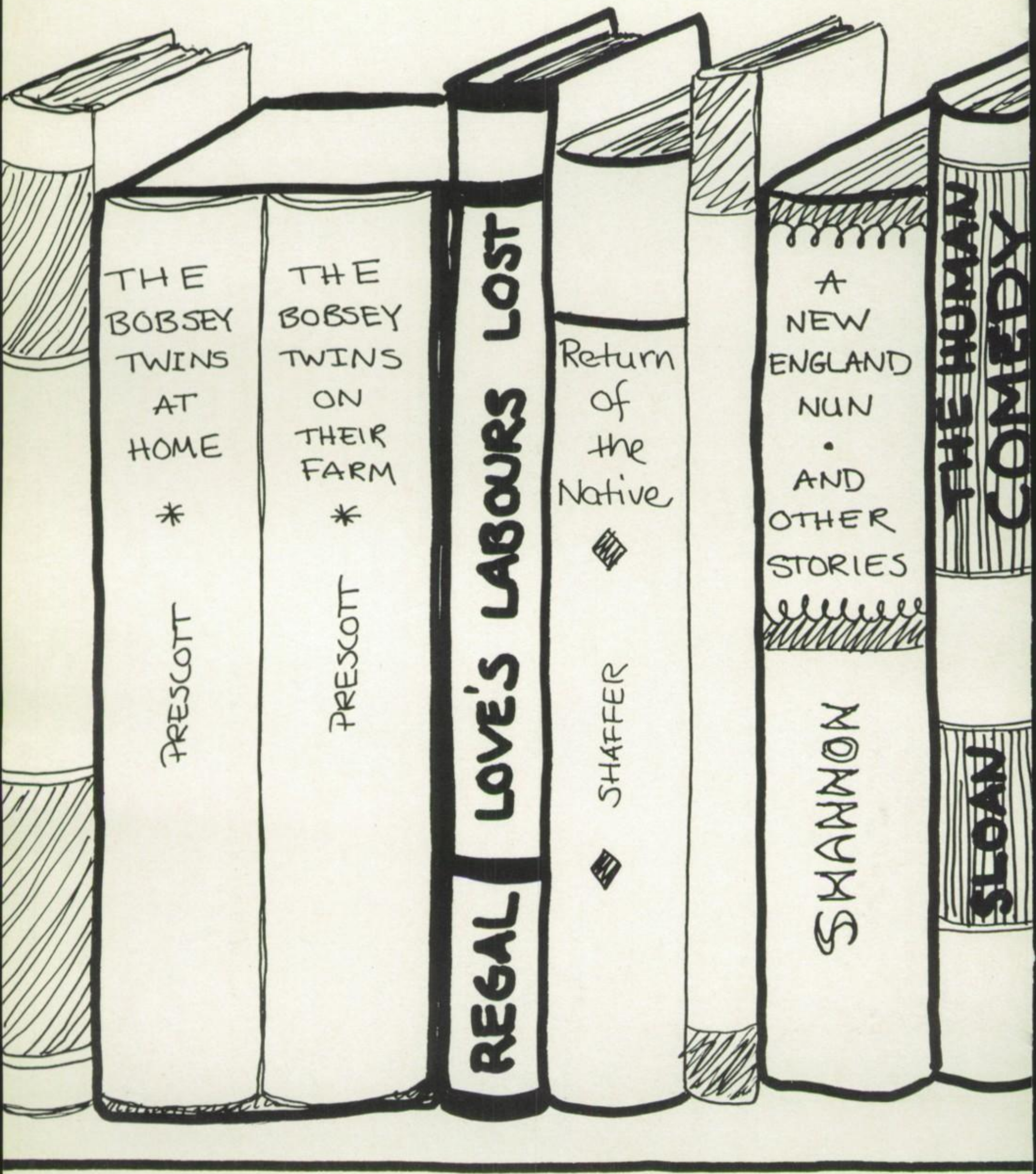
L. Mueller

First and Second Primary

Kindergarten

Nursery School




THE BOBSEY TWINS AT HOME
PRESCOTT
THE BOBSEY TWINS ON THEIR FARM
PRESCOTT
LOVE'S LABOURS LOST
REGAL
Return of the Native
SHAFFER
A NEW ENGLAND NUN AND OTHER STORIES
SHANNON
THE WOMEN
COMEDY
SLOAN

PERIODICALS

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Vice-president:	Nancy Dalton
Secretary:	Margot Davenport
Faculty Advisor:	Mrs. Rice
SENIORS:	Jan Nordstrom, Nancy Travis
JUNIORS:	Nancy Hacker, Julie North, Sara Robechek, Suzy Turnock
SOPHOMORES:	Cathie Clarke, Barbie Jewitt, Debby Kuhn, Mary Wick
FRESHMEN:	Tally Batchelor, Linda Kent, Mindy Ochs

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Vice-president:	Sandy Merkel
Secretary:	Nancy Davis
Treasurer:	Kitsy Dunlop
Faculty Advisor:	Mrs. Pierce

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Assistant Art Editor:	Cindy Dalzell
Faculty Advisors:	Miss Denniston, Mrs. Abbott

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Faculty Advisor: Mrs. Foulkes
Accompanist: Mrs. Kader
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Treasurer: Toni Garver
Secretary: Consie Bellamy
Faculty Advisor: Mrs. Foulkes
Accompanist: Mrs. Kader

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FRESHMEN: Polly Eide, Sue Files, Janet Greaves, Merideth Leppelmeier, Wendy Perkins, Judy Quayle, Kathy Templeton, Dory Van Duzer, Sarah Cheheyl

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Vice-president	Ginny Fewsmith
Secretary-Treasurer:	Kate McMillan
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Faculty Advisor:	Miss Wilk
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JUNIORS:	Jo Buschman, Mimi Fairbank, Martha Gibson, Jo Lynn Hand, Kate Hellamn, Bettye Hobbs, Berry Jones, Sue Meyer, Nancy Moonan, Patsy Page, Cynthia Robbins, Kit Schneider, Claire Shenk

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President: Diane Horsburgh
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Wardrobe Mistress: Sue Meyer
Faculty Advisor: Mrs. Jewitt
Accompanist: Mrs. Kader

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JUNIORS: Jo Buschman, Jo Ann Ernst, Jill Glendinning, Jo Lynn Hand, Sylvie Harwin, Kay McKinney, Sue Meyer, Julie North, Marian Pritchard, Anne Winant

SOPHOMORES: Lucia Berger, Marlo Coleman, Debby Feather, Barbie Jewitt, Cynthia Keil, Pixie Lilley, Taffy Sprow, Mary Wick, Debby Kuhn

FRESHMEN: Ginny Comte, Jennifer Jewitt, Susan Manuel, Judy Quayle, Nancy Rau

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President:	Cathy White
Vice-president:	Debby Jones
Social Chairman:	Cindy Dalzell
Secretary:	Pam Myers
Treasurer:	Pam Hay
Faculty advisor:	Miss Rosenberger

Members

SENIORS:	Toni Garver, Kate McMillan
JUNIORS:	Jill Glendinning, Pat Latimer, Sandy Merkel, Marian Pritchard, Nancy Tillinghast
SOPHOMORES:	Molly Adams, Pat Hackenburg, Margaret Larkins, Penny Young
FRESHMEN:	Sara Cheheyl, Deb Floyd, Martha Merrick, Mindy Ochs, Linda White

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Vice-president: Barbi Bauer
Secretary: Diantha Smith
Treasurer: Marilyn Spitler
Faculty advisor: Miss Selka

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JUNIORS: Martha Barry, Jo Buschman, Cathy Campbell, Kathy Cleveland, Joan Curtiss, Cecil Davey, Sally Disbro, Libby Drinko, Martha Gibson, Pat Ginn, Kate Hellman, Linda Hickox, Mary Kerr, Edie Kregelius, Pat Latimer, Sandy Merkel, Kay McKinney, Nancy Moonan, Julie North, Anne Oliver, Gretchen Oppmann, Kiki Peck, Pinky Poffenberger, Sue Prescott, Marian Pritchard, Kit Schneider, Emily Scovil, Clare Shenk, Nancy Shilling, Suzy Turnock, Melissa Upp, Barb White

SOPHOMORES: Sally Ainsworth, Lucia Berger, Martha Eakin, Helen Grubb, Priscilla Ide, Margaret Larkins, Debbie Kuhn, Sue Mayer, Bebe Merrick, Barb Schweitzer, Vicky Watkins

FRESHMEN: Ann Daley, Louise Dempsey, Bianca Dell Isola, Polly Eide, Elise Hersey, Ann Kennedy

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President: Jean Hutton
Vice President and Program Chairman: Vicky Prescott
Secretary-Treasurer: Nancy Williams
Faculty Advisor: Miss Downing

SENIORS: Jill Andrews, Sharyn Crocker, Nancy Dalton, Isa deBuen, Ginny Fewsmith, Toni Garver, Tudy Hunkin, Jean Hutton, Janet Maas, Patsy Prescott, Vicky Prescott, Carolyn Shannon, Nancy Travis

JUNIORS: Janet Alspaugh, Sandy Booze, Jo Buschman, Jeanne Caponigro, Joan Curtiss, Cecil Davey, Jo Lynn Hand, Sylvie Harwin, Kate Hellman, Linda Hickox, Nancy Houck, Berry Jones, Pat Latimer, Julie Loegler, Sandy Merkel, Kiki Peck, Pinky Poffenberger, Suzanne Pohto, Sue Prescott, Suzy Turnock, Melissa Upp, Dedi Vail, Nancy Williams

SOPHOMORES: Holly Bradley, Cathie Clarke, Cynthia Keil, Penny Young

FRESHMEN: Elise Hersey

Spanish Club

President:	Janet Maas
Vice-president:	Jill Glendinning
Secretary-Treasurer:	Jill Andrews
Faculty Advisor:	Mrs. McCormick
SENIORS:	Jill Andrews, Lynn Cameron, Sharyn Crocker, Margot Davenport, Nancy Davis, Toni Garver, Judy Green, Jennifer Hall, Diane Horsburgh, Cody Johnson, Janet Lockwood, Ginny Lumb, Janet Maas, Marilyn Miller, Sue Shaffer, Sue Weaver
JUNIORS:	Jeanne Caponigro, Joan Curtiss, Cecil Davey, Sally Disbro, Jill Glendinning, Nancy Hacker, Sylvie Harwin, Pam Hay, Julie Loegler, Kay McKinney, Anne Winant, Patsy Page

Latin Club

President:	Janice White
Faculty Advisor:	Miss Betzold
SENIORS:	Barbie Bass, Consie Bellamy, Ann Colborn, Carolyn Shannon, Dorsey Regal, Janice White
JUNIORS:	Barry Jones, Mimi Fairbank, Sandy Merkel, Suzy Turnock, Edie Kregelius, Janet Alspaugh, Kiki Peck, Suzanne Pohto, Sue Meyer, Gretchen Oppmann, Nancy Hacker

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President: Isa deBuen
Vice-president: Dorsey Regal
Faculty Advisor: Mrs. Hudson

Members:

Laura Baker, Barby Bass, Barbi Bauer, Janie Berry, Hilde Body, Gail Chapman, Nancy Dalton, Kitsy Dunlop, Ginny Fewsmith, Tudy Hunkin, Debby Jones, Kate McMillan, Patsy Prescott, Vicky Prescott, Marilyn Spitler, Nancy Travis, Cathy White

Preparatory Chorus

Accompanists: Cathy Eaton, Kay Simon

Faculty Advisor: Mrs. Foulkes

Third Preps: Sandra Bremer, Susan Bremer, Binney Brown, Beth Campbell, Emily Clough, Christine Crawfis, Edibeth Farrington, Janet Gokay, Debby Marshall, Marny McDaniel, Judy McElwain, Martha Mlakar, Margy Nulsen, Barbara O'Reilly, Phyllis Page, Derry Perkins, Liz Reuter, Ginny Robinson, Susan Saunders, Holly Strawbridge, Ruth Swetland, Laurel White, Mary Zettlemeyer

Fourth Preps: Peggy Allen, Wendy Augustus, Mary Campbell, Elizabeth Cleveland, Sara Crocker, Cathy Eaton, Paula Frohring, Leslie Hayes, Susan Jones, Susan Kendrick, Kathy Knutsen, Helen Kuss, Martha Lee, Margo McCreary, Sue Mitchell, Debby Morgan, Jane Newell, Sarah Roundtree, Jacqueline Russell, Kay Simon, Page Talbott, Margaret White, Adele Wick, Jane Wierdsma

Dorm Seniors

Honorary Spec Board

The Class of 1964 Through The Years

PRIME YEARS—apple tree by dorm—our hangout during recess . . . double-header performance of *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* for fourth graders with Snow White shared by Jan Smith and Dorsey . . . hours passed in making puppets and producing our Winnie-the-Pooh puppet show in fourth grade . . . "I promise I shall remember my leggings tomorrow" written seventy-five times . . . orderly booklets of poems in second grade . . .

☆ ☆ ☆

PREP YEARS—Margot's landslide victory as president at hands of Malvern influx third Prep year . . . mornings before school spent playing "Elimination" and free time after lunch spent playing among gym lockers with Cody as the most frightening "Crazy Man" . . . winner of Spec Ad Contest for two years . . . an escape through a window to Shaker Square . . . daring expeditions into the sewers . . . two extra periods on the apparatus in the gym to those sneezing in cooking class . . . Debby's lessons on how to breathe from Miss Bennett . . . famous math class when Cody sat on a tack and lost her books in the wastebasket . . . Mrs. Howell's class when Lockwood left her comb in her hair . . . recitations in Miss Wheeler's class standing up . . . making friends in Washington . . .

☆ ☆ ☆

FRESHMAN YEAR—quiet after chapel was excused during state evaluation . . . the beginning of the yellow note struggle . . . constant dwindling of Miss Selover's "A" algebra class . . . three nights of afterschool gym for some . . . first AFS baseball game . . . Horsburgh's repeated faintings in French class . . . demerits and appearances before Council . . .

☆ ☆ ☆

SOPHOMORE YEAR—only four nights of homework . . . second AFS baseball game . . . "But sir!" . . . Miss Geiger's left hand in her pocket and twirling away of pointer . . . an orange over the history map . . . "faire une visite" or "visiter" . . . our first issue of *Review* . . .

☆ ☆ ☆

JUNIOR YEAR—third AFS baseball game . . . SAT's and college boards . . . bed collapses in Junior play rehearsal . . . two May Days as result of rain deluge . . . five day holiday during big snow . . . Johnson got her driver's license . . . Miss Bruce's "Dismal failures" . . . hillbilly parade on Junior Day . . . Let's forget *Review* . . .

☆ ☆ ☆

SENIOR YEAR—fourth AFS baseball game . . . more SAT's and college boards . . . a sombre but successful carnival . . . daily "blow-throughs" . . . the great suffering of great souls first semester . . . "If I ask you to write about grass, don't give me the price of eggs in Timbuctoo" . . . the new lab glasses.

Nancy Travis

MAY QUEEN, 1964

BACCHUS'
BAR

INFORMATION

LIMPIC
GAMES

Thieves' Carnival

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Peterbono . . . . . Cody Johnson
Hector . . . . . Marcella Tompkins
Gustave . . . . . Margot Davenport
Lord Edgar . . . . . Jan Nordstrom
Lady Hurf . . . . . Antoinette Garver
Juliette . . . . . Katherine Dunlop
Eva . . . . . Sharyn Crocker
Dupont-Dufort Senior . . . . . Virginia Lumb
Dupont-Dufort Junior . . . . . Kate McMillan
The Town Crier . . . . . Jean Hutton
The Policeman . . . . . Suzanne Miller
The Nursemaid . . . . . Diantha Smith
The Little Girl . . . . . Hildegarde Body
Summer Visitors . . . . . Sue Weaver
Susan Shaffer
Maria-Luisa de Buen

On the Shelf 1963–64

September 9	Opening Day	*Of Human Bondage*
November 22	Carnival	*Classical Myths*
November 29	Thanksgiving	*Pilgrim's Progress*
December-January	Christmas Vacation	*Christmas is a Time for Giving*
January 21-24	Midyear Examinations	*Dante's Inferno*
February 14	Junior-Senior Prom	*Jungle Book*
February 22	Washington's Birthday	*The Cherry Orchard and Other Stories*
February 28-29	Senior Play	*Thieve's Carnival*
March	Freshman-Sophomore Prom	*Age of Innocence*
March-April	Spring Vacation	*Call of the Wild*
April 10	Glee Club Concert	*Three-Penny Opera*
May 19	May Day	*The Woman in White*
May 30	Holiday	*Crime and Punishment*
May 28-June 2	Final Examinations	*Triumph and Tragedy*
June 3	Last Chapel	*The Last Hurrah*
June 4	Prep. & Prime Commencement	*Little Women*
June 5	Commencement	*Their Finest Hour*
June 6	Senior Farewell	*Darkness and the Dawn*

Class Officers 1963–64

SENIOR CLASS

President	Jan Nordstrom
Council Member	Nancy Travis
Vice-president	Debby Jones
Secretary	Marilyn Spitler
Treasurer	Cindy Dalzell

JUNIOR CLASS

	First Semester	*Second Semester*
President	Suzy Turnock	Sara Robechek
Council Member	Nancy Hacker	Julie North
Vice-president	Nancy Shilling	Clare Shenk
Secretary	Anne Oliver	Jill Glendinning
Treasurer	Mimi Fairbank	

SOPHOMORE CLASS

	First Semester	*Second Semester*
President	Debbie Kuhn	Barb Jewitt
Council Member	Cathy Clarke	Mary Wick
Vice-president	Pixie Lilley	Cathy Holsen
Secretary	Robin Whittlesey	Nancy Vaughn
Treasurer	Daria Vance	

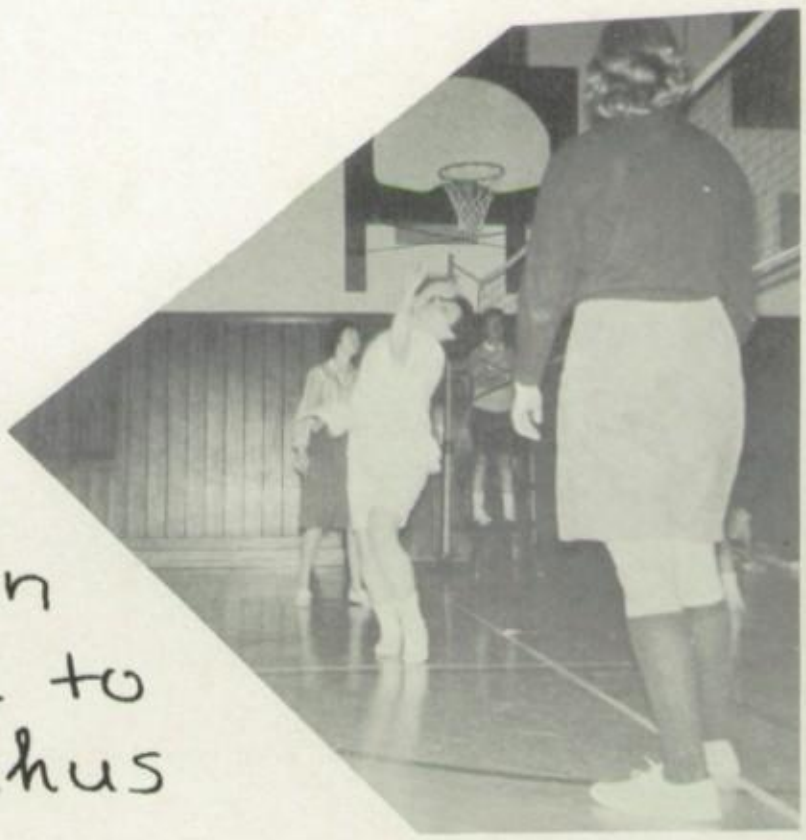
FRESHMAN CLASS

	First Semester	*Second Semester*
President	Mindy Ochs	Linda Kent
Council Member	Linda Kent	Tally Batchelor
Vice-president	Judy Quayle	Louise Dempsey
Secretary	Cee Cee Thompson	Robin Wick
Treasurer	Martha Merrick	

Could it be.
Davis behind
a camera ??

"Quick,
Miss Coburn just fell
in the fountain!!"

SAVOIR
FAIRE



It's a
passion
dance to
Bacchus

"And when the love light starts..."

STOP, LOOK, & LISTEN

taste good, Deb ?

"Well, I'll tell you girls, it's a trade secret."

DALZELL'S ditched again

"HELP!

It's the prowler!"

"Tony, have you tried

Dristan"

"A man in

the school?"

The return of

Miss Hathaway

"Who says I'm obnoxious?"

some dates are more mature than others

"I also sing"

STOP! NIKKI'S TERRITORY

"Did you ask me to explain 'visitor'?"

"You're coming up before council!"

"Says who?!!"

"Yes, folks - it's Jiffy Pop time."

"Help! Police! We have a girl stuck in a phone booth at the H.B. dorm!"

"I said 'U.S.'!"

more on the floor
in '64

Marlboro
Country

"I tried another steak."

Lumb- are you
still breathing?"

"You guys, I can't find Lumb."
-OR- "Surprise! It's me!"

"I can't always brush after meals."

"What do you mean- 'loyal'?"

purity Plus

GLEE CLUB RETREATS AGAIN

Well — that was a little flat!"

"Yes, I was communicating — wanna make something of it?"

"what can you do with a boy like that?"

"HELP It's choking me!"

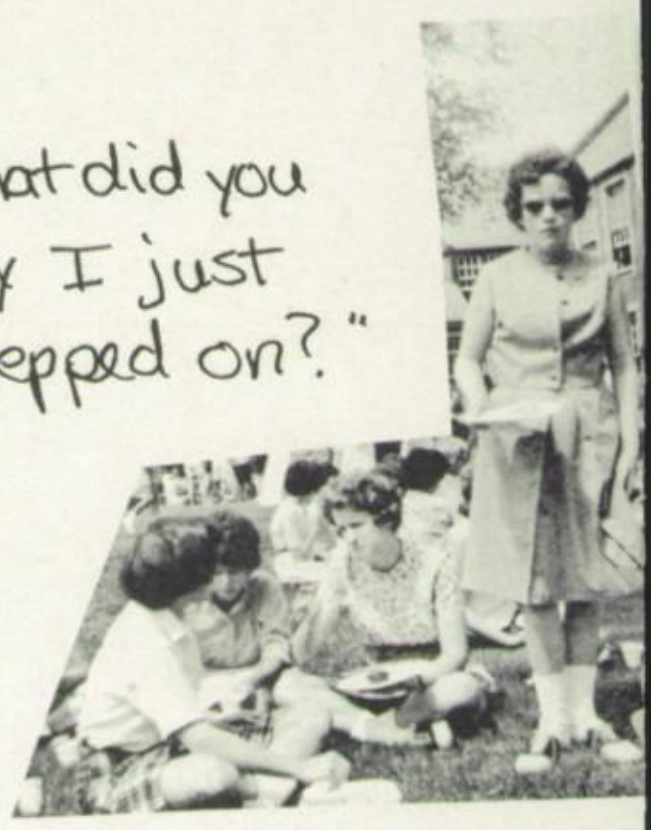
"Yeah"

"...that she said that I said that he said..."

Don't let acid indigestion put you out of focus

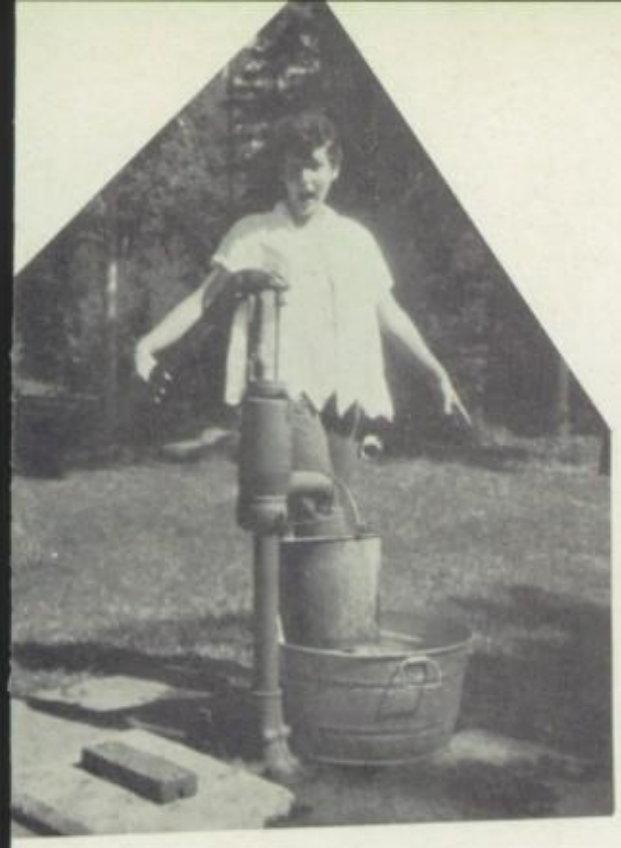
"WHO has snobbish airs?"

"What did you say I just stepped on?"



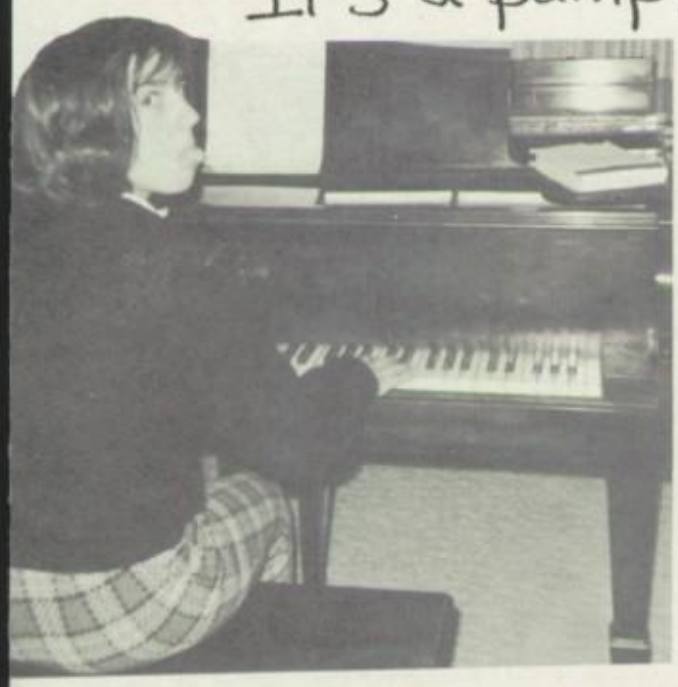
Do you think Spec will like this?"

"I LOVE AMERICA"



My God!
It's a pump!"

"I also do Impersonations of Bugs Bunny."

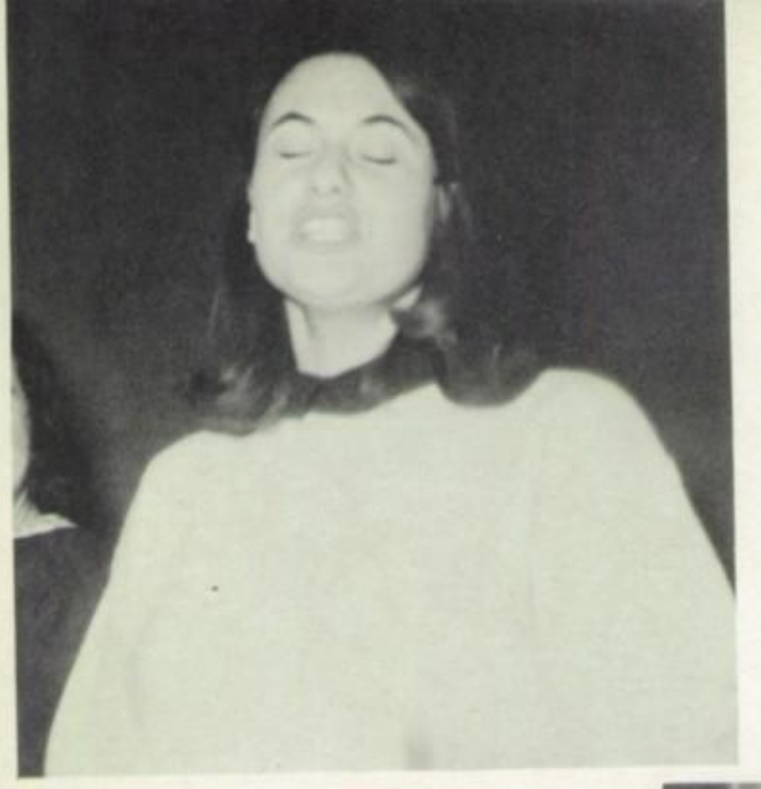


"I hate the Beatles!"

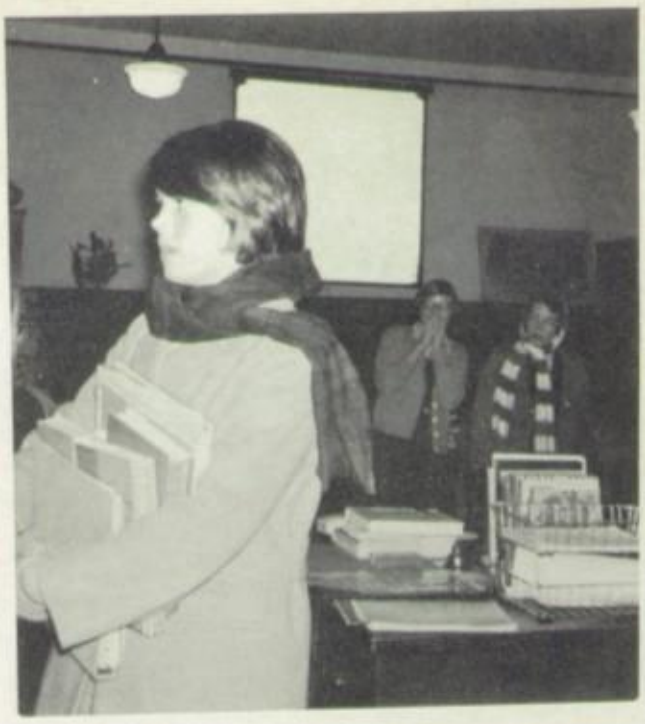
WINTER WARMTH

"Hey you guys, I've just swallowed a roller!"

THE BIRD
IS
THE WORD



"And furthermore..."



"what's crawling up her back?"

OUT OF HER CAGE

Cody: "My feet do not swell."

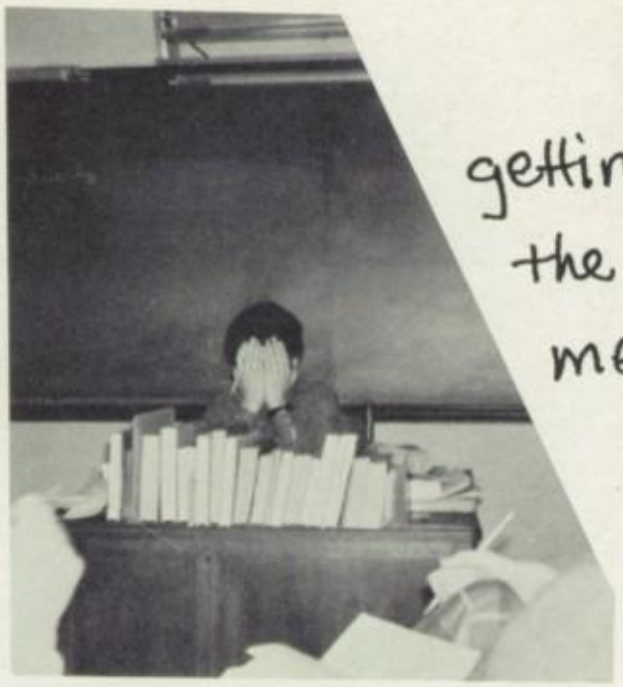
Carolyn: "Everyone says I'm photogenic."

Janet: "My name's Jan-Jan."

Janie: "Tonight isn't the night

Barb: "Then he said..."

Cathy: "Aw, shut up, Bauer!"



getting
the
measles

Even your best friends
won't tell you, but...

Hi ho
Bass

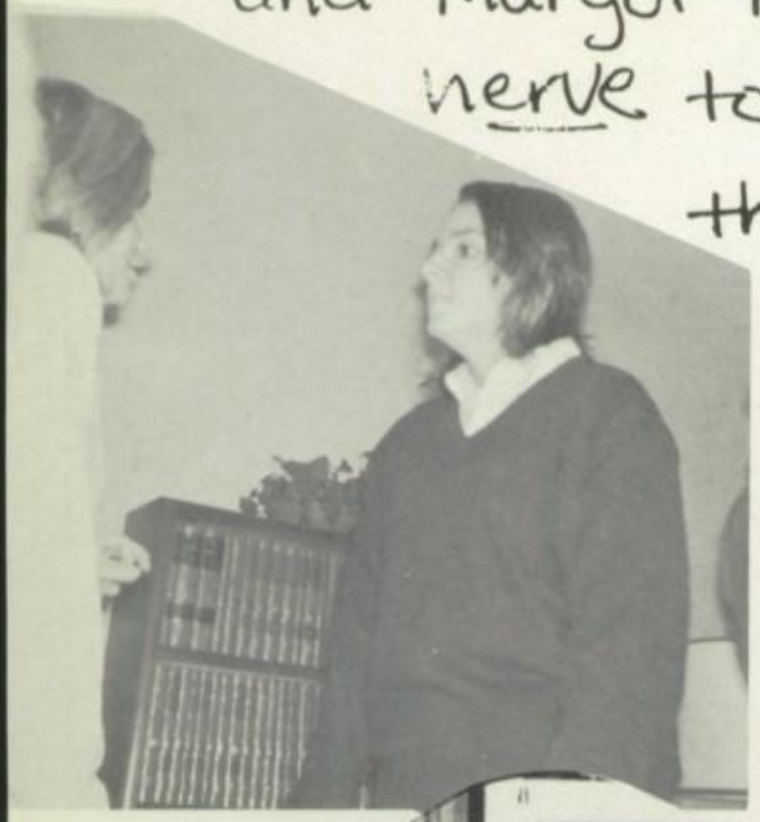
-OR-

Bass rides again!

wouldn't you
like to know
what she's
reading?

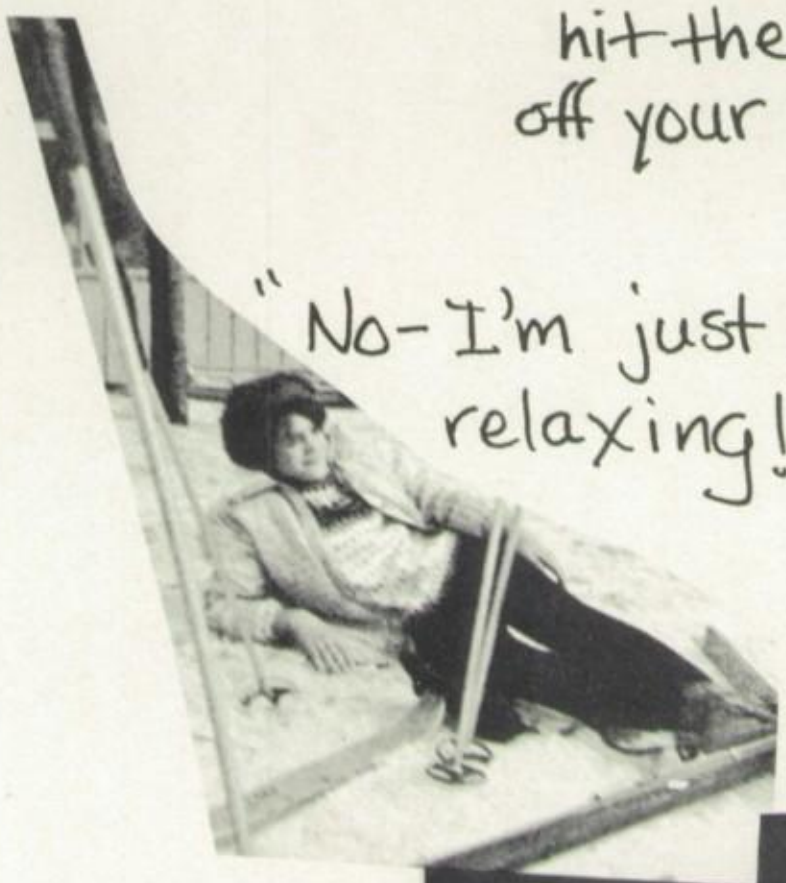
"Why it's the
Fuller Brush
man!"

"and Margot had the nerve to look in the window!"



"Sure I can hit the apple off your head, Davis."

"Get her!"



"No-I'm just sitting here relaxing!"

"Listen-take it from me...

SLEEPING BEAUTY –

Cal bobs again!

"And in the showcase on the right...."

and then— and then "

– BEEPING SLOOTY

FINKSIES INC.

Is anyone watching the game?

she looks reasonably sane

"Happy Birthday to me!"

Aim—

"and then he came in the window like this—"

-a-a-choo!

who pinched Fewsmith?

"PUT THAT TOWEL BACK ON!"

"That's no excuse!"

"Why yes,- we've pierced our ears."

"I don't believe we've met..."

The "windblown" effect

Call me—
Miss Johnson"

Springmaids

smiley

"Where's Body?"

"It's Chuck on the lights."

"Don't Let Anyone Know..."

"Stay away, Steve."

"tweet-tweet"

"Leave it to me, Casey."

"Golly gee, there won't be any left."

"Meet my family"

"Don't worry, no one will see you take that donut."

Step back, Marcy!

"What are you so happy about?"

"It's your deal, Dalzell."

"Will the meeting
puh-leeze
come to order?"

Let's twitch,
again

all
Breck girls
aren't
beautiful

"Me Tarzan
- you Gerow."

"Of course we got in for 18."

Ingenue?

THE
ABOMINABLE
OPPMANN

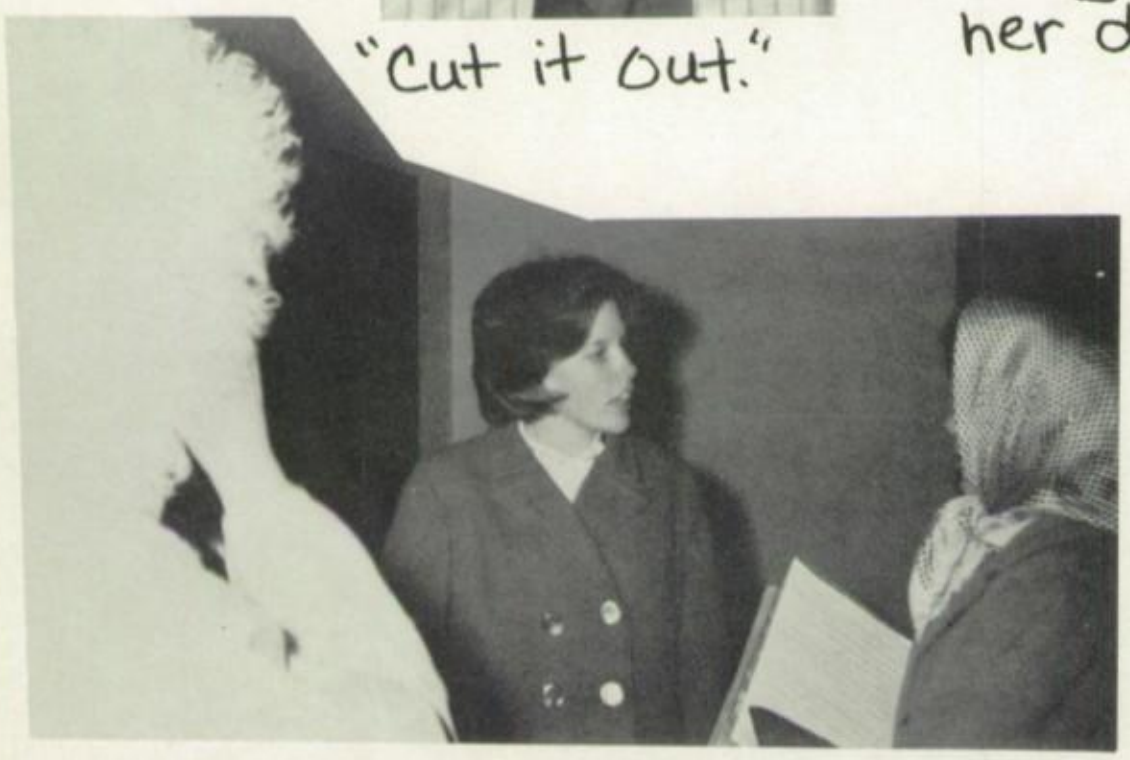
"I think they're rather
nice myself."

"And yesterday someone
threw eggs in my car...
... but I'm not mad."

"I didn't do it!"

"Cut it out."

Nancy Rau waiting for her date



"And I say -
it's the
ABOMINABLE
snowman!"

"There's a Beatle
in her
hair."

"_my contacts are killing me!"

RECOGNIZE ANYONE?

"You're too early... go away!"

"It's — 'Super Lu'"

["And some people say that KNO_3 has funny effects if eaten.."]

MARCY

KATIE

DEB

WEAVER

JANICE

MM

TONI

BAUER

SPITLER

CRICKET

BROWN

BASS

POTTER

HALL

DAVIS

LYNN

LUMB

PATSY VICKY

TRAV

CODY

SES

DIANE

GAIL

NIKKI

MARGOT

TUDI

KITSY

JANIE

JILL

ISA

CONSIE

DALTON

JEAN

LAURA

WHITE

NORT

FAUVER

SMITH

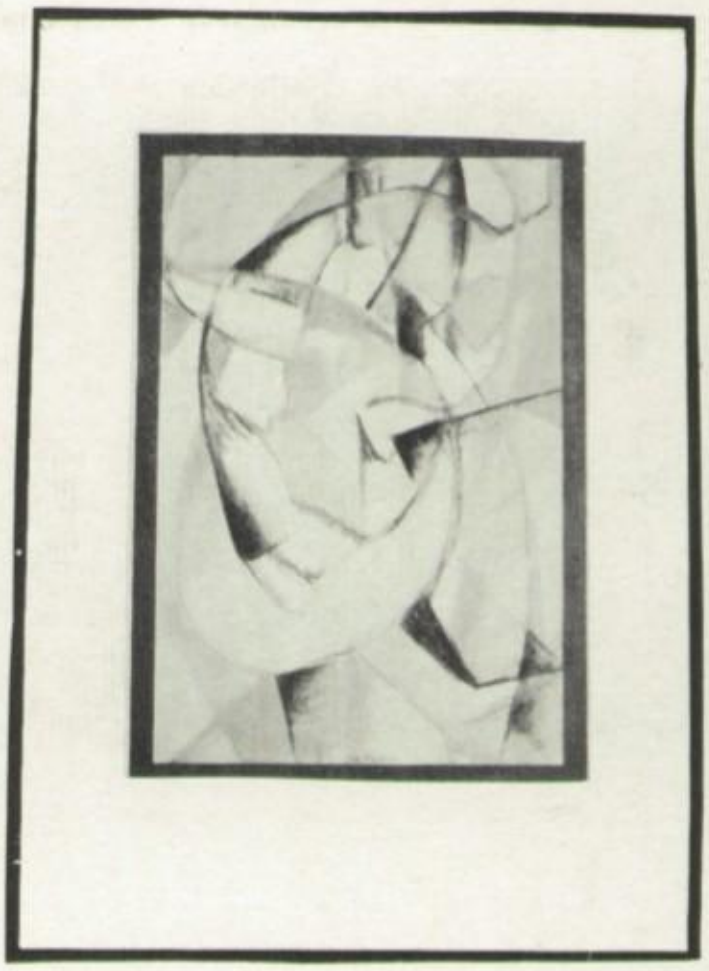
MILLER

SHANNON

MAAS

Student Art

by Berry Jones
junior



by Sue Prescott
junior

by Nancy Williams
junior

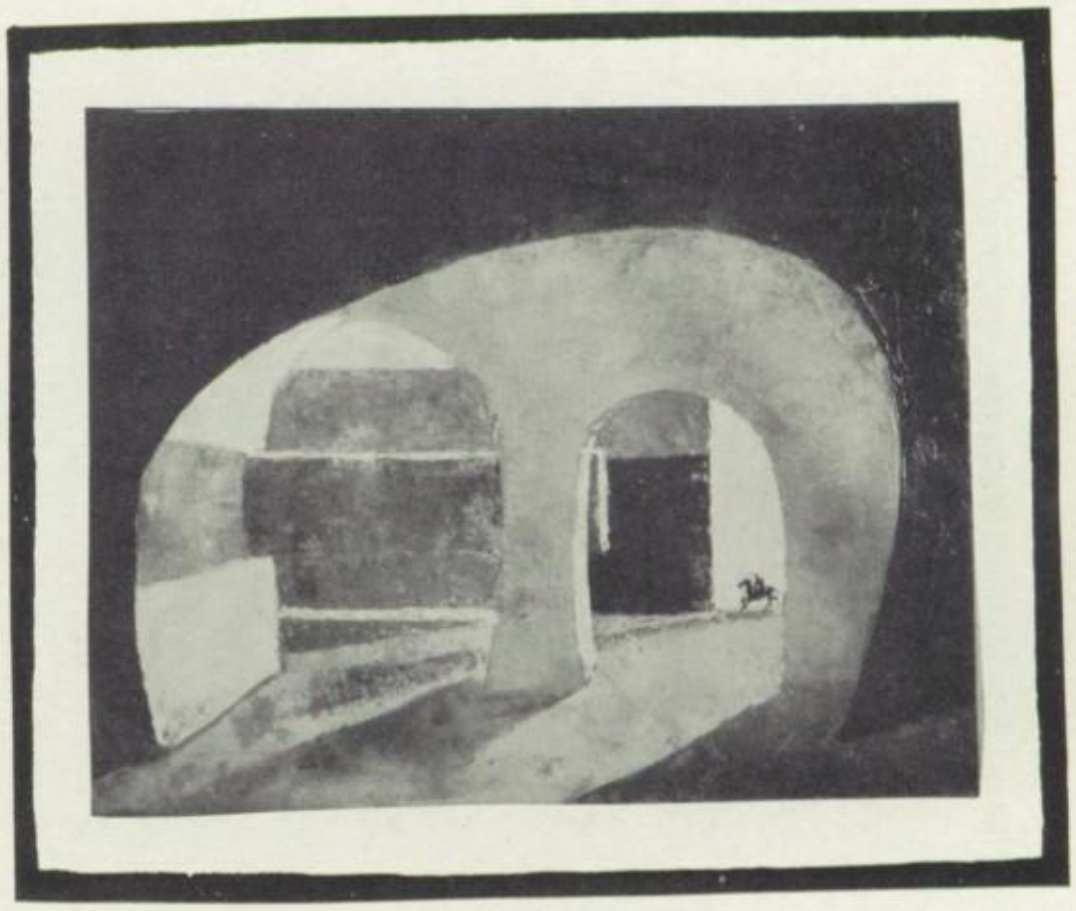
by Geri Stell
sophomore

Work 1963-64

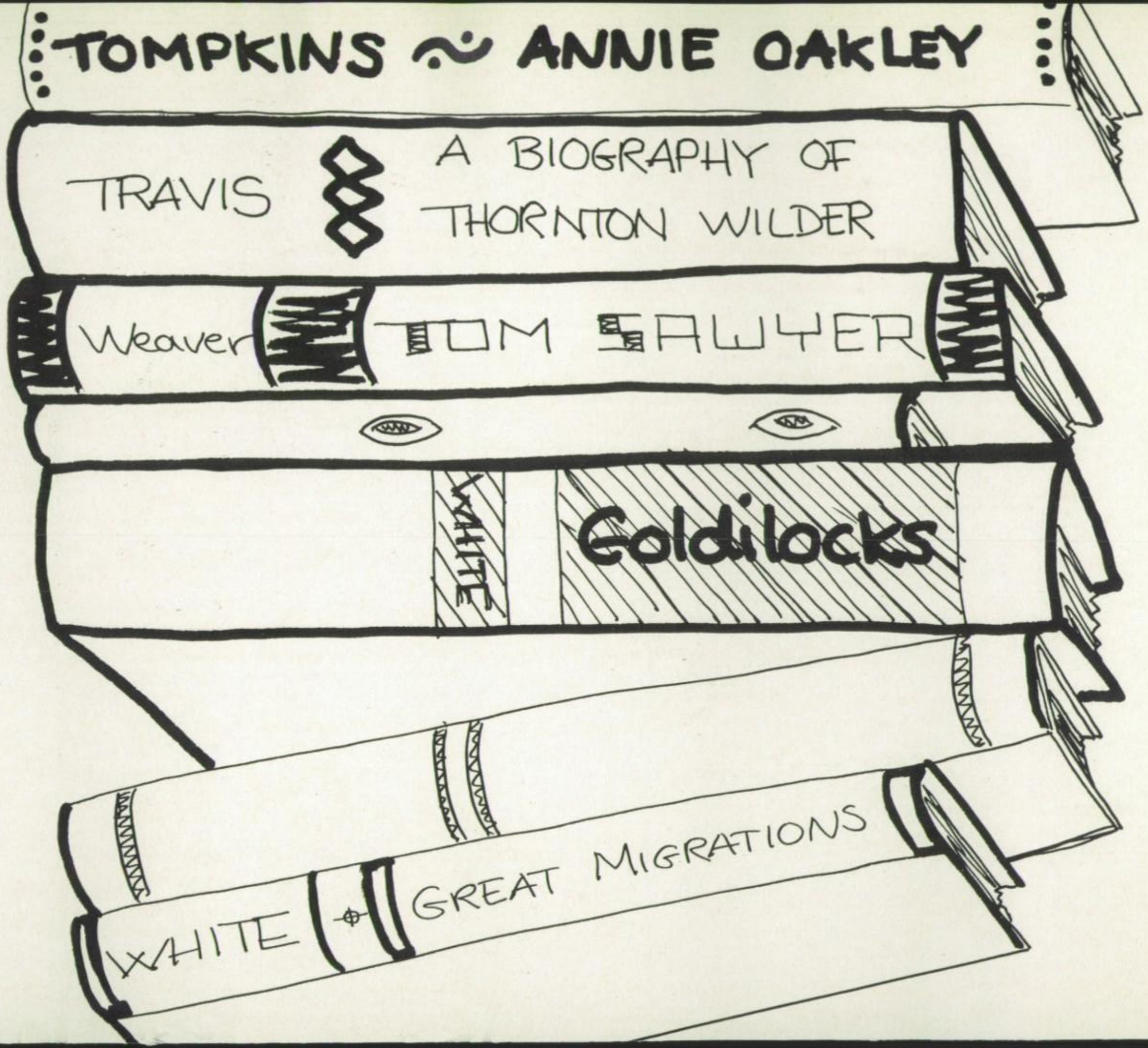
by Martha Gibson
junior

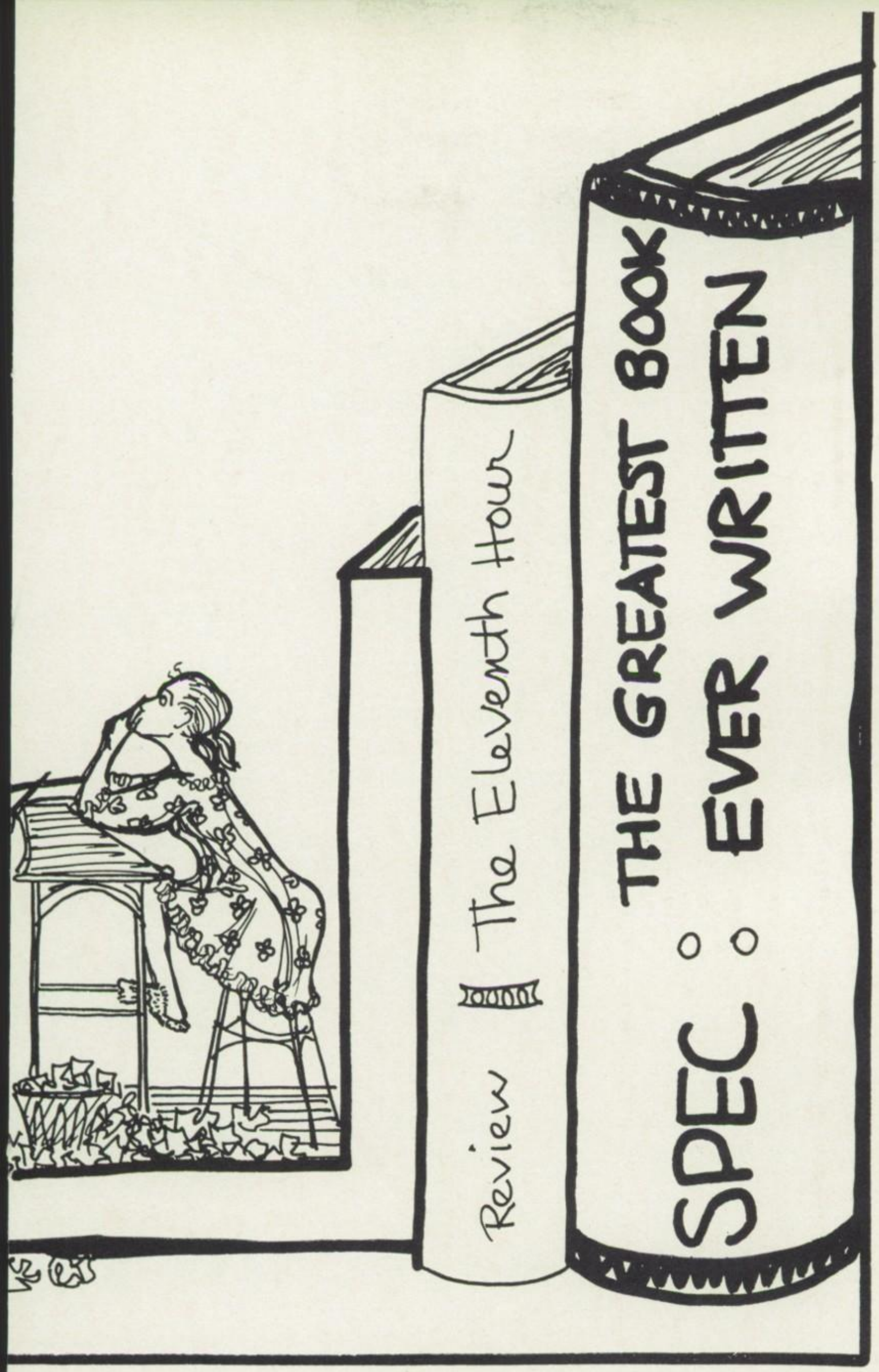
by Penny Young
freshman

by Dedie Vail
junior



by Jean Hutton
senior


TOMPKINS
ANNIE OAKLEY
TRAVIS
A BIOGRAPHY OF
THORNTON WILDER
Weaver
TOM SAWYER
WHITE
Goldilocks
WHITE
GREAT MIGRATIONS



FIRST EDITIONS

Awaking

Poetry Prize

I awoke, suddenly, in the night
Wondering,
Questioning,
Fleeting, unrelated memories
Echoing.
What is life?
A child plucking a rose,
Exploring its fragile beauty with wondering fingers.
The outline of a familiar house
In the purple-red dusk of a summer evening.
The unnoticed chorus of crickets.
A tale of meadows and grasses and insects.
The trust-filled, loving eyes of a child,
The sleek, sweaty backs of workers laboring in a field,
A mountain standing proud in its defeat of men,
A train whistling through the Dakota Badlands,
A gull's form cut out against the moon,
A stormy blue-green ocean, its waves swelling, rebelling.

The essence of life is the special things
That each heart aches for and remembers.

People ask, "Who am I?"
I can answer:
I am a part of everything I love.

Sue Prescott, *Class of '65*

Beyond the Milkweeds

Raymond Short Story Prize

A FLY was working its way through a hole in the screen door when Will walked up the steps. The boy gently kicked open the door and went inside. He dumped his few books onto the sofa in the small, dingy living room and then ambled out into the kitchen. Two stale cookies and a glass of milk were on the plastic tablecloth. He sat down, slowly eating his first cookie, and watched as his mother came up the back steps carrying a basket of dry laundry.

"School O. K. today?" she asked. "Don't forget to change into your play clothes," she said as she crossed the room to put the laundry basket on top of the step-stool.

He nodded but did not speak. After a few minutes, he stood up and went over to his mother.

"Mom, why can't I play with the new boy down the street? He has a real nice bat and ball, and we wouldn't break anything. There's no one around, now that Karl and Sam moved away."

Mrs. McKinney looked at the unhappy face of her son. She knew how lonely he was; however, her husband had forbidden him to play with the new boy, and that was the end of discussion on the matter. Mr. McKinney had said that no son of his was going to play with "foreigners", and Mr. McKinney's word was law in that house. Mrs. McKinney stood silently caressing the boy's hair. She turned to get another cookie for him; that was easier than trying to answer his question.

She watched him mournfully eat the second cookie and finally said, "Will, go down and meet your dad. He'll be coming up from the mill by now. He likes you to walk up the hill with him."

The boy got up from a chair he had flopped onto, walked through the living room, down the front steps, and out into the street. The reddish dust from the steel mill stacks swirled up in little puff-clouds as Will walked along. He passed the new boy's house; he did not even slow his pace. The road ran down the side of a steep hill and out into the huge, sprawling floor of the industrial valley. Will stopped at the top of the hill and sat down on a large stone beside a clump of sticky milkweed stalks. He loved looking down on that grimy monster-valley

of steel mills, rail lines, mountains of colored chemicals, and great ore ships dragging slowly through the river's thick scum. In the distance, high flames shot up from the pouring of the steel. Once Will had wanted to pour steel or to work on the river; now he was not certain that was what he wanted for his future. He waited for his father until the sun had sunk down and appeared to be drowning itself in the scummy river behind the mill stacks and chemical mountains. When the flames from the valley floor lit the night with an unnatural glow and his father still had not come up toward home, Will turned and walked back up the street.

The lights from the house cast tight pools of yellow out over the front steps. Will, carefully dodging to keep in the dark spots, slipped up to the house. He pushed his foot against the well-worn edge of the screen door. It banged softly behind him.

"Did your dad stay late for a pour-off?" asked Mrs. McKinney. "Did you see any of the other men coming up the road?" she asked as she began putting the silverware out on the table.

"Nobody, Mom," Will answered.

The mother and son were accustomed to waiting. Will picked up his books from the couch and switched on a dim lamp so that he could start his homework. His mother went to turn the gas down under the stew and came back to sit near him in the living room. A half hour passed before either of them began to show any outward sign of concern. Finally Will closed his book and absent-mindedly began to trace the pattern of the worn carpet with his toe. Mrs. McKinney got up to look at the clock and check the stew again.

John McKinney, a big ruddy man, walked heavily up the front steps and into his house. He was two hours late from work. He held out a heavily-bandaged right hand as mute excuse for his delay. Mrs. McKinney gave a slight gasp but came quickly to help her husband to a chair.

"The big ladle slipped, Bess," he said. "The pour went all over the place—burned some of them boys bad." He sat still for a minute and then continued in a gruff voice, "Six months I work to get that job as foreman, and some guy comes by and grabs it right out from me. Why, he ain't even pure American! Well, served him right today, even if it wasn't his fault."

"I know you wanted the job, but don't blame Mr. Omura. I'm sorry about your hand, too," Will said.

Bess McKinney caught hold of the boy's arm and yanked him over to the chair.

"You apologize right now for speaking like that to your father," she said, gripping his arm until he winced.

Will stood silently looking at the floor. He had to utter only three words to set things right again; however, his "I am sorry" was choked off down in his throat. Suddenly he felt out of place in his parents' world.

Without a word, he bolted out into the street. His tense muscles shot him down the road, beyond his mother's voice, into the darkness. He threw himself into the milkweed clump and sat there trembling and sweating from emotion. The whole valley, spread below him, glittered with flames and sparks and lights. The great noises of the mills, the trains, and the river traffic rose to him. Will looked at that valley and now knew what he wanted. He wanted to be as alive and powerful as everything in that vast pit below him. He was going to become "somebody"; he would be a bigger man than the one who sat in the shabby, little room up the street, bitterly nursing his burned hand.

"I'm going to be bigger than they are," he whispered through his short, nervous sobs. "I'm going to be bigger than they are!" he whispered into the milkweed darkness.

Will started back up the street. He turned and walked up onto a porch. He knocked, and than hurriedly tried to think of some words to say before someone would open the door. He was ready — Will smiled at the astonished little Japanese children who stood staring out at their neighbor. He walked inside.

It was past eleven o'clock when Will walked back up to his house. Mr. McKinney was dozing fitfully in the chair. Will bent his head close to his father's and whispered some words. Mr. McKinney awoke and thought he saw two boys standing before him. He rubbed a hand across his eyes. There really were two boys there.

"Dad, this is Mr. Omura's son, Lee. I went to their house tonight, so Lee thought he would come to see how you were."

Will smiled at his friend and then came close to his father again. The boy knelt before the chair and lightly placed his hand on his father's uninjured one.

"Did you hear what I said when you were half-asleep?" Will asked. He looked straight up into his father's face and said softly, "I'm sorry, Father."

BARBARA BASS, CLASS OF *'64*

The Execution

Honorable Mention

From his lofty shame
the doomed man sees:

The noisy crowd
who've come to watch
in shock, in awe
the curious doomed man's death . . .

A group of soldiers
close below
who grab and curse and
laugh too loud
and vie among themselves for what remains
of the stripped-off clothes . . .

A crowd of children,
who he thinks
might once have sat upon his knee
and talked with him
of birds, and flowers,
and love,
who now draw back in wondering fear . . .

And near his feet
sunk to her knees
a woman
in whose pleading eyes
are tears,
whose trembling lips form
desperate words,
"My son . . . my son."

And as the sky looms black
And winds begin to roar
and blow the trees
half to the
quaking earth,
The doomed man looks once more
to those, the mob,
Who'd cried,
"Give us the thief!"
And cries through
kind, sad
tears,

"Forgive them, Father . . .
They know not what they do."

Sue Meyer, *Class of '65*

The Expanding Frontier

Honorable Mention

JOEY HASTILY WIPED the last bit of sticky marmalade from his face and pushed his chair from the breakfast table. Like any normal seven-year-old, he really didn't care whether his face was all covered with preserves, but his mother did. And he didn't want to waste time having a talk about appearance — not this morning. He had risen especially early, for the robins, singing sweetly of the arrival of spring, had awakened him. How happy he was that the long, bitter Montana winter was now over and that the robins were heralding his favorite season! To be sure, he liked winter at the farm; it was fun to walk in the deep, squeaky snow through the neighboring woods and to fall unexpectedly. He would lie on his back in the crispy snow and look up at the tall elms and birches, spreading their white gnarled limbs. They seemed so lonely silhouetted against the gray winter sky. And Joey was glad to be their friend. But spring was a happier time of the year. The trees appeared to be content with their new green coats and the flowers with their newly-fashioned hats. And the chipmunks, rabbits, woodchucks, squirrels, and other forest animals were free to romp about the woods once again.

Joey caught a glimpse of his mother's disapproving eyes and quickly tucked his plaid wool shirt into his dungarees, and smoothed down his untamed chestnut hair with his small hands. He was an appealing youngster with his round, pudgy face, his big brown eyes and long lashes, his small, freckled nose, and his two dimples, one on each cheek. He was a well-proportioned boy, too, although he was small for his age.

After organizing himself, Joey walked hurriedly towards the kitchen door. His mother finished sweeping some crumbs from the table onto a plate and leaned back in her hard, wooden, rocking chair for a moment's relaxation. She was an attractive woman although she looked older than her thirty-seven years. Her many gray hairs, contrasted against her dark brown hair, gave a striking effect. Her hair was arranged in a bun, which accented her slightness. She had large brown eyes and sharp features.

"Where are you dashin' off to, Joey Cochran?" she inquired.

"Ma, it's spring, it's spring! I know 'cause I heard the robins singin' outside my window. They've flown all the way back to us. It's spring! I've got a lot of explorin' to do."

"Now wait here one darn minute, young man," demanded Mrs. Cochran. "In all your excitement, don't you forget your chores. Go fetch me some water out of the creek, and the chickens, oh! what a fuss they're puttin' up for their food!"

Joey grabbed his jacket from a hook near the door, picked up the water bucket, and, bidding his mother good-bye, went out the wooden door, letting it slam behind him. The briskness of the morning air and the chirping of the birds augmented his eagerness to go to the woods. He strode along, gaily swinging the water bucket back and forth and from hand to hand as any excited youngster would. He tried to quicken his pace to the chicken coop, but the thick mud, tugging at his worn shoes, made it difficult. He let out a short laugh when he heard a long sucking sound as he released his left foot from the mud. As he neared the coop, he tripped over a rock which was concealed under the muck but caught his balance by grabbing onto the flimsy chicken-wire fence. The bucket clanked and the fence shook. The chickens near the fence cackled and hurried towards the center of their coop.

"Aw, did I scare you all?" Joey asked with a concerned look in his eyes. "Henrietta? Simon? You know I wouldn't hurt you. We're friends. Now gather around for your breakfast."

Joey put the water bucket down, picked up the bucket of grain, and walked to the center of the coop. He began throwing small handfuls of grain to his friends, who bobbed for the dispersed grain and then cackled for more. The grain depleted, Joey walked back to the gate, dodging the chickens underfoot. The cackling increased as he opened the gate and locked it behind him.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I would like to stay and play with you all a bit. But it's spring. I bet you didn't know that. Now do you understand? I've got explorin' to do. Now you be good, and I'll be back soon."

Joey switched buckets and started for the creek at the edge of his beloved woods. He found it easier to hurry, for his route was over patches of grass instead of over thick mud. As he neared the woods, he could hear the songs of the birds more clearly, and he whistled back to them. When he was several feet within sight of the creek, the sound of rushing water became audible. He hastened to the creek, trying hard not to crush the dainty snowdrops, blue bells, and other wild flowers which had recently sprouted. The creek was an exciting sight. The many rocks and limbs were sites of miniature waterfalls. He looked to the left and followed a small twig as it rushed with the water over one waterfall, then another. He became absorbed

in watching the water flow. It was so relaxing, but oh! He hurriedly dipped the bucket into the stream. He had almost forgotten. He must return quickly to his mother with the fresh water. He took one step from the creek and glanced back at the surrounding woods.

"I'll be back as quick as I can," he exclaimed to the woods. "I'll go real fast, I promise."

Joey hastened back to the farm as fast as the bucket of water allowed him to. He scraped the excess mud from his shoes and entered the kitchen. Mrs. Cochran had just cleared the last dish from the table and was busy placing her mixing bowls and ingredients on the red and white checked table cloth.

"You got back with my water just in time," remarked Mrs. Cochran. "Today I've got to do some bakin' along with all my other work. No, the work never stops out here. Every new day brings more work than the day before. But I guess that's what God put us here for — to work. Yes, it's been hard keepin' up this farm all alone for three years. The whole thing — it's just not fair. Your father didn't expect it to work out this way. No sir, he brought us out here so we could have better opportunities — so we could live together on a farm of our own. He worked hard bringin' us out here and buildin' us a farm. I guess he worked too hard. You know, a man can do just so much work."

Joey listened carefully to every word his mother said. He knew his mother worked hard. She was always busy. Sometimes she was so busy that he couldn't even talk to her. That's why he liked his woods. Everything in the woods was busy, also, but still had time to listen to him. He knew his father had worked hard, too. His mother had told him so, many times. And Joey could remember himself standing next to the big, strong man who sawed the wood for their farm. That was fun, and so was walking through the woods with him.

Joey looked up from the wooden floor and glanced at his mother, who was securing a couple of stray hairs into her bun.

"Ma, you do good work," Joey remarked.

"Why Joey, thank you, dear," Mrs. Cochran replied. "Now hadn't you better run along? I've got to make my muffins. And didn't you say you had a lot of explorin' to do?"

Joey's eyes lit up, and he smiled. He had delayed long enough. He ran out the door, and it slammed behind him.

"Be back in time for your lunch and your afternoon chores," Mrs. Cochran called. "He's just like his pa," she thought, "excited by Nature and all."

Joey hurried through the mud and patches of grass to the point where the creek was narrowest. He picked up a sturdy stick and balanced himself with it as he stepped from rock to rock across the creek. On the other side of the creek, he continued to walk on rocks, twigs, and pieces of bark until the ground was less muddy. Then he started to walk slowly through the woods, confused as to whether to look up at the great trees and clear sky, or down at the animals and delicate wild flowers. He saw a chipmunk peering from a rotten log, but it scampered along the ground and disappeared when Joey greeted it. He saw a pussy willow bush and stopped to touch its silky aments. He admired the purple and white violets and the Indian paint-brush but did not wish to hurt them by picking some for his mother. He walked deeper and deeper into the woods, noticing the changes which spring had brought. He neared one of his favorite trees, an elm. Joey noticed that it had a large gash in it just level with his head. The gash was the same tanned color as the wood his father used to saw. But the gash looked as if it had been made by an ax. Joey felt sorry for the tree and wondered who could have made the hole and why. It was deeper than the gashes in a few of the other trees. As he neared the tree to comfort it, something struck his shoulder and bounced to the ground. Joey looked down and saw that he had been hit by an acorn, and then he looked up and saw a squirrel staring down at him from a limb.

"You didn't mean to drop your acorn on me, did you?" inquired Joey.

The squirrel chattered back.

"I know you didn't, 'cause we're friends," Joey continued.

He picked up the acorn and, standing on his tip-toes, held it up to the squirrel.

The squirrel bobbed his tail, ran several feet up the tree, and then returned to his limb.

"You do understand that I'm not goin' to hurt you," Joey said happily. "We are friends!"

He rested the acorn in a piece of loose bark and took one step backward.

"Go on, get your acorn."

The squirrel instantly scampered down the tree, picked up the acorn with his small hands, and returned to his limb, where he placed the acorn in his right cheek.

"We are friends!" Joey echoed. "Now, I have to run along home to do my chores, but you stay here. I'll be back tomorrow."

The squirrel chattered as his new friend turned to go back through the woods and across the creek to his farm.

Joey rose early the next morning and hurried through his breakfast of eggs and muffins.

"What's you rushin' for?" inquired Mrs. Cochran. "It's not good for you to eat in such haste."

"Ma, I've got a new friend," Joey announced. "I've got to hurry off and see him."

"You mean one of those neighbor boys who moved in not so long ago? That's nice."

"No, ma, it's a squirrel. We're friends and . . ."

"Oh, Joey, a squirrel? You're just like your pa. Why don't you make friends with those nice boys just a piece away?"

"Ma, I don't like them. I've met 'em, and they're no fun. They just tell stories about when they lived near the other ocean. They liked that place better. They said there're a lot of people there, and that it makes it more fun. They don't like the trees or anything in the woods. They won't even go to the woods with me."

"Joey, settle down," answered his mother. "They're not all that bad. They come from a city, a busy city with a lot of people. People in the city don't spend much time in the woods and all. They're too busy."

He got up from the table and hurried to the kitchen door, stuffing a muffin in his dungaree pocket. He grabbed his jacket and turned toward his mother.

"I'm goin' to see my friend," he remarked.

"Oh, all right. I can't change you. It's in your blood. But don't forget your mornin' chores and be back in plenty of time for your afternoon ones."

Joey hurriedly fed the chickens and got fresh water for his mother. Then he went through the woods to his favorite tree, the abode of his friend. The squirrel looked down at him from the same limb as he had the day before.

"I told you I'd be back. You knew I would be. You were waitin' for me."

The squirrel chattered.

"I almost didn't get to see you. My ma wanted me to be friends with some boys who are dumb 'cause they don't like you or anything in the woods. Here, look what I brought you."

Joey reached into his pocket and pulled out a crumbled muffin. He held a morsel up to the squirrel, who hesitated and then quickly

scampered down the tree, seized a piece of the muffin, and returned to his limb.

"You know, I like everything in the woods, but I like you the best. I can talk to you, and you understand me."

Joey continued to feed the muffin to the squirrel morsel by morsel and to talk to him.

"You must've had a hard winter. I bet you're glad it's over."

The squirrel cocked his head and scampered down the tree for more muffin.

"I am, too, 'cause I'm happiest in the springtime. And I'll be even happier now that you're my best friend."

The squirrel chattered and Joey smiled back.

"I'd better go now, but I'll be back tomorrow. You wait for me just as you did today."

Joey returned home content after his friendly visit with the squirrel. He told his mother that the squirrel would eat from his hand now, but she was too busy to understand his excitement. Joey paid his friend a visit every day for several days. During the last visit, the squirrel allowed Joey to stroke his fur twice. Joey was even more convinced of their friendship.

The next week after he had taken the bucket of creek water to his mother, Joey raced to the woods as usual. He noticed a peculiar smell in the air as he crossed the creek, but he decided it was just another fragrance of spring. He looked down and saw a group of "spring beauties" trying to sprout through some soggy leaves. He bent down and carefully removed the leaves so the flowers could grow freely. A slimy worm crawled out from under the leaves. He looked up and saw two robins singing to each other from opposite limbs of a great elm. A shaft of sunshine, streaming through the trees, revealed millions of thick dust particles.

"That's peculiar," Joey thought. "The woods are usually so clear."

He knew he was almost at the squirrel's tree because he saw the stubby moss-covered log. He looked up from the log and stopped in his tracks. What had happened? He rushed forward over the sawdust-covered ground to his favorite tree. It was lying in sections on the ground as were many of the surrounding trees.

"My squirrel!" Joey screamed. "A road . . ."

But Joey could not finish. He buried his face in his small hands and wept. He wept for his woods, for his favorite tree, for his squirrel, and for the frontier which was being defaced by progressing civilization.

MARILYN SPITLER, *Class of '64*

Wild Geese Fly the Harvest Moon

Honorable Mention

THE SEASON was perfect. Indian Summer had left a few blazes on the horizon. The pumpkins in the far field were bright orange and ready to explode, and the cornfield had been leveled by the September harvest. The evening was perfect, one of those eerie nights that happen only in late October. The air was warm and somehow disturbed as light clouds raced past the stars in the black sky as if trying to write a message to someone below.

In Rampart, where we live, people call it the night of the wild geese, for it is the one night a year when the Canada geese fly in formation south for the winter. The night is always windy and warm with the harvest moon sitting on the horizon so big and orange and close that you could run to the other side of the cornfield and reach out to touch it. It was that kind of night when Jacob was born, or so I am told; and Papa says that he couldn't distinguish the baby's first cries from those of the geese flying overhead.

When I was a very little girl, I used to worship Jacob. I realize now that so did everyone else in Rampart. He was the pride of the entire town, a tall straight youth with strong hands and a good mind for thinking and school. I always had to look up to him, even though he was only a little over a year older than I, but his smiling hazel eyes never gave the impression that he was looking down on me. He inspired the boys of Rampart to work hard to be like him and the girls to be pretty to win him, the older folks to make the town worthy of him and the younger ones to be worthy of his town.

Everyone in Rampart knew that Jacob had been born under the sign of the geese; he was good, strong, and sure. No matter how unpredictable he seemed to us, he always knew himself what he would do and when. From the time he could walk, he met the geese on their night. Momma would look for him, and Papa would call for him, but he wouldn't answer. It was as if on that one night a year, the night only he could predict, he was possessed. He would leave the house quietly; no one ever saw him leave. At suppertime someone would notice his absence, and then we would all know the geese were coming. Once I saw him standing by the edge of the small lake beyond the level cornfield, the lake gold at his feet from the light of the orange moon, saw his silhouette tall and straight in front of the moon gazing skyward as the geese flew like an arrow into the black sky.

Jacob was nineteen when the war started; a man to me, his younger sister; a child to Momma; a changeling to himself, and ready to meet the world beyond Rampart and to prove his magical strength. "Momma," he said at supper one night, pensively toying with his food. "Momma, I'm going to the war. I'm going to hold the Rampart for you." He pushed his chair back from the table and went to the screen door. The moon was gold on the lake, but Jacob just stood there.

"God bless you, son," said Momma, trying to blink away a tear. "I don't think even He could keep you home."

The next night I called Jacob to supper, but there was no answer. It was the perfect season, the perfect evening. I heard the cries of the geese, and looking from the front porch saw the formation heading into the moon. In the giant moon I saw a figure, tall and straight, walking away, beyond the lake and the cornfield, a bag in one hand, steadily, surely, following the geese.

I ran up the porch steps, threw open the screen door into the dining room where the rest of the family was seated for supper. I fell on my knees beside Momma, sobbing on her lap. "Jacob's gone!" I cried. "Momma, Jacob's gone to war!"

Papa rose quietly at the head of the table and said the blessing. "God bless the food of which we partake. God bless our home and keep us safe. God bless Jacob and keep him safe from hurt. Thanks for all we have. Amen." We ate in silence that night.

The year was a good one. Our harvest was the best in Rampart County. Mary and Jonathan, my younger brother and sister, passed from grammar school, and I graduated from high school. But, best of all, we got a letter from Jacob every third Tuesday without fail. He wrote us how he had enlisted in the army and had been sent to Virginia, how they had cut his hair short and given him a uniform, and how they had taught him to fly an airplane. "It's only natural-like for a wild goose to take to the air," Momma observed. "But imagine them general fellas thinkin' they had to teach him."

He wrote to us from Europe, letters about the other boys in his squadron and about the war itself. Every letter ended the same way, "May God help me to keep you safe and bless you all. Love to all of you, Jacob." Everyone in town read his letters and was proud, but none so proud as we, his family.

One night the next autumn when the season was perfect and the evening was perfect, we sat down to supper, Momma, Papa, Mary, Jonathan, and I, the empty place still set for Jacob. As Papa said the words of the blessing, we heard in the distance the cries of the Canada

geese. We all rose from the table without speaking and stood along the railing on the front porch where we could watch them as they flew into the big orange moon beyond the cornfield and the golden lake. As they passed directly over our house, Jonathan took my hand and the two of us walked into the cornfield leaving the others behind. The dry earth whispered under our feet, and the cries of the geese were close and loud. We stopped at the edge of the lake, bewitched by Jacob's geese and almost blinded by the brightness of the moon's reflection on the water.

The spell was broken by a loud bang, followed by another, and a third. There was no doubt but that they were shots. "Hunters!" whispered Jonathan and I in the same fearful breath. In the formation a place was empty. The rest of the flock filled in. The two of us watched from below as the geese flew out of our sight into the moon and beyond the horizon. As we turned to go back to the house and our cold supper, Jonathan once more whispered, "Hunters." I sensed that he was about to cry and squeezed his hand in mine. He turned quickly to the lake when we heard a splash. Turning, I too saw the wings of a great Canada goose feebly flapping the gold water. Jonathan was already waist-deep in the water, reaching out to the bird when I saw him. I stopped myself from telling him to get out when I saw the bird in his arms stop struggling. "Martha," he said to me as he walked out of the water, "I think it's still alive."

I followed as he carried the bird back to the house trying to shelter it from the wind with his entire body. I opened the screen door, and Jonathan dripped into the room where Momma and Papa and Mary were eating supper. Momma looked in horror at Jonathan's wet clothes and hair, but said nothing when she saw the great goose. Jonathan put the bird down on the hearth, warm from the fire in the fireplace. Mary brought a blanket to wrap around the goose and she and Jonathan sat all evening drying and stroking it and making a splint for the broken leg.

Papa looked at me and said, "Hunters?" I nodded.

In two weeks the snows came, freezing our little golden lake, turning the gold to silver. The moon turned blue and smaller, farther away. The goose soon was well but could not fly alone so late. Worse, a letter from Jacob was long overdue. The winter was hard, harder with no letter from Jacob. We all pretended that the letter would come with a fine explanation in the next day's mail, but it never did. Momma said, "That there army has to run a war, not a postal service for lonesome soldiers." We all hoped, we all prayed, and no one

admitted that he feared that Jacob had died.

Then one day we did get a letter, not the letter we had been waiting for, but an official-looking letter in a long, white, official-looking envelope with a postmark from the capital. Jacob was "reported missing in action." All we knew now was that nobody was sure he was dead. We all kept praying, harder now than before.

The winter passed and the spring. Jonathan still had his goose. The flock passed over Rampart only on its journey south. The great goose stayed, spring and summer. Fall came on, and the harvest. Still we heard nothing from Jacob. It was hopeless; we knew he was dead.

It was the perfect season, the perfect evening. Jonathan went out after supper to feed his goose in its pen in the yard. He ran into the house shouting, "It's gone! The goose is gone! My goose—it's gone!!" If fourteen-year-old boys cried, he would have been sobbing.

We all ran out to see the empty pen. There was no hole in the wire mesh that was his cage. Nobody saw how the great goose could have gotten out. The moon was just barely showing its top over the horizon. In the far distance I heard geese calling. On the gold surface of the lake sat a lone gold goose. "Jacob's geese," I whispered as I saw the formation coming out of the north. As they flew over the lake, Jonathan's goose rose from the water and joined the formation.

The rest of the family went back into the house, but I stayed on, walking toward the lake as if attracted to it by some strange force. As the geese disappeared in the huge moon, I thought I saw something dark in it. "Hunter," I whispered under my breath. The dark spot got larger as the moon rose. Bewitched by the evening, I knew how Jacob must have felt when he had stood where I was standing and watched the geese fly over. I waded into the lake and watched the moon. The shape in it became a figure. I walked to the other side of the lake to see better. The figure became a man's, tall and straight, looking skyward as it walked toward me slowly, a bag under one arm.

"Jacob!" I cried. I screamed, "Jacob's home." I ran toward him, and the rest of the family ran across the cornfield to see.

"Martha! Momma! Papa! Mary! Jonathan!" he wept as we all met him beyond the lake. "Did you see my geese?" He collapsed when we reached the house, of exhaustion, satisfaction, and happiness.

The next day he told soldiers' tales, tales of fighting and shooting and flying—a tale of a German prison camp, the Underground, and a frantic flight across the European countryside. The entire town of Rampart came to welcome Jacob. He was our soldier.

That night Momma called him. Papa called him. But there was

no answer. I went to the front porch rail and looked across the cornfield at the tall, straight figure gazing skyward in front of the lake, standing still, watching his geese fly in formation into the huge orange moon. I wondered that the geese flew twice that year. The season was perfect. The evening was perfect.

MARGARET HUNKIN, *Class of '64*

Joys of the H. R. Dormitory

DORM LIFE is bursting with unappreciated joys. Unsung is the joy of hearing the living room piano, which echoes moods and dissipates tensions; the joy of lounging in the comfortable upholstered chairs big enough to accommodate an untold number of outrageous positions; study hall hour in which all noise ceases, letting one engage in peaceful studying; the table in the front hall upon which one finds one's mail at noon; the second floor drinking fountain with its icy water; a clean fresh linen napkin in a shiny silver napkin ring; the noise of nursery children marching and singing on weekday mornings and the even greater noise of the seniors; the chirping of birds from the bird-feeder on the tree by the kitchen; the afternoon snack with its mysterious fruit juice concoctions.

With evening innumerable joys approach: that special telephone call one receives which makes an unusually hard day worthwhile after all; guitar music floating through the corridors and the fire tower; relaxation in the living room with a fire burning brightly in the huge fireplace; birthdays accompanied by a special dinner and a cake with candles; baskets of apples every night; "Lights out, girls!" then peace, which slowly—very slowly—settles on the house as midnight approaches.

Our traditions bring joy: the funny costumes at Hallowe'en; the special pre-Thanksgiving dinner; Santa Claus' dramatic entrance through the living room window; Miss Coburn as dinner guest on Wednesday evenings; picnic suppers in the spring.

These are but a few of the many joys which may be unremembered in our busy schooldays but are still irreplaceable aspects of life and growth at Raymond Hall.

MARILYN MILLER, *Class of '64*
Dorm President

The Death of a President

THE MOST MEMORABLE event in the life of Dorsey Regal, the event that she will surely relate to her children and grandchildren, is the assassination of the thirty-fifth president of the United States, John Fitzgerald Kennedy. Every child and grandchild will hear a slightly different version of this "shot heard 'round the world," for every parent and grandparent will have witnessed it with different reverberations. Dorsey Regal, a senior at Hathaway Brown School in Cleveland, Ohio, witnessed it this way:

It was November 22, 1963, the day of the school Carnival, for which she and her schoolmates had been frantically preparing for the last three weeks. Dorsey was sitting cross-legged on the floor of the big reception room completely surrounded by parti-colored slips of paper. With the help of a few underclassmen she was sorting all the unattached stray raffle tickets and stapling them into piles of twelve to help the raffles committee next year.

Dorsey looked up gratefully as one of her committee came back from lunch to help, but the girl was in tears. "What's wrong? What happened?" she asked apprehensively, thinking that maybe one of the girls had been taken ill.

The girl stopped crying long enough to choke out, "President Kennedy's been shot in Texas. He's been taken to the hospital, and he's dying!"

It did not seem real. But the girl's near hysteria was real. Dorsey tried to comfort her, reassuring her that it was impossible for the President to die. In the twentieth century there were enough competent doctors in America with highly-skilled medical techniques to keep him from death, even if he had been shot.

But shortly thereafter the girls heard the fateful news on the transistor radio they had been listening to that President Kennedy had died. It was unbelievable. Dorsey could not accept this incredible truth. It suddenly seemed strange to be preparing for a carnival. With a sinking feeling, she began to put the tickets away and told her helpers that they need not stay any longer.

She mechanically went through the rest of the duties of the day to make the carnival run smoothly. She helped put up some last-minute decorations and finally changed into her Athena costume for the variety show.

Before the first performance of the show, she and the rest of the cast stood backstage waiting for the curtain to rise and listening to their headmistress addressing the audience of parents and friends. Miss Coburn explained that the school went ahead with its plans for Carnival because "that vital young man would have wanted it that way." It was hard for Dorsey to speak her lines with the choking lump in her throat that she was unable to swallow away.

Barely getting through two performances of the variety show, she did not feel like going to the cast party afterward. Instead she walked the two blocks to her home in the crisp November evening. She thought of the singular beauty of the bare trees and the welcoming comfort of the warmly lit houses. Strangly fatigued when she got home, she went directly to bed, avoiding the television room where her family was engrossed in the news of the assassination. She still could not believe the horrid news of the day. It had not yet sunk in.

The next morning Dorsey had to go downtown to pick up the senior pictures for the yearbook. On the Rapid Transit she noticed how few people were talking, and those that talked, spoke in low tones. Dorsey was shocked at the emptiness of Public Square, where she had always had to make her way through large crowds. Obviously the death of the President kept at home all who did not absolutely have to go out. After she had picked up the pictures at the portrait studio, Dorsey walked down Euclid Avenue to the Terminal Tower. In every large window was a flag at half-mast and a picture of President Kennedy.

In the Terminal Building Dorsey saw a scene that she will never forget. In a large show window against a black-draped background was a lifelike picture of the youthful President, with an infectious smile, springing out of an automobile. An adjoining flag at half-mast served as a stinging reminder that the man was no longer full of life. An even more striking reminder was the group of people in front of the window. Several of them were standing looking blankly at the picture, some shaking their heads sadly, a few with tears in their eyes. A sallow, thin, gray-haired woman slowly knelt down on the concrete floor to join a small Negro boy in silent prayer. The quietness of all those people united in one emotion screamed out the atrocity that had been committed in America. Taking the Rapid back home, Dorsey was plagued by one recurring thought. What is to become of this country?

This is what just one girl saw and heard after the events of that twenty-second day of November. Dorsey Regal will never forget that day nor the following days of national sorrow broadcast over the entire country.

DORSEY REGAL, *Class of '64*

The Gentleman Lion

MRS. DUPREY lay awake. She listened to the grandfather clock strike midnight. Marjorie should be home soon, she thought. She heard the sound of a faucet dripping and promised herself to call the plumber the first thing in the morning. She rolled over and glanced at the luminous dial of the electric clock on her bedside table: five minutes after twelve. Outside a car roared down the street. She wished Marjorie had remembered to take her key. Mrs. Duprey always felt uneasy about leaving the front door unlocked when she was at home alone. Another car drove hesitatingly down the street, stopping several times. It pulled into Mrs. Duprey's circular drive and stopped. The motor died, and a car door opened and then softly shut. Marjorie's home, thought her mother. I hope she had a nice time with Dave. Downstairs the front door opened, creaked as it opened. I hope Marjorie remembers to turn off the front light and to lock the door. That was funny. Dave hadn't pulled out of the driveway, and the footsteps noisily coming up the stairs were too heavy to be Marjorie's.

Mrs. Duprey cautiously reached for her robe and slipped it on. She turned the knob on her bedroom door and stepped out into the cold hallway. The footsteps continued to mount the spiral staircase. Mrs. Duprey drew her robe nervously around her and stepped forward. As her eyes grew accustomed to the dim light, she started and drew back in disbelief. Really, she thought, I must be dreaming! For mounting the stairs was a tawny-yellow shape which looked very much like a lion. No, it wasn't a real lion, but a man in a lion costume.

"Who are you? What are you doing here?" demanded Mrs. Duprey in an outraged voice which she hoped did not betray her nervousness. Why had she ever left the front door unlocked? Did any of the neighbors see this strange creature enter her house? Would they have called the police?

"Get out!" she commanded without giving him a chance to speak. But how would she make him leave? Perhaps he had a gun? If she had not been frightened, she might have laughed.

"They said that you would be expecting a lion," clipped a muffled English voice.

"They?" she echoed. He was either drunk or insane. All she knew was that she wanted him to get out of her house that instant. Oh, where

were Marjorie and Dave?

"Yes, they said that the front light would be on and the front door unlocked."

He did not sound drunk. He must be insane, she decided. She wondered again if he were armed. Outside she heard the scream of a police car, and for an instant her heart leaped in relief until she realized it was heading away from them. She had a sudden vision of Marjorie's finding her tied up the next morning.

"Didn't my suitcase arrive?"

His suitcase! She wondered if she could get him to stand in front of the hall window. Perhaps old Miss Wells would be looking out her window. Mrs. Duprey would forgive her nosy neighbor for past snooping if only she would look out the window now. He was looking around, probably "casing the joint." Wasn't that what Perry Mason called it? She tried to cover her wedding ring nonchalantly and hoped her jewelry box was locked.

Seeing the bewildered look on her face, he explained, "My other clothes are in it. Really, it's becoming quite hot in this outfit."

"There is no suitcase here, and there never has been. Now please leave!" Really her friends would never believe this. They'd probably just laugh at her.

"If you'll just let me look in that room." He pointed to her bedroom. "They said it would be in the room at the top of the stairs."

Oh, he's after my jewels. "That's MY room," she gasped, "and there are no suitcases in there, not a one!" Where were Marjorie and Dave? Why wasn't Miss Wells peering out her window? "You're in the wrong house. Go away!" pleaded Mrs. Duprey hoping that she would wake from this bad dream.

"This is Glenwood Avenue," he began, "and this is a white house with green shutters and a picket fence. The front light was on and the door was unlocked. They told me to walk right in and to use the bedroom at the top of the stairs. Everything was all arranged. They said that you would be asleep."

Mrs. Duprey swallowed hard, "Yes," she admitted, "this is Glenwood Avenue, and you've described our house, but I've never heard of you or your suitcase. Please go away!" She wondered again if he had a gun, and her eyes carefully searched his costume for any tell-tale bulges. No, no lumps, but still he might have a weapon. She remembered reading about a cat burglar in the morning paper and trembled. The burglar was supposed to tie up his victims. But this intruder was not carrying a rope. She sighed in relief. "Who are these people

you keep referring to? Who are 'they'?"

"They?" Why the British Consulate, of course."

"Of course? The British Consulate?" She was right at first: he was insane. How was she ever going to get him out of her home? She could make a break and run to her room, lock the door, and call the police. Maybe he woudn't be able to break down the door.

"Yes," the lion continued, "the Consul said that you were a friend who would rent me a room for the night. Not more than an hour ago he told me that everything was arranged and the suitcase delivered. I've been in this masquerade outfit all evening at the British Masked Ball. I'm the British Lion. If you don't wish me to stay, Mrs. Jackson, please let me use your telephone. I don't know my way around your town. If you can't take me, I don't know what to do. I'm to leave town early in the morning."

"Mrs. Jackson?" she gasped with blessed relief, and then with a shrill little laugh she blurted, "She lives down on the next block in a house just like ours. I'm Mrs. Duprey."

VIRGINIA FEWSMITH, *Class of '64*

Thank You

WHEN YOU READ THIS, it will be time to say good-bye, or maybe I will have already gone. Before this happens I want to tell you how wonderful this year has been and how thankful I am. I have learned to know and admire the United States, and I have learned that there is not a great difference between any two countries. I want to thank you not only for making my coming here possible but also for being so kind and making this year such a marvelous one. I hope one day you will come to see my country and learn more about it. If you come, remember that in Barcelona you will always have a friend.

ISA DEBUEN, *American Field Service Student*

Sunrise

The eyes of the awakening day
Had a sleepy pink hue;
Then they were bathed in a morning mist
And emerged bright blue.

FRANCINE VOLK, *Class of '67*

Mr. Thoreau, I Like You!

MR. THOREAU, I like you! I find in your writing wisdom, depth, and a strong love of life!

When I read *Walden,* I love to picture you in your simple self-made home, without luxuries, close to nature, and enjoying the freedom you value so much. I can see your "simple and deliberate" existence near the beautiful Walden Pond in which you bathed early each morning to reinvigorate the soul as well as the body. I can see your living a beautiful life of "simplicity, simplicity, simplicity" in the quiet forest with only natural sounds around you, the rustling of leaves, the hooting of owls, the melodies of birds, and all the activity of the forest, disturbed only by a railroad whistle or the rumbling of wagons on the highway. I envy your chance to become a true part of nature while observing it. I see vividly the soft summer evenings with the croakings of bullfrogs and the rippling of the lake; autumn, with its stores of grapes and nuts and brilliant foliage; winter with its migrations of wild geese and its icy pond; and spring, with the rebirth of the forest world. Through reading *Walden* I have become part of your solitary world which was only occasionally interrupted by a walk to town or by a visitor, but which, because of your "friendship" with the constantly changing nature, was never lonely.

I would love to have been a visitor at Walden and spent a day walking along the shores of the pond, climbing the surrounding hills, and seeking for truth in life through my talks with you. Perhaps you would have taken me fishing on the clear pond, showed me your favorite trees and your bean field. I undoubtedly would have seen your animal neighbors—rabbits, field mice, or woodchucks. I might have watched your ants at war or at work. My visit would have made me more aware that "all growing things should be appreciated, for they are nature's blessing to us."

You have remarked that reading great books helps one to see more clearly the truth in life and the beauty in nature and enables one to share the experiences of great people. I find your book a great book because it has enabled me to live vicariously for two years at Walden, and through that experience I am more alive and more aware of the beauty and truth around me. Through *Walden* you have helped me to see my own life with a greater appreciation of values.

BARBARA BAUER, *Class of '64*

Reasons for the Secrecy of Spec Meetings

FOLLOWING the announcement in after-school chapel, "Anyone who is late to the *Spec* meeting will get no coke or cookies," all nine girls arrived promptly for the first time in . . . Well, let's leave it at that, for the very first time.

In a determined manner, as if to make up for past back-slippings, the editor began, "Now, you all, I want to get a great deal of work done today. Everyone is to pay attention with no side conversations and no getting off the track. This is to be an organized meeting."

That said and done, the meeting continued as usual.

"I've got '*Specularia*' spelled right now, but how do you want it arranged on the page?" asked one brilliant art editor.

"All right, who wants it vertical and who wants it horizontal?"

"No, no! Those are always used. We need something different," Assistant Editor No. 1 interjected. A gleeful expression spread across her face. "How about backwards or with a pinwheel arrangement around '1964' in large letters?"

"Better still, have each letter of *Specularia* superimposed on a picture of a *Spec* Board member," chimed in Assistant Editor No. 2.

An unfortunate underclassman stuck her head in timidly at this moment and asked, "May I get my books?" Amid stony silence she walked self-consciously to the other side of the room, quickly shuffled her books together, and left, in awe of the important business she had just interrupted.

Assistant Editor No. 1, eager to continue the game, starts, "Or how about . . ."

"We'll decide on that later," interrupts the editor, who has, of course, not been diverted by this frivolous discussion. "We must go over these biographies one more time. They still need improvement. And, by the way, Assistant Editor No. 4, it's rather a dead giveaway that you've read your own biography when you initial it and add the comment, 'It stinks!' " A giggle emerges from one end of the table. "We need words for Class Member No. 28's biography."

"Gee, I don't know her very well . . ."

"What do you mean? You've known her since fifth grade."

"Well, how about you?"

"I *am* her best friend, but it's hard to pick out any outstanding impressions when I know her so well."

"I've got it!" burst from Assistant Editor No. 5. "How about the time she dyed her hair green for Batzer's? Wasn't that a scream?" Everyone laughs. A pause. "Of course, *that* can't go in the book."

"No; you wouldn't want her children to find out something like that when they find the twenty-year-old high school yearbook. I found my father's last year and . . .

"Back to business," said the editor with just a slight tinge of annoyance.

Assistant Editor No. 3 brought over the class pictures she had been working on. "Although Agent No. 3 couldn't tell the twins apart, I solved the problem by putting only the initial and last name for both of them since both their nicknames begin with 'S'. Tricky, huh?"

A comment from behind her came, "That picture of the prime class makes them look awfully unruly."

"The other one was a bad picture of nine girls while this one is bad of only six, so it won." She then addressed herself to the group in general, none of whom listened because they were enjoying looking through the candids and baby pictures. "Does anyone know what this picture is for?"

One person who amazingly had heard her above the uproar answered, "Oh, that's French Club. It was created the day Mr. Spiegel came to take the club pictures."

A business manager looking slightly more harrassed than usual rushed in, "You won't believe it! You just won't believe it! The printer wants all the candids, group pictures, and ads in by Thursday!"

The editor joined the business manager in her fit of panic, but calmed down long enough to decide that they had better start working right away. She tried to get the attention of the others. "Please, you all, this is very important!" No result. "Come on, put those away and please listen." She starts pushing the pile of candids aside, but one picture caught Assistant Editor No. 4's eye. She picked it up and with a gleam of triumph whispered an apt caption to her neighbor. Two other assistant editors came in the door, having been off on some unknown errand. Their entrance added to the confusion.

The Editor-in-Chief glared around her and finally said, "I'm sorry. There's no point in continuing. I quit. The meeting's adjourned. I'm serious."

Everyone turned in surprise. Assistant Editor No. 2, grasping the situation said soothingly, "Come on. Stay and we'll work." Everything quieted, and the members sat down around the table and waited for instructions.

The Editor, having given in, was looking around confusedly. Assistant Editor No. 2 spoke calmly, "The papers are over on the floor where you threw them."

ANN COLBORN, *Class of '64*

Things I Love

I SHALL BE forever grateful that I came to Hathaway Brown, for I have learned not only for school but also for life. I have been here for almost two years and have come to know the joys of school. These are things I love and will remember:

The view from the front windows of trees heavy laden with snow; the hum and sputter of starting motors; the bump on the rise in the driveway beneath the entrance sign; the smell of earth and damp cement in a drizzling rain; the ledges on the side stairwells where one may sit and meditate . . . The college catalogues stacked carelessly on the tables in the small reception room; the silence after a whistle has been blown in gym; the scratch of a wicker desk chair; the aroma of a good lunch pervading a fourth period classroom; the fireplace in the library, a mark of the dignity of the school . . . A teacher's smile of recompense for a well-answered question; cigarette smoke outside the faculty room; "Good morning, girls. You may be seated"; the faculty's interest in the individual students . . . Girls' friendly greetings; basketball and hockey games; the mingled fragrance of deodorant, cologne and talcum powder in the locker room; the students' attitude of respect and willingness . . . Two lines of girls marching into chapel; "We thank Thee, O Lord, for Thy tender mercies" . . . A woman with an air of pride and modesty, of authority and respect; "Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman"; talks on character and reputation: "If there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things" . . . The sound of untrained voices harmonizing in Friday afternoon chapel

"When the morning wakens, Then may I arise
Pure and fresh and sinless In Thy holy eyes."

"Good night, girls!"

"Good night, Miss Coburn."

SUSAN TURNOCK, *Class of '65*

Poem for Ken Hubbs

Saturday night I
was sitting in the dorm living room with some
guy sort of half watching the t.v.
But we had turned off the sound there was
nothing on and we wanted to talk
And your face was on the screen for a
second or so
I said it was Johnny Antonelli must've got traded
Because of the C on the cap.
This guy I forget who he was said
no it was Ken Hubbs
He died today in an airplane crash I
heard it on the radio.

I didn't believe it really but I didn't
feel like saying anything then anyway

After the guy I was with left I thought
about it
About the day this lady fom Pittsburgh
sent me your name and mine (written
by your hand when it was warm and
moved by bones and muscles)
She said you were so sweet when you wrote it out for her.

I thought about the fat guys eating breakfast unshaven
in undershirts looking at the paper and reading about you
(You said with your sure hands that we didn't
have to worry about second base for ten years)
The little boys and the teenagers
and the housewives and the old men
(Not a big thing but a good one, to look in
the paper and see we're in first place)
But you knew that
You were twenty-two and strong and confident going
seventy-eight games without an error.

SALLY EATON, *Class of '66*

The Animal Lover

AN ANIMAL is an animal. He is only remotely human, even though some well-known animal analysts might profess that the ape resembles man in the early stages of his development. I love animals for what they are. They live in another world and should not be taken from their world even for the sake of science. But their mere presence in books or in life can bring their world to us.

A dog is a dog — is a dog, to paraphrase Gertrude Stein. There is nothing that can take his place in spite of the attempts made by stuffed toy companies, who try in vain to create dogs from stuffed pieces of furry cloth, rayon no less, in hopes of bringing to children the joy they find in real dogs. That is impossible. I love the real dog who rips the new upholstery off the old American chair in the library and the dog who almost knocks you down with his exuberant greeting at the door and his slobbering tongue, which can never resist your face. I love the little dog who barks jealously when you are kissed goodnight and whimpers softly when you silence him with a kick in the nose. I love the one who jumps up and seizes the beautiful steaks, just cooked, while mother is serving her guests more onion dip in the living room. This is the same dog who slinks through the door when I am studying, nods his head in approval, and slowly goes out, leaving behind him a slight odor of the swamp he bathed in only hours before. This is the real dog I love.

And a cat is a cat, not a stuffed piece of crocheted loops, but a soft, furry character with a personality far different from any other friend or foe. I love the cat who, in silence, creeps behind your chair and unexpectedly claws your arm, the cat who is found in the barn under the dusty piles of hay, chasing rats between the well worn walls, the cat whose eyes can be seen lending a strange green glow to the dark shades of night. This is the cat who persists in unrolling Mother's yarn balls and plays hide-and-seek with them from here to the bedroom. We must consider this cat's skill, for the ball is rolling up the stairs, not down. I love the cat whose tongue feels like coarse fly paper but who uses this adhesive to lap up her milk. What a fascinating motion, the motion of a cat's tongue!

And I love reading of animals who live in the jungle with the papayas and the tiger orchids. I am fascinated by the black panther, frightful in his dark beauty and his brother the tiger who might terrify

any lone hunter on a tiger hunt. These brothers in their yellow and black coats are only princes to the king himself, the lion. What horrible tales we have heard about the king of beasts! But he is as gentle as the kitten who claws my sweater and is aggravated only by those humans who waste their time parading through his world. We must not try to enter their world bringing ours with us, for those who truly love animals love them for the *freeness* they represent in their world. But here in the jungle I find many more loves: the leathery elephant, and her train of children following close behind as she leads them to water, calling gloriously as she goes, the small monkeys who scurry from vine to vine in search of a hollow tree full of honey and who screw up their faces to fit their escapades, the pied-skinned cobra, who slithers silently over the ground looking for the frog who will be his dinner, the spotted leopard who ferociously guards her young and is shattered when a human wears her brother's coat, and the graceful gazelle whose body is like an arrow shot from a golden bow.

But all these loves must stay in the jungle, in their world. Through them I see color, action, and life from another point of view. My concern for their world makes me the animal lover.

MARIANNE FAIRBANK, *Class of '65*

Hail and Farewell

The wind chooses
from the dark corners
his followers.
He beckons them
who fling and twist
under his breath.
He pushes me,
impelling me to follow
his whispers.
He plays games,
scoring tricks on nature,
dispersing vital force.
Then, deeply inhaling,
he soars,
Leaving me lost
and forgotten.

WENDY WILLIAMS, *Class of '66*

Bells Run My Life

B'RING, RING, RING, RING. It is seven-thirty at Raymond Hall and the first bell of the day has just told me it is time to get up, but it seems as if I had just gone to bed. Oh well, if I don't get up now, I never will. I get out of bed as if in a trance, walk to the window and close it. I can never understand how the room gets so cold. I turn on the heat and hope the room warms up by the time I get back from the bathroom. The hall is quiet because the rest of the Seniors are trying to get a few more minutes of sleep.

After I have managed to open my eyes, I am back to my room to get dressed. I am getting very good at dressing in twenty minutes; that is, if I do not run into any difficulties like finding the blouse I want to wear in my laundry bag. My biggest problem, that of getting my room-mate up, I usually solve by putting the Beatles on the record player and turning the volume up. Nine times out of ten this works.

B'ring, ring, ring, ring. It is eight o'clock and time for breakfast. As thirty-three "wide-eyed" girls drag slowly into the dining room, I can see that most of them just got up. Some are still zipping up their skirts or buttoning their blouses while we say grace.

Breakfast is usually the quietest meal of the day. Everyone is there in the flesh, but few in spirit. The movements of eating have become so familar that while staring into space a girl can take her juice, toast, and hot chocolate without spilling a drop.

We arise from the breakfast table whenever we have finished, and then it is back to the room to make the bed. Before I "pick up" my room it looks as if a tornado had gone through it; and that is just on my side. Soon it is time to leave for school which means a hundred-foot hike, then more bells all day.

After school we all come back to the dorm for something to eat and then some of us sign out for Campus, Shaker Square, or downtown; but we must be back at five for study hall.

B'ring, ring, ring, ring. That bell means lower class study hall, but what senior studies when there is a good conversation going in one of the rooms? Right after school not many of us feel like studying, so we have gab sessions in each others' rooms. Of course the conversation is always about one thing: Who'd you get a letter from today? And of course we re-hash last weekend over and over again. After study hall we have thirty free minutes before dinner. These are spent on the telephone or on further talk about who is calling tonight.

B'ring, ring, ring, ring. At the sound of the dinner bell there is a mass movement to the dining room. The one similarity between dinner and breakfast is that some of the girls look as if they had just gotten up, and some of them had. A nap before dinner never hurt anyone. Dinner is always noisier than breakfast. Most of us enjoy our meals. Some of us, bravely trying to slim down, forego dessert. The table talk is largely about school and the homework which one doubts will ever be done. We hear complaints about not getting enough sleep last night and resolutions that tonight will be different. After dinner there is more telephoning, and the seniors adjourn to the smoking room for that cigarette which they had thought of all day. Here they can relax until the final moment when they hear —

B'ring, ring, ring, ring. It is seven-thirty, time for another hour study hall. Seniors study in their rooms. Homework gets started, and some of it may even get done. There are no gab sessions during this study hall if anyone wants to get to bed at a decent hour.

Study hall is soon over and then there is T.V. or smoking time for the seniors. From the end of study hall until nine-fifteen the three underclasses have their telephone time. Outside the two telephone booths they stand hoping that that call they have been waiting for comes and that when it does they will find the phone free.

Meanwhile the seniors are busy amongst themselves. There is always a record player blaring from one room and sounds of screaming and laughing from another. It is hard to keep up with the conversations as one runs from one room to another.

"If Goody doesn't call me tonight I won't go out with him this weekend."

"John came up this weekend, but he had so many relatives here we didn't get any time alone."

"Paul's going to call at ten, so everybody off the phones then."

"I got a letter from Dave today. He's been a private a whole week, and you said he couldn't write for six weeks."

B'ring, ring, ring, ring. It is nine-fifteen and time for all freshmen, sophomores, and juniors to be off the phones and on their floors. Now begins the seniors' telephone time or the battle of a life time. During this period calls are received which make the whole day worth it. By ten-thirty or eleven everyone is quiet all over the dorm, even on the senior floor. Some are asleep, some studying, and some writing those letters that may mean as much to someone as that special letter meant to her. This is the end of the day, and without a bell!

SUSAN SHAFFER, *Class of '64*

All in Perspective

Youth is a picture in perspective.
With trees and buildings neatly lining a pointed street,
All neatly blocked off and progressing in stages
Toward a distant vanishing point.
Each building represents an incident
In the life of youth:
The finding of a sweetheart, perhaps,
Or the making or breaking of a friendship.
Every tree along the street is a person
Loved, hated, pitied, envied, befriended,
And every tree and building when first encountered
Dominates the horizon.

The vanishing point, at which all vision ends
Is the point where youth, too, ends,
And one can look back and clearly see his youth,
But the perspective will be changed.

I know that what looms so great along the road
Will be diminished by time and distance.
And still in my days of youth,
Though I know the importance will be slight,
I cannot pass a tree without swinging from its branches,
Nor a building without exploring it.
I cannot foresee and avoid the pitfalls,
Nor keep myself always on the bright side of the road,
And I must still put all my heart into the adventure at hand,
Because only with the passing of youth
Can come the vision to recognize the straight road
And the wisdom to follow it.

In time, however, I will have passed out of the picture.
Happily or unhappily the trees and buildings will be left behind,
And I will be at the end of youth's road,
At the beginning of one with a truer perspective.

Bettye Hobbs, *Class of '65*

On Seeking An Identity

ONCE SEVERAL YEARS AGO, I was splashing in the tide. Without even realizing what I was doing, I edged my way farther and farther out. Suddenly a fierce undertow snatched me off-balance and carried me under the breaking waves. I could not free myself from the boiling breakers. I can remember nothing except the waves crashing around me and holding me under and the churning sand stinging my face. I have no idea how long I fought to overcome the violent forces working against me. Finally, a strong arm reached out and drew me from this terrifying maelstrom of swirling sand and black-green water.

Once again I find myself fighting the waves. I have been drawn farther and farther away from the secure shores of childhood. Currents have swept me into a new world, a raging world where I must struggle to make myself an individual, one apart from the moiling waves around me. I want to shield my mind from the dull roar of empty words and meaningless thoughts. Yet I must be like others, for I fear also the sharp grains of stinging disapproval. How long must I bob around in this sea, caught between a child's fear of being different and an adult's courage to be himself? I know only that I must strive for individuality myself; there is no strong arm to reach out and pull me from this impersonal sea.

PAM MYERS, *Class of '66*

Castles

Here come those creatures who dwell in
    wooden walls they struggled to erect.
Now they swarm to the lapping lip of the sea,
Expecting, each one, to brush up fragments
    of the sea's yieldings.

My spiraled castle of yellow
    is the art of a Sure Hand,
Which has swept me in from deep chambers
    to open shores,
Where I am captured and led away to adorn
    bare shelves inside box-like abodes.

MARGARET LARKINS, *Class of '66*

Our City

CLEVELAND is the largest city in Ohio and one of the ten largest in the United States. Located at the mouth of the Cuyahoga River on Lake Erie, Cleveland has many manufacturing plants and carries on much shipping trade. As a metropolis it consists of twenty-four cities and fifty-three villages, including Cleveland Heights and Shaker Heights. It is governed by a mayor and council. Each of the separate suburbs has its own mayor and representative government. Few cities have suburbs as beautiful as Cleveland's.

Cleveland was named for its founder, General Moses Cleaveland, one of my ancestors. General Cleaveland established the site of Cleveland in 1796 in what was then the Western Reserve Territory. This settlement was made permanent in 1799 by Lorenzo Carter and finally established as a city in 1836. The city's name was changed from "Cleaveland" to "Cleveland" around 1860 when the *Plain Dealer* could not fit the original name into the newspaper type of its banner title.

The excellent location of the settlement which became Cleveland accelerated its growth, since transportation then was mainly by water. Cleveland's growth was also aided by its proximity to the natural resources of iron ore and coal. Once the city's industry was started, a large influx of foreign-born people migrated into Cleveland.

Many people became very wealthy from the industry of the city and donated large sums of money for museums, parks, and private schools. Cleveland has many fine cultural institutions, including the Museum of Art, the Symphony Orchestra, and excellent schools and colleges. Western Reserve University is especially well known.

Cleveland is active in all types of sports. The Municipal Stadium, home of the Cleveland Indians, is one of the largest stadiums in the country. The Cleveland Arena houses the Barons, a professional hockey team. In the last three years Cleveland has been host to various international tennis tournaments, including the 1963 Wightman Cup. This September the city will host the Davis Cup finals. In January, Cleveland was host to the 1964 National Figure Skating Championships and Olympic Trials. Many swimming and gymnastic meets are held here.

The qualities which make Cleveland enjoyable are not so much its climate as its cultural aspects, educational facilities, sports activities, and beautiful residential areas. All these have helped Cleveland grow to the famous city it is today.

KATHY CLEVELAND, *Class of '65*

Security

THE SHADOWS of the trees run like giants across the lawn. I stand huddled behind one of the big white columns on the front porch. I press my back against its round, comforting surface and grasp tightly the trellis beside it. I wish that I could stay there forever. I dare not set forth, for I might be trampled upon. I know that I must go sometime, though, and I know that somewhere in the vast expanses of darkness is another column, far stronger and far whiter.

MARTHA EAKIN, *Class of '66*

Vertigo

Rocks, sand, wind, night,
I hide myself in your embrace,
Nestled in a guarding cove.
While far out to sea the buoys flash,
And down the coast, lighthouses signal,
The lights twink on and off,
The night wind murmurs among the rocks,
The sea beats in close.
A never-ending fantasy of motion —
Lights, wind, and sea.
I am pinned to the earth,
Yet I join the cosmic movement of the night.
I am pinioned fast to my sandy bed,
Yet I float high above my body.
I wing off out to sea or to the stars,
I am spinning beyond this leaden self.
Perhaps it is I who am still
While the universe swirls around me.
I clutch the yielding sand,
Spinning, whirling, floating, yet unmoving,
Giddy from the night flight into the cosmos;
Praying for the early dawn to bring the fishermen
Who will lift me gently
And carry me home, unconscious at last.

BARBARA BASS, *Class of '64*

The Dictionary

I CERTAINLY DON'T KNOW what inspired me to compile a dictionary; but judging from the untidy perfection of the little booklet before me, I had been quite engrossed in the idea. I must have been age six or seven, capable of printing with some legibility, when I decided that a little book containing the few words of my written vocabulary would be of the utmost aid if I should ever forget how to spell one of them. I had no idea what dictionaries were used for, but I was terribly impressed by the richness of the heavy books. The front and back covers of my dictionary were rectangular although one was slightly wider, and they were made of the cardboard that came with one of Father's new shirts, cut with very blunt scissors. I must have spent many naptime hours diligently cutting out white oblong pages and drawing heavy straight lines with my large, number-one first-grade pencil. Most of the lines were crooked. The book was titled merely *My Book,* probably because I couldn't spell "dictionary." The first white page served as a title page. The next three and a half pages were filled with various three- and four-letter words, not arranged in alphabetical order. The fifth page was titled "hard words" and had exactly two entries: "superman" spelled with two p's and "eggplant." There were no more filled-out pages; I had tired of the overwhelming project or, more probably, had run out of words. No longer interested, I had thrown the booklet into a chest with a broken doll and two color-by-number books and until today, when rummaging through the old chest in the attic, had forgotten how useful that dictionary really was.

MARLO COLEMAN, *Class of '66*

My Train

Life is a train
Speeding too quickly down its track,
Never stopping
Never halting.
But the track is a long track
And my train must hurry along.

LUCIA BERGER, *Class of '66*

The Challenge of a Skier

A lone skier slowly works his way across a mountain-top.
He stops,
Aware of the beauty of the world around him —
The trees, laden with snow, sparkling in the sunlight.
His face, rosy from the chill of the air, fills with joy;
Here, he has found his challenge —
An untouched slope of powdered snow, — the first fall.
As he scans the scene about him,
His blue parka and black pants rippling in the bitter wind,
He moves forward —
Down, down he glides;
The snow, rising in the wake of his skis,
Forms great waves behind him.
His poles flash in the sunlight,
His grace is that of an eagle — soaring, winging —
His turns are as even as though they had been marked.
He falls, — is up again —
Bends to adjust a binding
And, in this moment's pause
Sees far below him
A cluster of gaily colored chalets,
Wispy smoke curling from their chimneys.
He moves on.
Down, down he glides.
His path straightens on the gentler slope.
Reaching the valley he looks back.
His eyes follow the lone trail —
A flowing ribbon of sweeping turns
From the peak to where he now stands
In the village far below.
Again he looks up, seeing other skiers
As they come over the crest.
Let them come now! They are followers!
For the first run the mountain was his.

CAROLINE EMENY, *Class of '66*

A Memo for H. B. Alumnae

DO YOU STILL REMEMBER your alma mater? If you have forgotten at all, let these memories throng pell-mell into your minds with me:

Our chimneyed building and well-kept grounds, the rough, brown bricks and heavy mahogany doors, a chipmunk sniffing the toasty smell of autumn leaves, saddle shoes soaked by rain slipping on new grass in spring, a doughnut and a few potato chips on a paper plate — the only remains of a terrace luncheon; a brown-petaled rose lying on the ground at sunset on May Day.—Did you ever notice the interesting designs made by falling plaster?

How well I remember a pair of untied saddle shoes on Monday morning, excited screams, the satisfaction one can almost taste from a well-written paper, an illegal snooze on borrowed pillows in a practice room, a pencil *with* an eraser, a green pen cartridge, the distracting smell of turpentine on clean hands, a lost *Catalogue of Errors,* blue scarves on junior day, glee club, yellow smiling notes. — Do you remember the first (and last?) poem you analyzed correctly?

A teacher's smile and twinkling eye, a classmate's cough signaling from across the room, equations which suddenly clear up, one good English theme, the rush to finish a *Review* article before its deadline, the figurines sitting neatly on Miss Coburn's shelves, Sebastian the topless car, Miss Newman's lab coat, peppermint ice cream with chocolate sauce, and Lady Macbeth. — Do you remember maneuvering *down* the hall when the entire Prep department was coming *up* the hall?

Warm hearts and damp eyes at Christmas; vacations; the piercing shrieks of girls after school, spoons above your plates at lunch; Friday tables, chatter, intellectual conversation, class ring, a winning hockey team, a losing hockey team, and the last bits of crepe paper swept from a deserted room after Carnival. — And do you remember the "best carnival ever"?

Bowed heads silent in prayer, Miss Coburn's saddle shoes, Mrs. Bradley's smile, the off key angel chorus in the Christmas play, the one person out of step during "Ideo," the Maypole, floor-length white formals, diplomas, honor girl, "Good-bye, H.B." — And, Alumnae, now that you've gone, do you look back and think, "Non scholae sed vitae discimus"?

SANDRA MERKEL, *Class of '65*

Faith

THE LARGE department store was filled with Christmas: laughing children excited to see Santa Claus, bustling shoppers frantically searching for a gift for the someone who has everything, wearied mothers dragging along sobbing children. The whole store was filled with laughing, pushing, screaming humanity. Amidst this sat a small child with her hands folded in her lap. Her large eyes reflected the confusion, and they looked quickly back and forth. The river of people rushed by her, but she continued to wait. Finally catching sight of her, a clerk approached the child.

"Whatsa matter, honey? Your mommie gone?"

The child looked up into the plain face of the understanding clerk. Her lip trembled, and the smallest tear crept down her cheek.

"Yes," she finally managed to say, "she's gone, but she'll be back in a minute."

"Well, okay, but I'll come back and check."

Too preoccupied with her work to notice until a half an hour later that the child still waited, the clerk finally saw her. Quickly walking to her, she said, "Honey, hasn't your mommie come yet?"

"No, but . . . but she will. I just know she will."

The clerk, while deciding what to do, saw a half-hysterical young woman pushing past the masses of shoppers. Grabbing the child, she said, "Oh, baby, where have you been? I've looked everywhere for you!"

"Oh, Mommie," the girl sighed, "I just knew you would come!"

If a small child can have such faith, and if she can believe so strongly, why cannot we? Why must we find it difficult to believe that God is near us, ready to help? If we just had the faith of the small child!

BARBARA JEWITT, *Class of '66*

The Sculptor

I am only a student.
Yet, with the power of words,
I am a sculptor –
To chip and chisel the majesty of knowledge
In purest granite.

CYNTHIA ROBBINS, *Class of '65*

Winter Sleep

As the year's long night
comes on,
God's careful Hand prepares
His child,
His Earth,
for bed.
A patchwork quilt of fallen leaves
with hues of gold, and red, and
rusty brown
that's sewn together with
tiny twigs
He lays with gentle touch
upon the quiet ground.
Then over that He deftly forms
a feather bed
of soft, white flakes
to cover, as a father would,
His child
with love.
And while the night roars on
And iced winds
howl and cruelly blow,
And storms rage, and all is cold
and torn,
God's child sleeps
a peaceful sleep
And dreams sweet dreams
of flowers, and birds,
and grass that's green.
And when at last
the morning comes,
His child blinks open
her sleep-filled eyes,
Sheds her winter coverlet,
And with a robin's song
Arises from her lengthy sleep
refreshed.
For this is His plan.

SUE MEYER, *Class of '65*

Candle

A flame flickers,
quivers,
sputters,
Endeavors to keep his pearly halo
above the molten tallow sea
surrounding his existence centered
upon his thin, charred wick.
As the engulfing pool increases,
so does the magnanimous radiance until,
finally victorious,
The sea succeeds in snuffing out the mundane light
and speeds it towards
eternity.

CATHIE CLARKE, *Class of '66*

A Parade

A row of marching dominoes
Sheathed in battered black
Trip single-file
In studied style,

An ordered tread, mile after mile.
One cannot halt or turn about,
Fearful lest he lose
His quartered space
In the patterned chase,
A simple pace which he can't retrace.

A row of marching dominoes
Stifled in starchy suits,
Parade their drill
To the trumpet trill,
Marching onward down the hill.

MARLO COLEMAN, *Class of '66*

More Than Just Animals

WE HAVE THREE ANIMALS. I guess if I told you we have a pedigreed Irish setter named Patty, a mongrel named Frisky, and a Siamese cat named Willoughby Hills or Willy, you would believe me; but the animals would not. You see, Patty, the Irish setter, thinks she is human, Frisky, the mongrel, thinks he is a pedigreed poodle, and Willy, the cat, thinks he is a dog. Patty will not sleep anywhere but in a bedroom. Frisky, the mongrel, will not eat dog food, only vegetables or cat food, and Willy the cat will not eat cat food, only dog food.

Each has a personality and a temper to match. Patty is a little on the shy side, or the sly side. Frisky smiles when scolded. Willy does not do much of anything except to tear the house to shreds, and when one tries to clip his nails, all one receives in thanks is a scratch in the face. The three love Mom best of all. Willy always has little presents for Mom, such as dead rats or birds. This was Willy's first Christmas, and from the viewpoint of Peter, my seven-year-old brother, his last. When we decorated the tree, Willy knocked off every bulb Peter put on. This ended with Peter's throwing the bulbs all over the room and Willy's sitting quite contentedly under the tree licking his paws.

Getting a family picture taken, including the dogs, is quite hard. The word has gotten around to the various photographers about "the Hills' animals," but Mom finally bribed Mr. Fryer into taking the pictures. All was fine until Mr. Fryer picked up a ball to get Patty's attention. He took the picture, put the ball down, and two minutes later he was all tied up in the cords of his cameras, trying to smile and keep his temper at the same time.

The dogs and cat mean more to our family than anyone could possibly imagine. They have character and personality, and that is why they are more than "just animals."

LISA HILLS, *Class of '67*

Love

Wonderful? . . . Yes.
Sad? . . . Sometimes.
Yet . . . without it
Emptiness.

PEGGY HITCHCOCK, *Class of '69*

The Soldier Cried

The loud blast of shells — above, behind
in front, beside —
Echoing the hate in man's soul;
Screams rose from the town aflame
in the distance,
And the soldier was filled with fear
for mankind,
And he cried.

As he rode on his tank through the town
deep in ashes,
The face of a child stared up at him,
Silent, questioning, frightened, alone.
The soldier was filled with remorse,
And he cried.

He passed through the town and into the country,
leaving the child behind,
But the face of the child still looked up at him.
And he knew "I am sorry" meant nothing.
The soldier was filled with despair,
And he cried.

HELEN GRUBB, *Class of '66*

Three Fishermen

Tired and hungry, weary and old,
A fisherman waits for a fish in the cold.
He's been there since morning; he'll stay there till night.
To feed his poor family he'll wait for a bite.
He fishes to live. He depends on the lake
To yield him meals for his family's sake.
Skipping and happy, carefree and gay,
Two little schoolboys find fishing great play.
They lie on the bank and lazily bask
In the sun, while the worms do the ill-destined task.
They'll be back, perhaps in a week or two,
But the fisherman fishes the whole year through.

DIANA PRICE, *Class of '67*

Decision

What shall I do
When the time comes
For me to leave home
And go off on my own?
Must I use
The strength of a Superman
And the brains of an Einstein
To keep myself on this earth?
Or will they let me stay
With only my guitar
And my song?

MARILYN WATTS, *Class of '66*

Reach Out

I am a door whose threshold is crossed
By those who seek what is within.
There is contained man's self-expression
Of all the ages, experience, emotion,
All human knowledge, from past and present,
And understanding of human nature.
That which leads to sympathy, courage,
Giving new birth to great ideas,
Waits within for me to be opened.
Reach out! Open! a book, a door!

LINDA KENT, *Class of '67*

Departing Message of a Soldier Going to War

(Said to his wife)

Take a tree like no other tree,
And dedicate that tree to me.
And of the leaves from that tree,
Make a wreath for victory.

PAM RECROFT, *Class of '67*

A Boat Ride With Sharks

AT HARBOUR ISLAND, in the Bahamas, one day in late March our family, my aunt, and my cousin started out on a fishing day. We were soon out in the ocean, ready to start our fishing. My mother and my aunt were the first to let their lines out.

For awhile nothing happened until, "Strike!" my aunt yelled. As soon as this alarm was sounded, Captain Harold immediately slowed the boat and came to the stern to see if he could help.

While my mother was reeling in her line, Aunt Sandra, and Captain Harold were struggling desperately. The Captain realized that we were in a school of Allyson tuna. The Allyson tuna is a very large variety. This kind of tuna is loved by sharks, and so our excitement began. My aunt was struggling because her captured tuna had started to run. Not for long, though. The Captain and my aunt had the tuna under pretty good control.

My father suggested that Clark and I move to the windows, away from the confusion. I am glad we did because we saw a sight we will never forget. Sharks! At one time we counted eight of them circling under us in the water. It was quite true that the sharks were after the Allyson tuna and not after us, but we had shivers anyway. Clark and I told the Captain about the sharks, and he immediately rushed into a cupboard, took out a gun and loaded it. Out to the stern of the boat came the Captain with the gun.

We all could see Aunt Sandra's tuna very well until along came a shark and got the tuna, but the shark did not get free because he was attached to the hook of the line. Actually, the shark did not fight much because he had a tummy full of Allyson tuna. We reeled him in.

As the shark came toward the boat, the captain was ready to shoot. When the shark's head was out of the water, "Bang, bang, bang!" went the gun. Then quickly the line was cut, and down the shark went, down towards the bottom of the ocean. As the shark went down, down, down, we could see other sharks attacking it because dead sharks are loved by live sharks. After this, everyone let out a sigh of relief, especially Aunt Sandra, for she was the one that did most of the work.

The rest of the fishing day was like other days. We caught four to eight fish without excitement. I don't think that anyone wanted an experience with those sharks again.

LISA VILAS, *Class of '69*

In the Shadow of Mt. Vesuvius

AMONG THE PLACES in Italy that I have visited, one of my favorites is Naples. It may have a special meaning to me because each time I have been there it has marked the end of a wonderful vacation and the beginning of my return home. Our favorite hotel is situated so that from our balconies we can see much of Naples. Each morning as I open the balcony doors, the whole city jumps up to me. I can see a maze of buildings, none famous or remarkable, but each with distinct architectural features. Docks are to one side of me, where many ships are preparing to sail out for many ports. Huge posters stand in grandeur near the docks advertising ocean lines from around the world. Like all docks, these are teeming with activity. In front of me is the bay of Naples where children are swimming and anxious fishermen are checking their nets. Battleships of the American fleet are anchored in parallel rows, sunlight reflecting from their immaculate decks. And in the background is Mount Vesuvius, continually threatening an eruption. Yet the great mountain looks as though it were watching over Naples, protecting it.

Under our balconies, on the corner of the street, I can hear the stereo voices of a bustling group of people, some of whom are expertly dodging the oncoming cars to take refuge in the cool, clear Mediterranean. A clip-clop may be heard around the corner. It must be a horse pulling a cart of vegetables to the docks and markets, or a horse and buggy preparing to carry eager tourists around the city. A snatch of song may also be heard. Activity will be ceaseless until very early in the morning. A brief span of rest and tranquillity, and then as the sun rises a whole new cycle of activity will begin.

But now, sadly we must say farewell to Naples. Not just the Americans are leaving. Emigrants, too, are embarking, hoping for a better life in a new land. Their weeping relatives are standing on the dock waving their handkerchiefs to their pilgriming dear ones who are leaning over the rails of our great ship responding to the good-byes. The whistle denotes departure, and a lump comes to my throat. I am going to my home. I hope there will be new opportunities in America for those entering as foreigners. Will these people realize their dreams? Can the new frontier fulfill for them the beauty and warmth they are leaving in their homeland?

PAULA FROHRING, *Class of '68*

The First Snowfall

The earth was muffled
As the day put on her coat of gray.
The fruitless earth was still
As if in waiting.
The trees stood bare,
A black design etched on the steel sky.
Armed with many needles,
The intense cold pierced the air.
As if a blessing,
A single
snowflake
floated
aimlessly
toward
The dismal, barren earth.

TAFFY SPROW, *Class of '66*

Why Is It So Quiet?

Ships lie at the rocking pier;
People stand talking, forbidding to hear;
Houses are quaint with chimneys of red;
Everything's still; the silence is dead.

Sea gulls cover the sky of blue;
Behind the trees comes a brightened hue;
Country peddlers are selling their goods;
Country roads lead to darkened woods.

The water abides with stiffened poise;
Why so quiet? Why no noise?
Can it be Sunday, when people pray?
Wallpaper is silent on every day.

WENDY PERKINS, *Class of '67*

Dust

From the turbulent seas above
It sifts incessantly
    down
        down,
Collecting on the shelves of the earth below.
It lingers for a moment,
    and then
The powdery silt changes from
The magic of a cold crystal
    into the
Reality of the warm slush of a winter morning.

JUDI WELLER, *Class of '66*

My Pets

WHEN I WAS ABOUT SIX years old, we had a German shepherd dog named Ricky, which was a nickname for Frederika. She was the daughter of Altas von Elfenheim, an international show dog. Ricky used to get outside of the fence, and all the small children were afraid of her although she was very gentle. She had a very big doghouse to sleep in, and we still have her doghouse in the yard even though we sold Ricky a few years ago.

Recently I had a hamster. I named her Pal. She was very soft and cuddly. She liked to have me hold her. I got Pal from a friend of mine that raised hamsters. She had been mated when I got her. Pal liked to have a wheel in her cage to run on. She ate hamster food, carrots, lettuce, and almost everything. Shortly after I got her, Pal began making a big nest in her cage, and she stored up food in the nest. One day when I had had Pal for about two weeks, my father looked in and saw a whole lot of baby hamsters. We could not count them at first because they were all bunched together. After awhile they began to walk around, and we counted seven of them. They did not open their eyes for several days. When they were about a month old I sold the babies to a pet shop and gave Pal to a friend of mine who wanted to raise hamsters.

CASSIE CONLIN, *Class of '71*

Bon Voyage

I HAD FINISHED my homework early one night, and my father buzzed me on our intercom to come down, for he had something important to discuss. I went bounding down the stairs, skipping a few steps, and finally, grabbing on to the railing, went sailing past the last few stairs, which were littered with shoes and books to go up and wastebaskets to go down. I landed with a thud, which only succeeded in shaking our imported chandelier, much to my mother's horror. Dad raised himself out of the nicely-aged green leather chair with matching footstool and walked toward the two steps I had just flown by. This was all normal, and I did not get panicky until he turned toward our living room. I then went into action, saying, "Dad, you know I haven't been watching too much TV, and you know I really am busy. Couldn't it wait until later?" I stopped because I knew he wasn't listening anyway.

He sat down on our new blue sofa. Mom, who had followed him in, got the soft reupholstered chair, and I took the tall straight back chair, which is the only one you can cross your legs in. Dad reached into his pocket and brought out a pile of papers and placed them beside him. He took one out and started to unfold it. By now I could tell it was a map and that this was going to be a great discussion. He flattened it out and laid it on the table, but was silent. I raced over to see where we were going. I was expecting a vacation in Florida, for I had heard my parents talking about it. My eyes ran over the map. Lucerne, Wiesbaden, Frankfort, Heidelberg, Brussels, Copenhagen, and London! "Hey, wait! These cities aren't in Florida; they're in Europe!" I exclaimed with one of those screams my mom calls instant long distance phone calls. I plopped down, begging for all the information. Dad explained the tour, the places we would see, and the responsibilities we would have. My cousin Kathy was to go, too.

Now that the main shock is over, and Kathy and I have one hundred and eight days to wait, I already know one important thing: that we can have fun and exciting discussions in our living room.

CHRISTIE WILLIAMS, *Class of '67*

Carnival

Take a grab and see a show,
There is fun for all who go.

CYNTHIA COSTELLO, *Class of '70*

Indecision

I stand at the crossroad
Not knowing which way to venture.
Shall I go east toward the sun
Or north toward eternity?
If I go west, I shall find nothing!
Death is the only answer.
I shall go south!

KATHY WILLIAMS, *Class of '66*

Fads

Coming in; going out;
Selling quick; all sold out.

Flashing by; soon forgot;
Saying aloud, "Forget me not."

Known by all and soon by none,
A fad is gone when it's begun.

CEE CEE THOMPSON, *Class of '67*

But Not From Death

THE THICK RAIN hid the dirty buildings and the battered garbage cans that were lined up awkwardly along the crooked cobbled road. A dark iron gate moved wearily on its ancient hinges. One dim street lamp shone. The others had long ago been blown out by the damp wind. The faint sound of a horse's hooves plodding through the misty alleyways penetrated the fog. Far off a tired train wailed its way along a winding path. The smell of fish and nearby sea made the fog more intense. The comforting darkness protected a small boy from the dismal life — but not from death. He crouched shivering in the street. Rain and tears mingled as they streaked his young face. He ran his cold hand along the wet, limp body of a ragged mongrel which lay lifeless at his feet.

MAUREEN MAGEE, *Class of '66*

Our House in Ellicottville

WHEN OUR FAMILY and Uncle Joe Nook went to Ellicottville, New York, this fall, we were looking for a house. Ellicottville is about an hour from Buffalo, so from Cleveland it is about three hours and a half. We were looking for a place to stay both in the skiing season and in the summer. The house we saw that we were particularly interested in was long, narrow, gray, and clapboard. The inside was fairly clean, for it hadn't been lived in for a couple of months. It had shiny wooden floors, a kitchen, and a small living and dining room. On the first floor also were two bedrooms and a bath. In the very front of the house was a narrow room which we decided would make a good room for television and games. Upstairs was just a bedroom and the rest was attic. The attic we thought could be made into two bedrooms and a bath. When we left, there was much discussion about the possibilities of the house.

When my parents and Uncle Joe bought the house, the real fun began. We gave all our spare weekends to work on it. Almost all of the walls had to be painted because the people before us seemed to have a liking for purple paint. Dad, Suzy, and Uncle Joe started painting while I was set to work on the kitchen shelves. While I was doing this, Mom was cleaning the stove and refrigerator. I had been pulling out the yellow sticky paper and putting some on Suzy when she wasn't looking. Mother didn't like this idea, for I was getting it all over the floor. I was then given a pail of soapy water and really put to work with the task of cleaning the shelves. An hour later, when I was through, my hands looked like wrinkled pieces of sand paper.

I decided to see if I could try my hand in painting. Daddy said I could. So upstairs I marched to put on one of Dad's old shirts. I already had on some baggy red jeans, so with the shirt I looked like a real clown. Daddy set me to work helping Suzy do the edges of the walls. This turned out to be very hard. While doing this, Suzy made the mistake of spilling the paint. I accidentally stepped into it, and not knowing it, I made nice little foot prints into the kitchen to get one of my favorite cookies. When I found out what I had done, I was again given a pail of water, for it was the kind of paint that comes off with water.

When I had finished, Dad told me to paint the one small closet in the bedroom. This thrilled me, and I anxiously set to work. The closet seemed as big as the room, for the walls kept soaking up the

paint. All over my hair were white spots because of the roller I used. If one can imagine polka-dotted hair, that's what my hair looked like. My face had white spots too, so I looked as if I had a disease. My hands were all white and wrinkled. I walked out of the closet saying I would never finish, and all I got was laughs. You can imagine why!

Out of all the weekends we put into our little house, we had many other experiences. One time Suzy, Mom, and I got into a paint fight which didn't last too long. We painted each other's clothing while Dad laughed on the sidelines. Another time we were all working hard to get every detail shellacked on some shutters that were going in the T.V. room.

Now when I think back on all the work we all put into our little house, I know it was really worth it, for we are getting ten times more enjoyment out of it than we put in.

FRANNIE SAYLE, *Class of '69*

My Pets

PETS ARE ALMOST ANY ANIMAL you can think of. A cat and a dog are much more commonly used for pets than a snake and a squirrel. Sometimes I wish I had a horse, but then Mom and Dad say, "Wait till you are older."

Once I had a cat that I found. I called it Silly because it came when I meowed like a cat. We had Silly for about a week. Then she got an eye infection and we gave her to the Animal Protective League.

When we were on our trip I had two pets named Chippy and Skippy. You can tell that they were chipmunks because of their names. I met them a day after we arrived. I fed them peanuts and peanut butter cookies. They were very cute. I was very sorry when I had to leave. I almost took them home with me.

I have three fish named Tom, Dick, and Harry. I had four fish, but Spots died. Sometimes I dream that my fish are doing my homework for me. Sometimes I get dizzy watching my fish swim. I had a turtle named Snappy. He was a very cute snap turtle. He had a sister named Small. The reason I called her Small is because she hatched too soon. First Small died; then Snappy died.

We have a dog named Juno. Juno came to us about two years ago. Her mother and father are champions and have lots of ribbons. I am glad that Juno is not a show dog. Juno is a very silly dog. I like my pets; do you?

SANDRA SMITH, *Class of '71*

A Winter Night

When I look up at the sky at night,
Many star forms come in sight.
The constellations, bold and strong,
Watch and protect me all night long.

On bright winter nights the hunter Orion
And Taurus the Bull I keep my eye on.
I look to the north and see the dippers
And jet planes make trails that look like zippers.

Echo, too, moves across the sky
Much faster than the jets can fly.
The moon reflects the light of the sun
And sheds silvery tints on everyone.

MARNY MCDANIEL, *Class of '69*

To School With Ghosts

WHEN I ENTERED first grade, I was frightened of school, not because I didn't want to go, but because I was to go to school in a haunted house, according to rumors of my playmates. The Whitford House was to be used as a school because of a shortage of classrooms. This house dated back to the Victorian era and was surrounded by a tall, spiked fence with huge, towering gateposts. It was dismal and I was scared of it, but I cheered up when I learned my brother was to go also. However, I soon realized it was not scary at all.

All through the fall, noise filled the building, as the walls were paper thin. Before school began in the morning, I was jumpy. No one was in the building but my brother and me, and my footsteps echoed all over the building as we climbed the massive staircase to the coatroom on the second floor. Pupils who were bad during the day were sent to the coatroom. That threat kept us as well-behaved as angels all fall term.

One afternoon in the spring the mothers were given a tea. My mother was talking to a teacher and told three of us children to run along and play. We decided to explore the third and fourth floors,

the haunted ones, which we had never seen.

We were all quite disappointed as we got to the third floor. The rooms were just old, musty bedrooms that made us sneeze. One, however, excited us. "This is the room where old Doc Whitford died," said Nancy. We strained our eyes, trying to peer through the cracks of the boarded-up door to get a glimpse of the corpse. The two other rooms on that floor contained mattresses, which we jumped on, and costumes, which we examined.

Courageously we decided to explore the top floor. As we climbed to the attic, we suddenly saw ghosts! We pantingly ran down three flights of steps, not realizing that the figures we had seen were our reflected selves in an old dusty mirror. We did not have the courage to climb the stairs again, and so I never saw the top floor.

After being a school for one year, the Whitford House was closed and later torn down. I shall always remember my first-grade year in a "haunted" house.

SARAH ROUNTREE, *Class of '68*

A Drop of Rain

There was a drop of rain,
Running down my window pane,
And when it reached the end,
It sprang right up again.

CONNIE NORWEB, *Class of '70*

When I Grow Up

WHEN I GROW UP I would like to be an author. I will write very famous stories. I would like to be an author because I think I would be a good writer and would write very nice mysteries and horse stories. It would be a nice experience. I would then become famous, and everyone would like me and want my autograph!

Later I would go all over the world and write books in France, Germany, Sweden, England, and of course America. Then I would have to write more books, and I would become more famous. I would visit many schools and many libraries. It would take a lot of practicing and experience, but I can start pretty soon. I will take typing, and then I will be ready to start.

ANNE HICKOX, *Class of '71*

One Day Versus a Million Years

THE SUN ROSE over one of the most awesome of the earth's wonders. Gigantic rocks emerged from the deep shadows of the early morning light. From a thickly forested plateau the rock wall dropped to a floor thousands of feet below. Here flowed a great turbulent river, which, over millions of years, had itself dug its immense bed. The layers of shale, sandstone, and granite were diaries for the eons of time it took to form them. They proved to scientists that this giant river once was on the same level as the mesa so high above. As the sky lightened, the north and south rims of the canyon, like a gigantic mouth, seemed to yawn open wider and wider.

Shortly after sunrise, this panorama — inadequately named the Grand Canyon — was available for another day as one of the main tourist attractions in the United States. Cars rushed up the mountainside in order to beat the midmorning traffic. Ticket offices commenced to supply tours and guides for sightseers. The roads and trails were soon filled with donkey riders and horseback riders, and nature-walks with visitors of less nerve and spirit of adventure.

In the early afternoon the rocks, no longer accented by shadows, were lost in a glowing blaze of rich colors. Tourists stood and gaped at the spectacle. Regardless of all they had heard, they found it difficult to believe what they saw before them.

As the day wore on, and the sun dropped lower, the sky began to reflect the deeper shades forming from the rocks. Purples and crimsons replaced the vibrant reds and oranges. Picture-takers frantically found new vantage points from which to use up their remaining rolls of film. It wasn't long before mothers were herding their children back to waiting cars, and the families began to move toward the exit gates.

As the sun set in the western sky, the miles of stone and the expansion of space seemed endless. The formerly brilliant colors turned blue and cold. With the rising of the moon a ghostly white reflected off the ridges and ravines. The sheer walls were dark and foreboding, and the pinnacles within the canyon were haunting sentinels of the mighty chasm beneath. The river became an eery silver ribbon on the distant floor. Mystery, grandeur, and silence were all that remained of this typical day at Grand Canyon National Park.

PAGE TALBOTT, *Class of '68*

Horses, Horses, Horses

WHEN YOU GROW UP, what do you want to be? Some girls want to be movie stars, dancers, and singers, but not me. I want to be a horse rancher. Sometimes I dream about raising horses. When I dream of having a ranch, I think of having fifty horses. Of course it costs money.

My father says, "You have a way with animals, so if you are a horse rancher, you will do good." I would like to raise colts and to break horses. I would teach them to walk, trot, canter, gallop, and jump. I already have the name of my ranch, which is *Pine Trees Ranch.* I will have a slogan, which is "Have Horse Will Travel." That is what I want to do when I grow up.

SANDRA SMITH, *Class of '71*

To a Friend

O bird who flies with ease and grace,
You travel at so fast a pace!
Gliding close to Heaven's borders,
Gay and errant, free from orders.

I've seen you perch aloft in trees
And sail so swiftly o'er the seas.
I wonder if you have a home,
For it's your destiny to roam.

At times you hover very near
As though to whisper in my ear.
Then alas! when day is done,
My friend, you vanish with the sun.

JANET GOKAY, *Class of '69*

Limerick

There once was a lady from Spain
Who had a lavender cane,
"But where is she now?"
Asked Angus, the cow.
She's probably out in the rain.

VICKY GRANT, *Class of '70*

Skiing With the Measles

ON WEDNESDAY, January 22nd, I marched happily to school, not knowing that I had the German measles. In our first period at school everybody started noticing small red dots on my face, but I paid no attention to them until I looked in the mirror. I could not believe my eyes. When the nurse saw me, I was sent right home.

Mom wasn't home, and I was glad because I wanted my face to get really red so that when she came home I could make a big deal out of it. I quickly drank a cup of hot tea which the maid said would bring the German measle rash out. When Mom did get home, my face was more red and dotted than I had expected. She was surprised when she saw me, but after I was settled in front of the T.V. she didn't pay any more attention to me because she was so used to all of us in the family having the measles. I asked her if she could take my temperature, and she did.

We were to go to Hidden Valley the next day, but now we couldn't go. Mom and Dad said that if I felt better by Saturday we could go then. When Saturday rolled along, I felt much better. So we all left for Hidden Valley at about 8:30 in the morning. What a ride! It was cold outside so that we had the heater in the car on full blast, and whenever I was hot, the measles on my face began to show distinctly. After three hours of driving we were at Hidden Valley. Although in the last stage German measles are not contagious, I had to stay in the car, hidden, until we found out what rooms we had.

After we had all unpacked, we went skiing. I felt fine while I was outside and my face looked fine, but when I went indoors my face broke out with small, red dots. When I ate lunch in the Chalet, I would have to gobble half my lunch, hurry outside and sit there until my face was normal. I would then hurry back in the Chalet and eat the other half of my lunch. I had terrible indigestion from doing this, but I didn't mind. When it was dinner time, my face was so red and dotted that I had to eat in my room. We went skiing that night and I felt fine. I don't think I was noticed the whole time, for I hid behind Dad when necessary.

The next morning I thought I looked fine for breakfast until a little boy at breakfast ran up to say "hi" to me, took one look at my face, and headed off the other direction toward his Mom. One of a group of ski instructors asked if I would get him a cup of coffee. When

I gave it to him, I could see that he was trying to hold back a laugh about my face. I then decided that it was time to get out of the warmth of the dining room and go back to our apartment which was in a separate building.

That day on the slopes was just as bad as the day before. I had the same rushed lunch, and I was stared at as much as ever. "Oh, well," I thought, "this is one way to catch attention." But by the time dinner came, my face had lost its spots and at last I didn't have to hide behind Dad and look like a made-up clown. Now when I looked out of the corner of my eyes I could see no one staring at my face. What a relief!

When we returned home the next day, I looked like a completely different person. I have come to the conclusion that having German measles is not the best way to attract attention.

MARGIE NULSEN, *Class of '69*

Carnival

The smell of popcorn in the air;
People shouting here and there
Brush beside me at the fair,
When it's Carnival Day.

Many, many things to eat,
Cotton candy — sticky sweet,
Pies and cakes our nostrils greet,
When it's Carnival Day.

AVIS ROSENDALE, *Class of '70*

The Lonely House

ONCE THERE WAS a little house. It was a very happy house. There was a very nice family in it, too, but they were going to move.

So now the little house was all alone. A year later it was winter and the house was still lonely. It was very cold, too, and all its friends were sleeping. Soon spring came, but still the little house was lonely.

One day some people moved in. They loved the house very much, and the little house loved them, too. But one day rats came and started biting the little house, and no one knew. Then one day Mr. Kay, who lived there, came out and saw the rats. So he set some traps and waited until morning. He caught many rats, so now the little house is very happy.

SARA FEATHER, *Fourth Prime*

My Grandmother's Cat

MIMI, MY GRANDMOTHER, has always disliked cats. Aunt Charlotte arrived one day and came struggling with heavy bags to the door.

Mimi gave a dumbfounded stare and exclaimed, "What in heaven's name have you in that box?"

"Why, Geraldine, did I forget to tell you that Harrison was coming?"

Then out of the box stepped a big black cat! Mimi was furious, but what could she do? She was even more angry because Harrison pretended not to know he was disliked and began at once to make friendly gestures.

If you have a cat you know that sometimes it can be very silly. Harrison was more than silly. After a week or so had gone he would not go to bed at night unless my mother carried him down to the basement, put him in his box, covered him up with a doll blanket, and sang to him. He was very gentlemanly, except when he ran off to fight with the neighboring cats.

"Oh, that stupid cat!" Mimi would say, but Harrison just followed her from room to room. He followed her especially to the kitchen. Soon Mimi, who hated cats, was feeding Harrison little cat goodies.

One day Harrison ran off. Just another fight with the neighbors, we thought, but time passed and he did not come home. When a blizzard came up, Aunt Charlotte began to cry. Mimi sneaked looks out the window and found excuses to open the door several times. Still, no Harrison.

Night came and upon opening the door my mother found Harrison stiff with cold, his fur mixed with ice and snow. He was almost too weak to stand.

"Oh, that cat!" exclaimed Mimi.

Her eyes were watery as she began at once to cover him and warm his milk.

"Oh, that cat!"

PENNY ALLEN, *Class of '71*

Fall

The leaves are falling off the trees.
They are so dry they make me sneeze.
It won't be long until we freeze.

MARGARET WHITE, *Second Prime*

The No-Good Penguin

ONCE THERE WAS A BOY named John. He liked penguins, as a matter of fact he loved penguins. His birthday was coming soon, and all he wanted was a penguin. His parents always got him what he wanted, so they got him the penguin. When the penguin arrived John was so happy!

The next week when John went to school the penguin followed him and John didn't know! When John was doing his arithmetic the penguin walked in the door. Everyone screamed but John didn't. John went up to the teacher and told her that the penguin was his. So the teacher told him to take the penguin home. So John took the penguin home and told his mother to watch it. But John's mother fell asleep. When she woke up she heard something. It was the dishwasher. The penguin had turned it on. When John came home Mother was cleaning up soapsuds. Mother told John what happened, and John said, "Someday he'll learn."

CYNTHIA WACHTER, *Fourth Prime*

Charles

ONE DAY my brother Cy, who is seventeen, came home from the barn telling us that he had found two baby raccoons. He asked me if I had a baby bottle. I asked him, "What for?"

"To feed the baby raccoons," he said.

I said, "Yes," and gave it to him.

I asked him if I could go with him to help feed the raccoons. He said, "Yes." (He had left them in the barn.) Going was hard with both of us riding on the tractor. Finally we got there. I was so excited! After a long while we went home in a car and left the tractor there. Can you guess where we put the baby raccoons that night? We put them in Cy's bath tub.

In the next few weeks we just fed them with a baby bottle. Then we gave one raccoon to Miss Boley. Then we started to feed Charles with a spoon and we gave him baby food. Then Charles did not like milk any more. We play with Charles a lot now; he is so cute. He is very clean and plays with our dogs. We still have Charles, and I hope we will all his life.

ELIZABETH EATON, *Fourth Prime*

Never-Never-Land

ONE DAY just before I went to bed a little fairy jumped out and said, "Follow me and we will go to Never-Never Land."

When I got there I was surprised to see a candy H.B.S. I went into our room and Miss Kylin was sitting behind a gingerbread desk! Miss Kylin said, "Sit down and we will have arithmetic." I sat down behind my candy desk and did my arithmetic when suddenly I heard a crash! Clare had eaten her desk!

Then the fairy jumped out and said, "Time to go home." I woke up!

JOAN MARSHALL, *Fourth Prime*

The Gay Spring

THE FLOWERS are blooming, the birds are singing; it's warm outside but the breezes are cool. I feel as gay as a cardinal singing. The violets are all around, and so are the daisies, snapdragons, and daffodils. I am glad I am able to run about and do not have to be weighted down by my clumsy boots. I only have to wear a light coat or a sweater. I like very much, too, to watch the tulips grow and try to guess what color they will be. I live on the fifteenth golf hole and I like to watch the golfers. They seem so glad it's spring.

HOLLY DWORKEN, *Third Prime*

Spring Fills Us With Happiness

HAVE YOU EVER been pushed by the wind in spring? If someday you meet the wind and he wants to hug you, you better hang on to your hat. For he might carry you out of the states! But the wind can be gentle while it blows softly through your hair. But then it can cause great hurricanes and floods.

Birds come back in spring after long winters. Some birds stay here, but most birds fly south. Every bird that flies south has a way of knowing when to come back. When they come back we start all the fun of spring.

BARBIE SMYTHE, *Third Prime*

Route 66

ONE DAY the doorbell rang. My father answered the door and a very tall man walked in and said, "I was wondering if we could use your house for our next film on Route 66. Could you let us know in two weeks?"

My father said, "Yes," and closed the door. He came back in the living room and told us the good news. We all pleaded for him to say yes.

And so two weeks later on a Saturday, I was half awake and I heard a big truck come in the yard. It was Route 66. I did not know what to do first, tell everybody or get dressed. I decided to get dressed first. I ran into my sister's room and said, "Route 66 is here!" I did not wake her up, but I did wake up her friend Polly Eide and she woke up my sister. Next I went out in the middle of the hall and yelled. Everybody woke up and ran downstairs and greeted them at the door. Then we heard very good news. My brother was to be in the film. He was to jump in the lake. My father said it was all right, and he missed one week of school. They made a big mess but they cleaned it all up. In fact it looked like spring housecleaning in the fall.

Then last year they asked to use the house again, but my father said, "No." It did not matter, they filmed it next door.

MARIE DEMPSEY, *Fourth Prime*

Fall

Leaves are falling; geese are calling.
Soon there will be snow, you know.

AMY BASSETT, *Second Prime*

My Dog

I have a little dog. His name is Casey Jones.
And there's nothing he likes better
Than chewing up his bones.

ANN WEATHERHEAD, *Second Prime*

My Pony

Every little pony goes neigh, neigh, neigh.
And every little pony likes to eat hay.

ANN WEATHERHEAD, *Second Prime*

The Ritual

In the terrible heart of the panther's domain,
Where towering palms form a shadowy frame,
A fire blazes red in the dark purple night,
With magnetized souls in its flickering light;
And the firelight plays on a smoothly carved drum,
And a living beat grows in the strange hollow drum;
Then a low chant is uttered, a song of the blood;
Dark shadows worship an ebony god
Who keeps away fear of the panther's starved cry
As the red light dies black in the weird purple sky.

FRANCINE VOLK, *Class of '67*

Easter

Easter is full of surprises.
People sing songs.
People have fun.

PATTY ABBOTT, *First Prime*

Easter

Easter is fun.
Easter bunnies come. They hide eggs.
We get eggs. We find them.

LYDIA FURMAN, *First Prime*

The Loveliest Things

Flowers, balloons, a window in a church
Are the loveliest things I can think of.

LYDIA MUELLER, *First Prime*

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And sort of snowy, But my mother said
It was really sleet.

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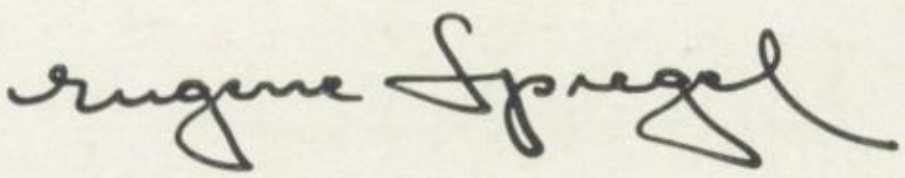

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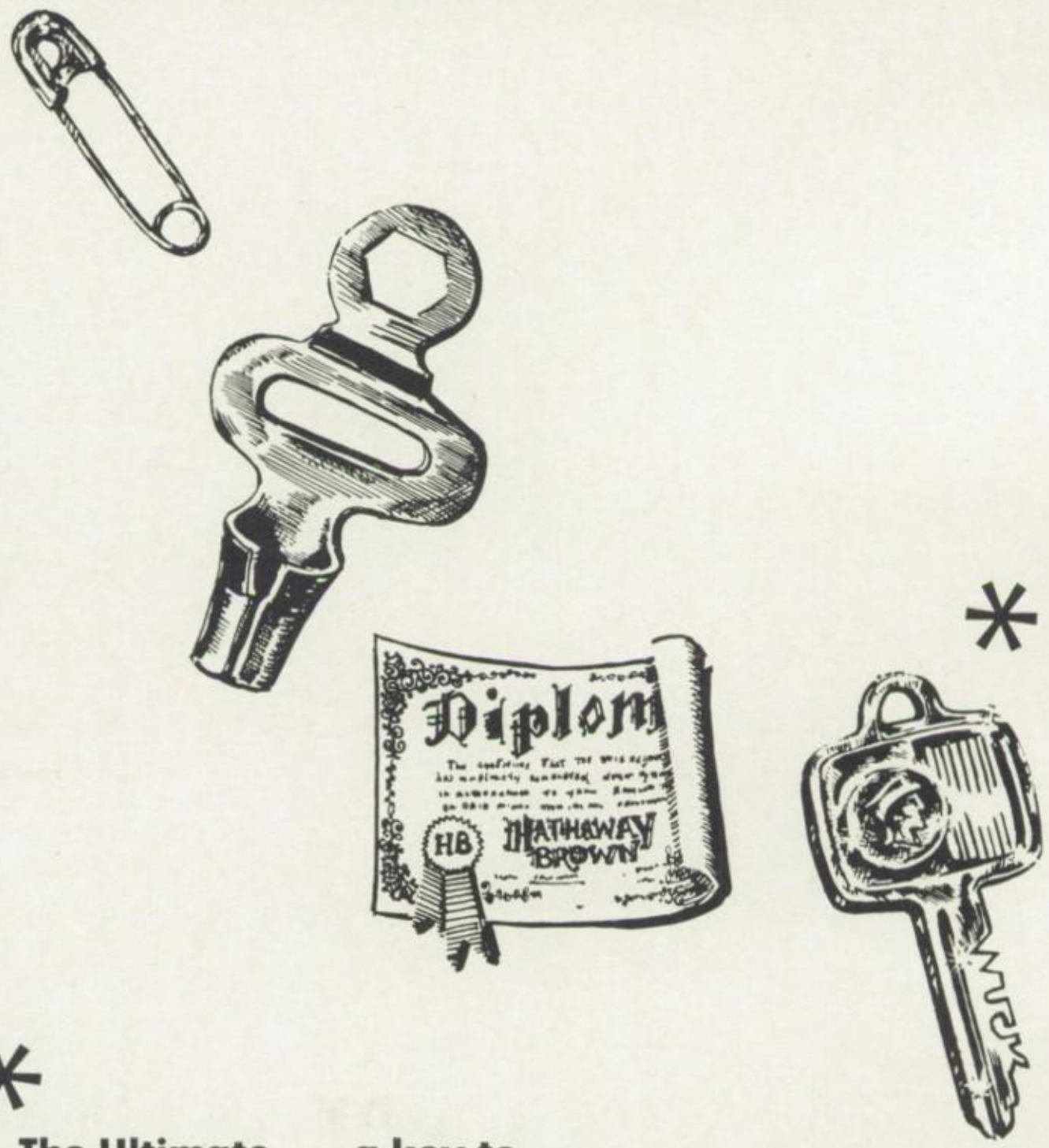

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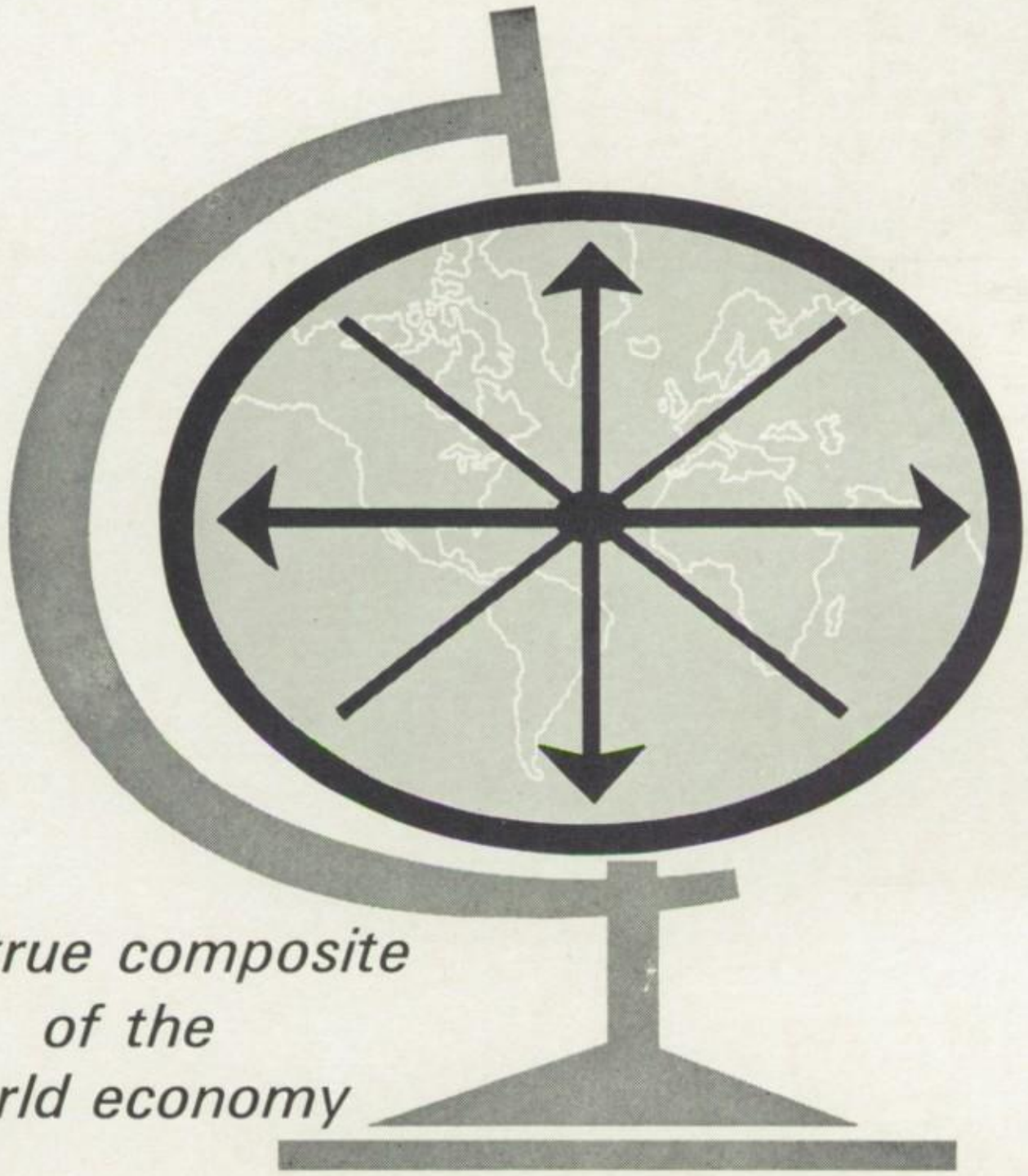

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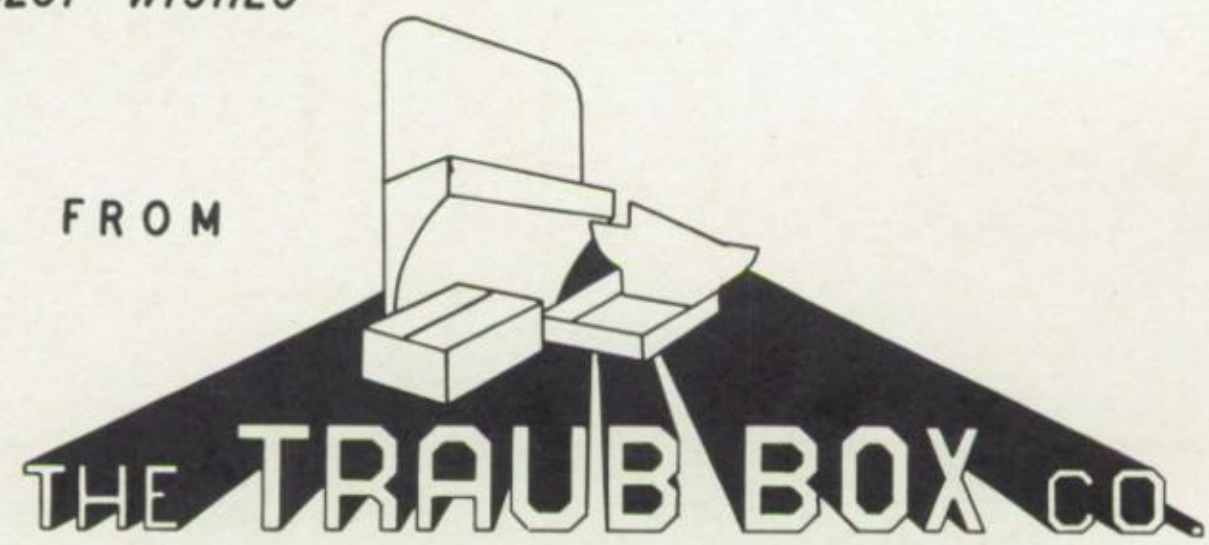

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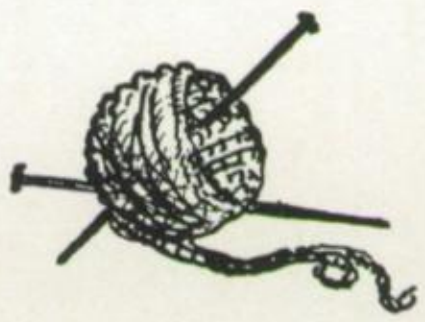

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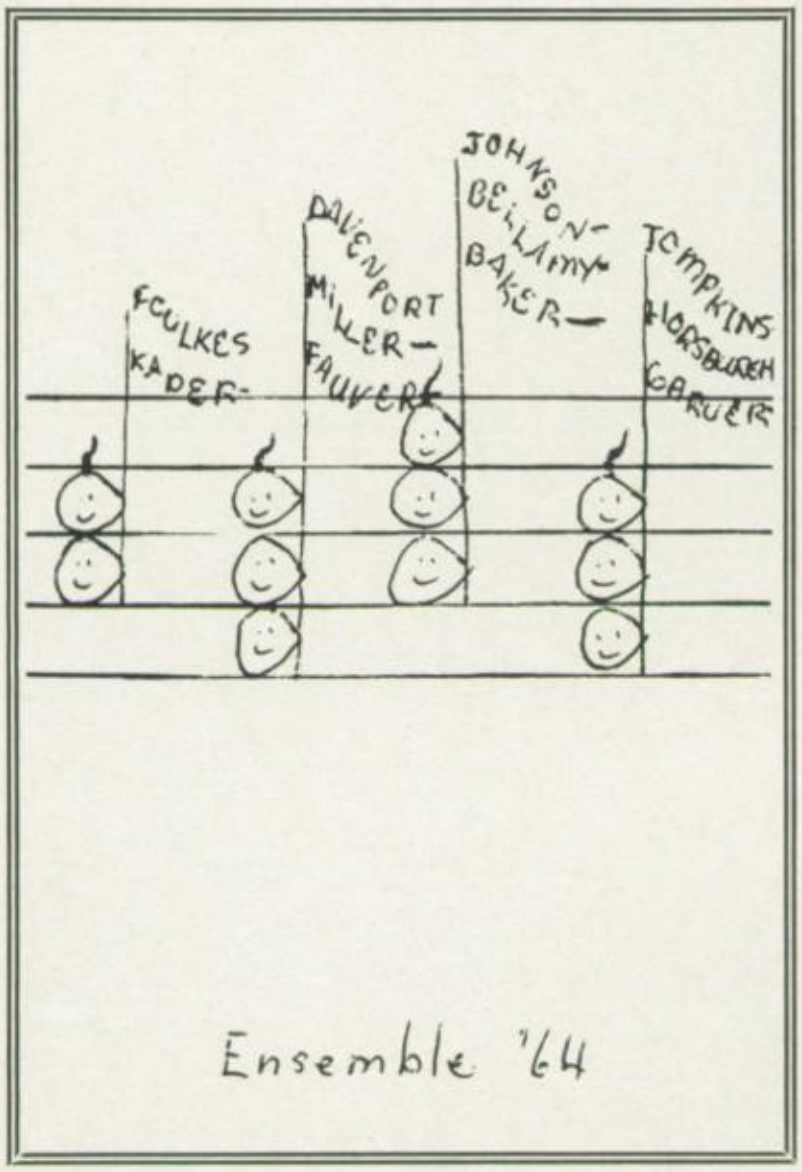

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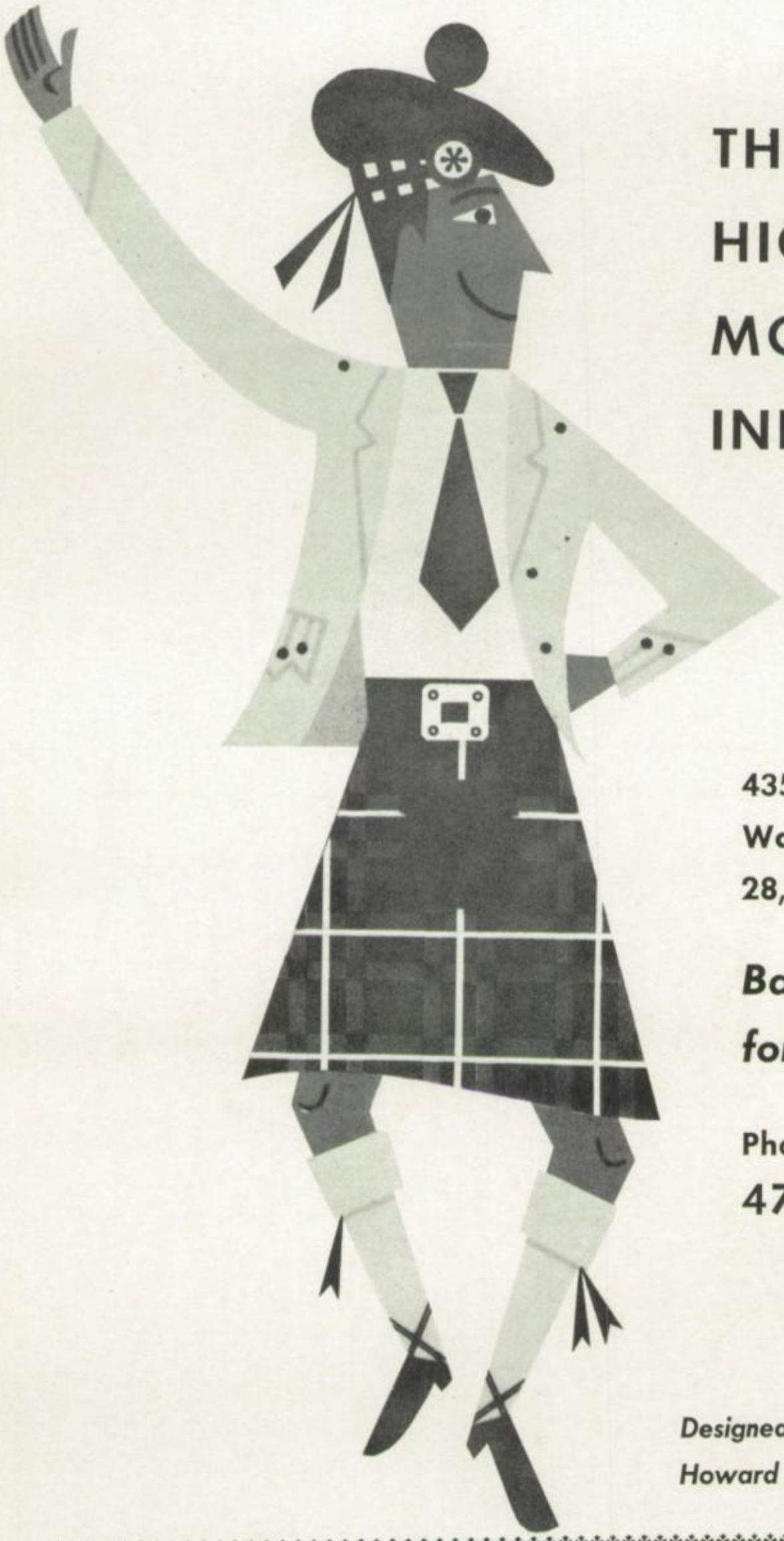

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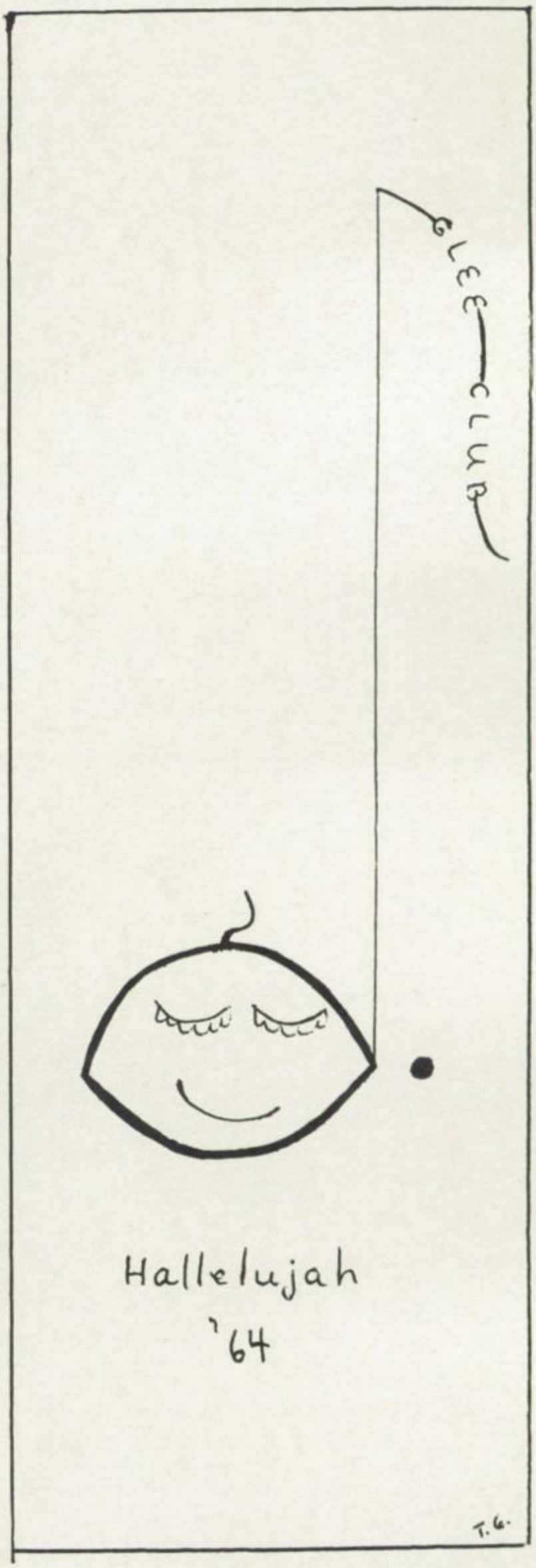

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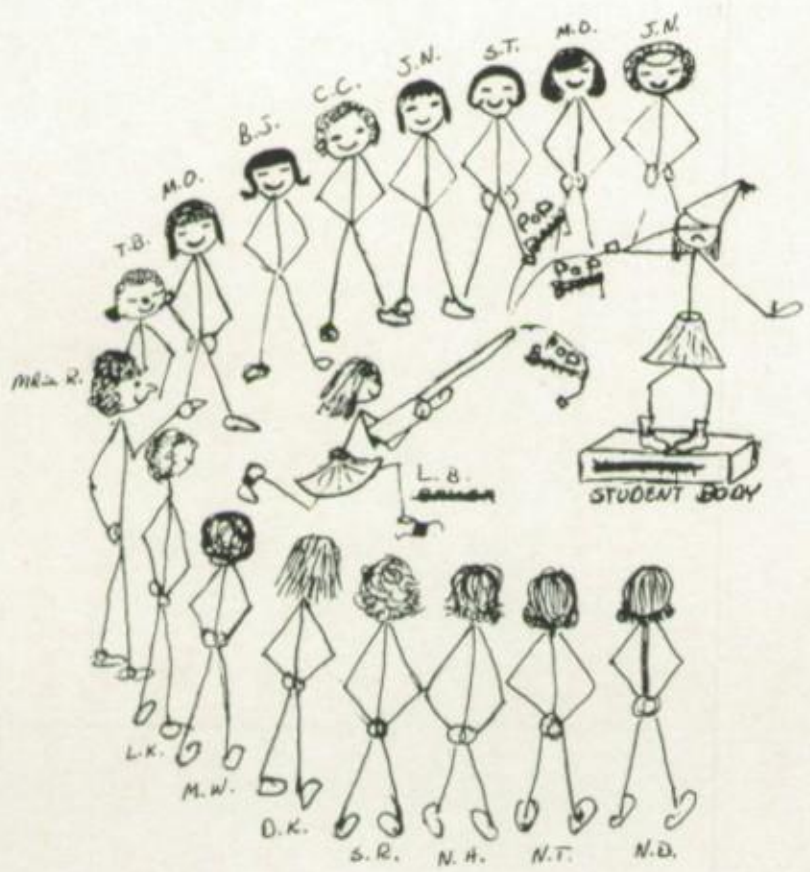

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1953 Attended seventh Hathaway-Brown Carnival; bought peanut brittle
1954 Attended first Preparatory Commencement
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1956 Attended third Primary Commencement
1957 Gave three class parties in June; recovered by September
1958 Attended first Academic Commencement
1959 Attended second Academic Commencement
1960 Attended third Preparatory Commencement
1961 Attended fourteenth Carnival; bought peanut brittle
1962 Noticed girls were younger than they used to be, but just as beautiful
1963 Drove car pool for last time
1964 Attended third Academic Commencement
196? First granddaughter born

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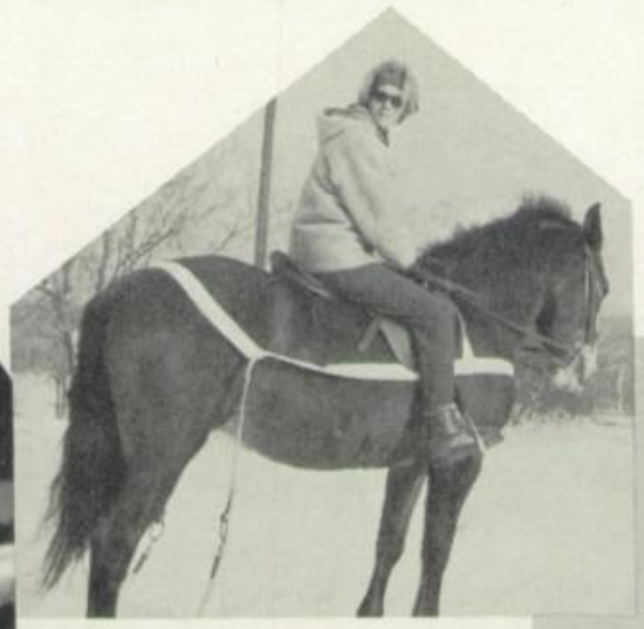

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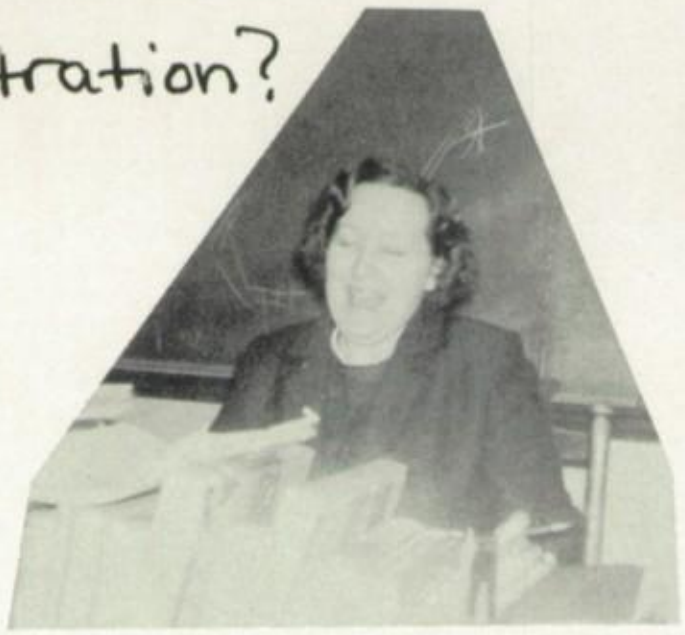

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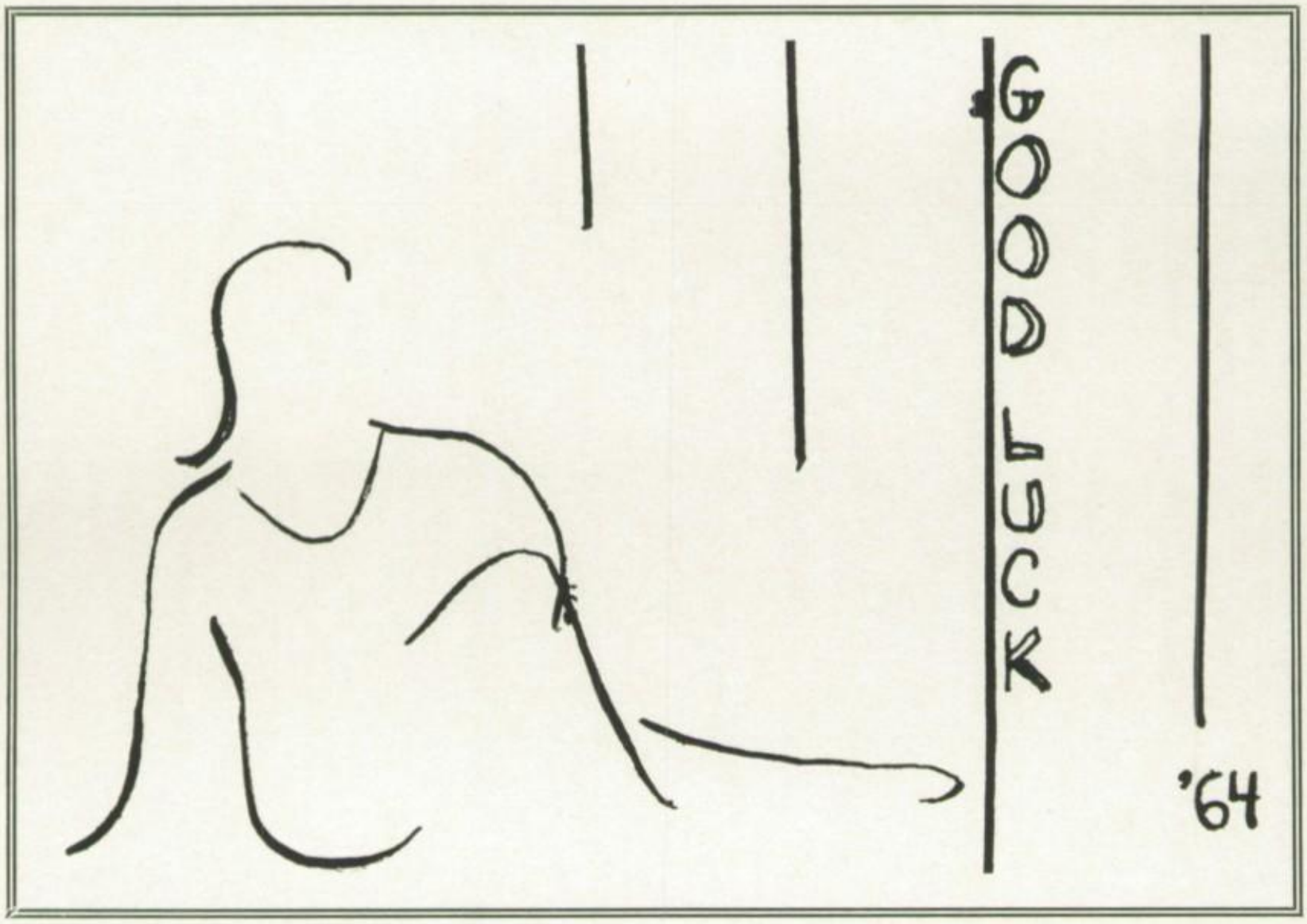

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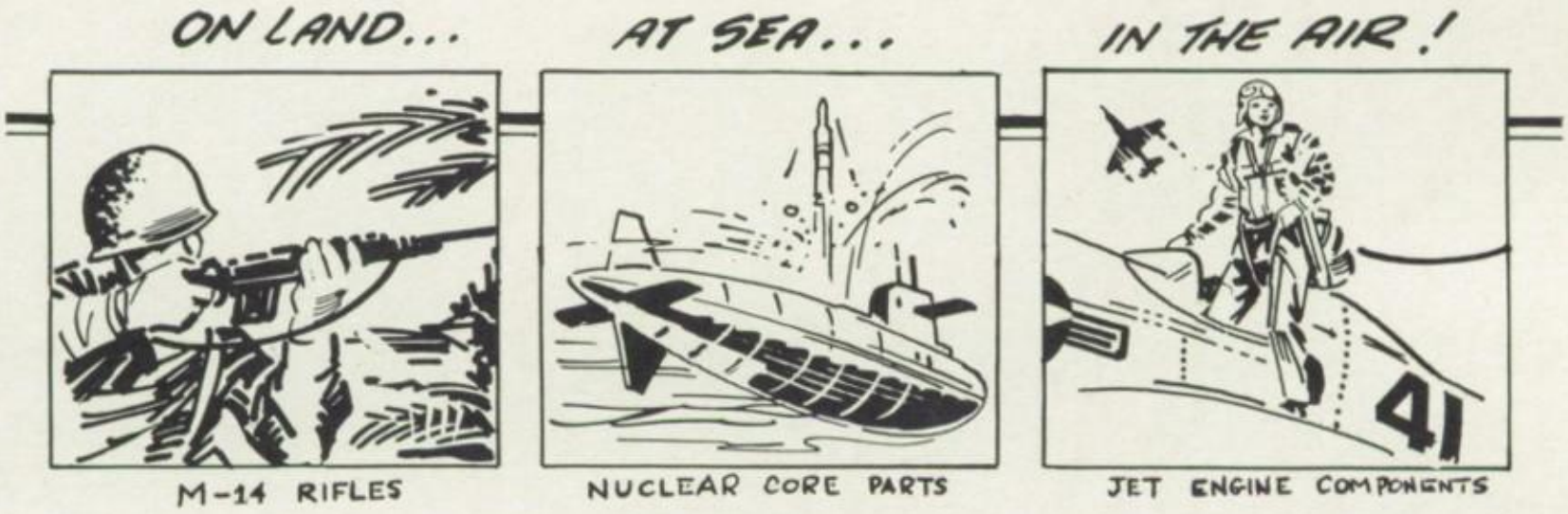

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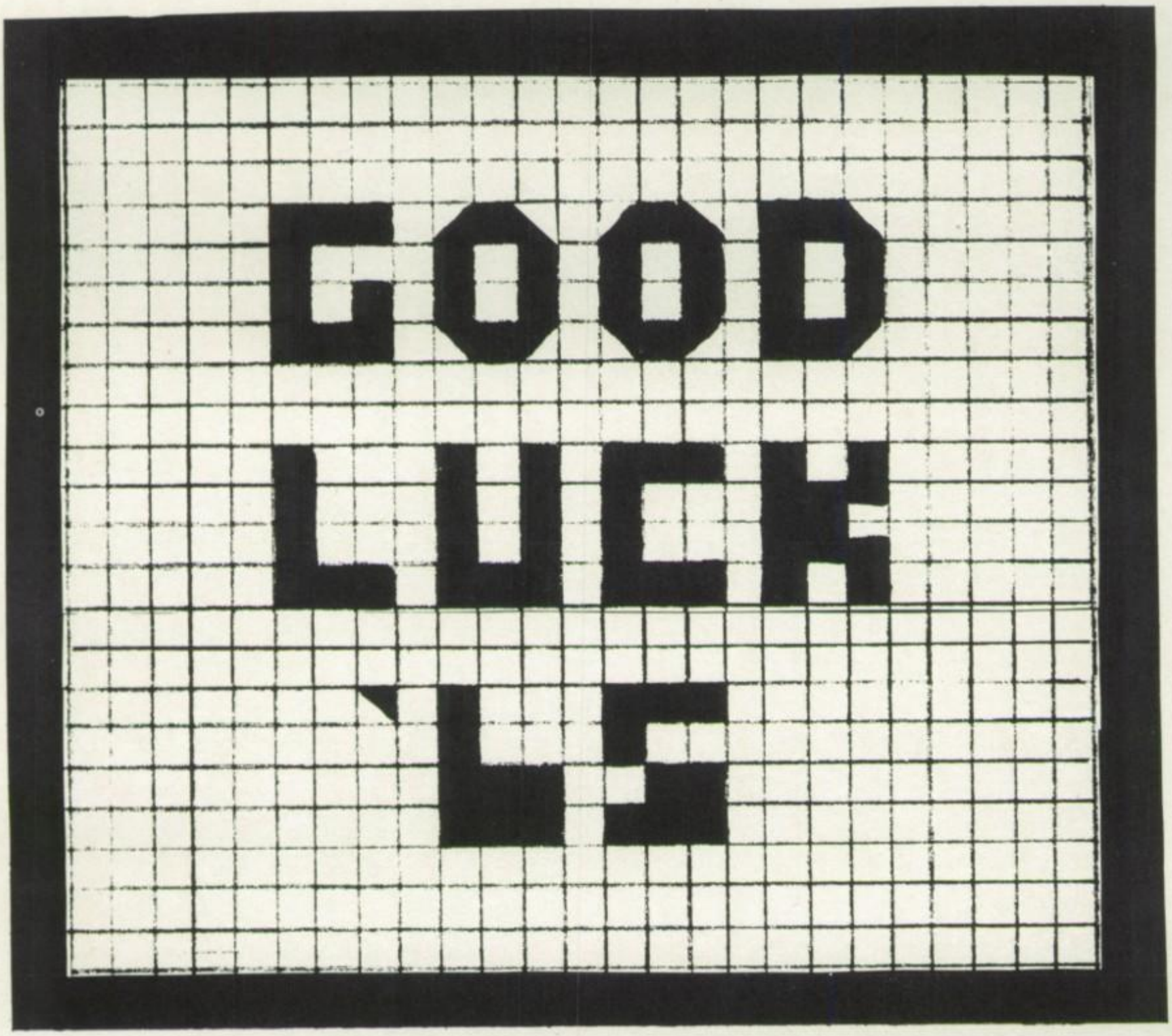
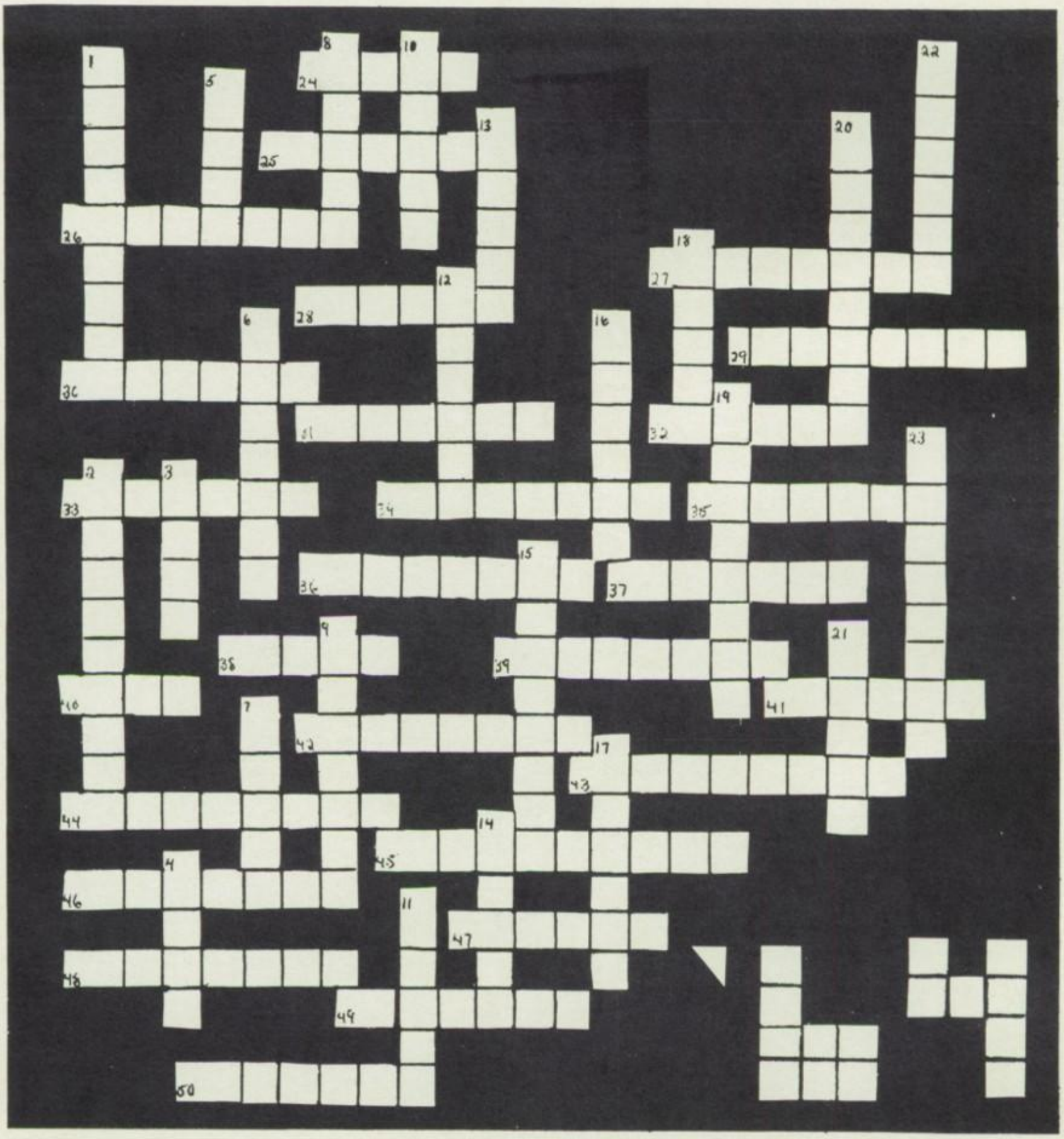


ACROSS

DOWN



ACROSS

24 Hilde
25 Nancy
26 Consie
27 Catherine
28 Laurel
29 Marilyn
30 Jean
31 Barb
32 Diantha
33 Nancy
34 Sharyn
35 Marilyn
36 Cindy
37 Sue
38 Barb
39 Gail
40 Edgar Allen
41 Catherine
42 Jill
43 Patsy
44 Marcy
45 Jan
46 Lynn
47 Judy
48 Sue
49 Katherine
50 Toni

DOWN

1 Diane
2 Margot
3 Ginny
4 Jan
5 Jennifer
6 Ann
7 Laura
8 Jane
9 Carolyn
10 Nancy
11 Barb
12 Sue
13 Betsy
14 Dorsey
15 Jan
16 Isa
17 Carolyn
18 Debby
19 Katherine
20 Ginny
21 Jan
22 Tudy
23 Vicky

A time for reflection

You are having moments like this one now—with graduation here, and the world and its possibilities before you.

And such moments are important in a world that awaits you and needs the best you can give it.

It is far from a perfect world. Your studies have taught you that.

But you have also learned that whenever people of good will and decent purpose do their best to leave a mark on the world that counts for something, that mark remains and glows.

Graduation is a time for congratulations, and Rubbermaid congratulates you for a course of study completed and a worthwhile ambition kept.

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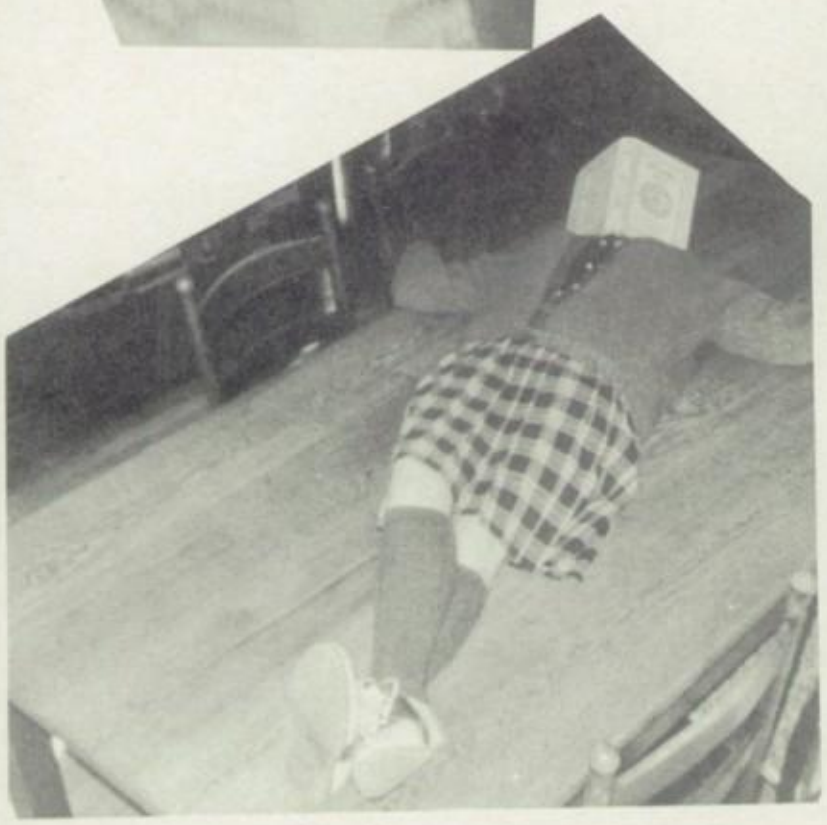

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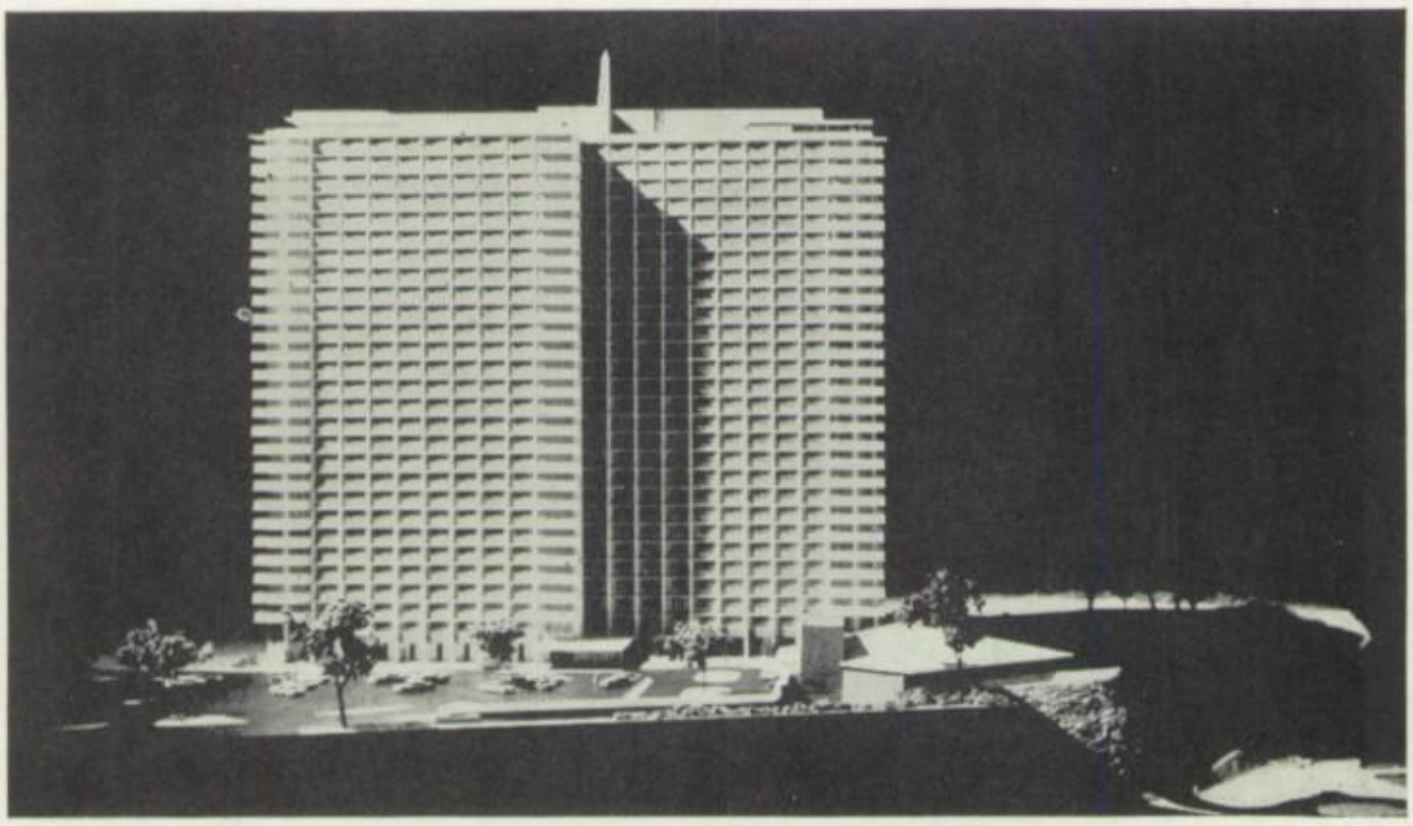

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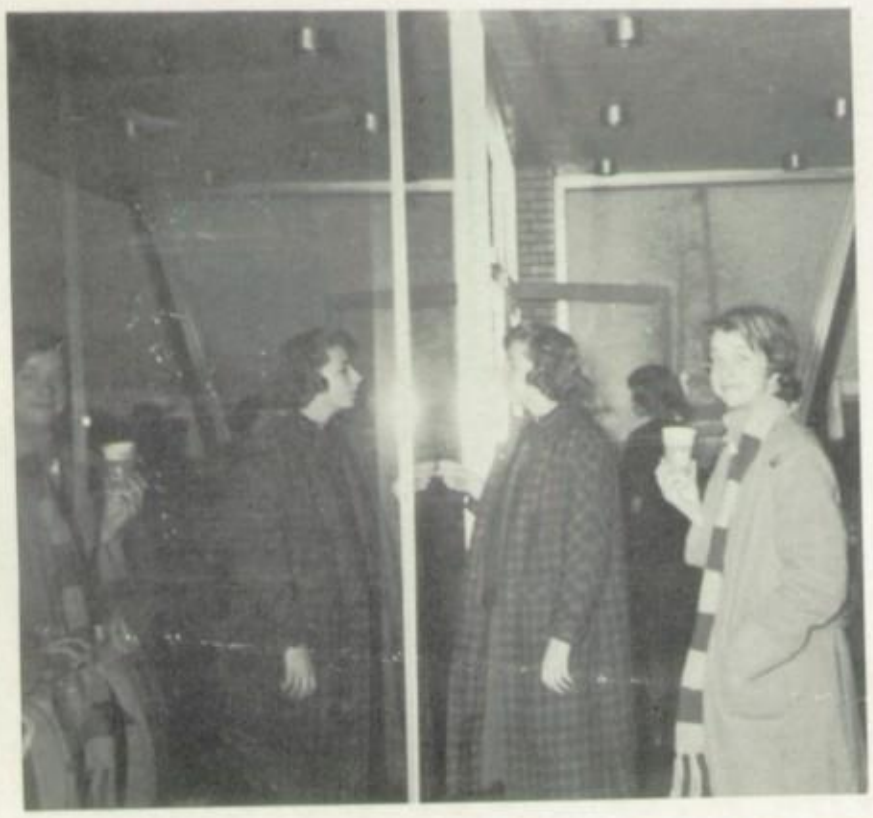

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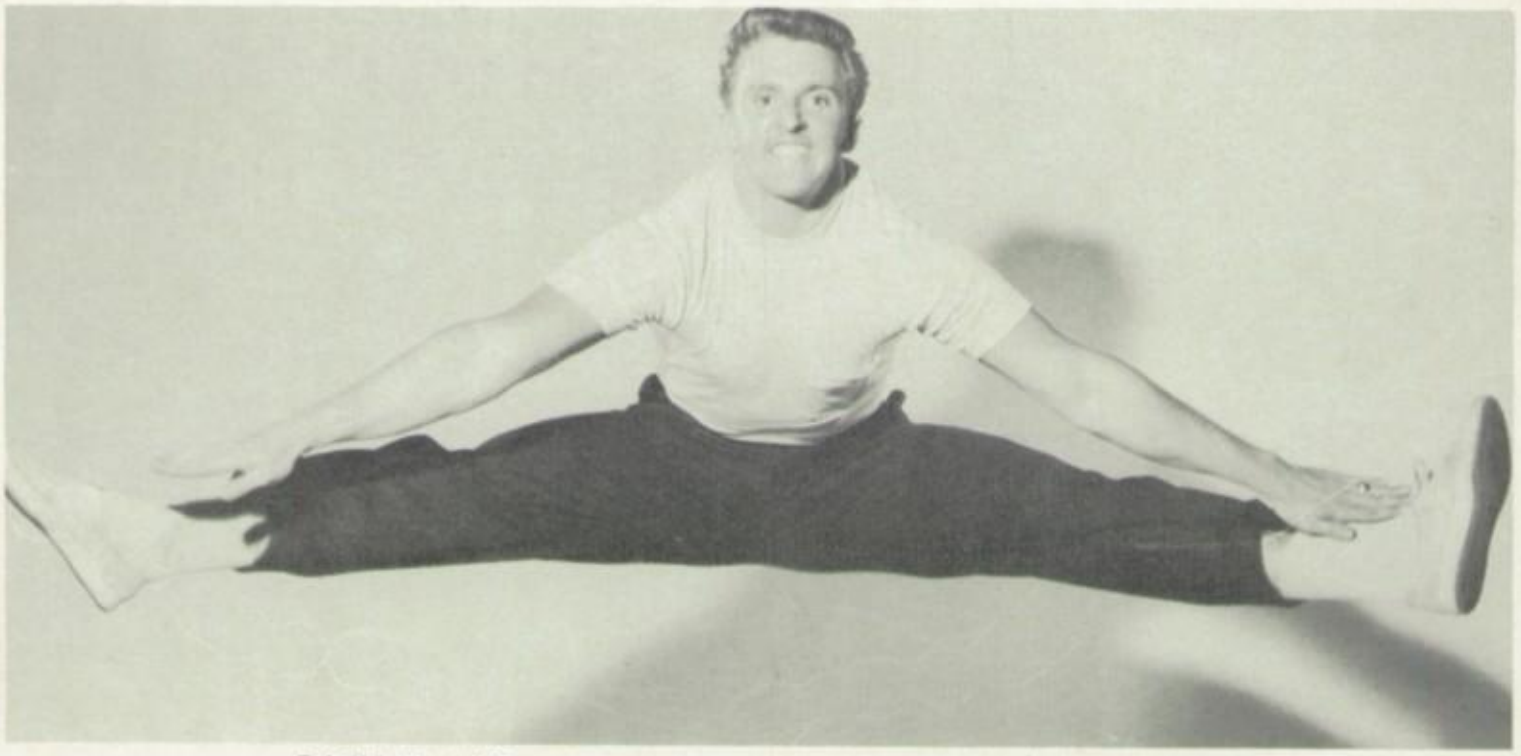

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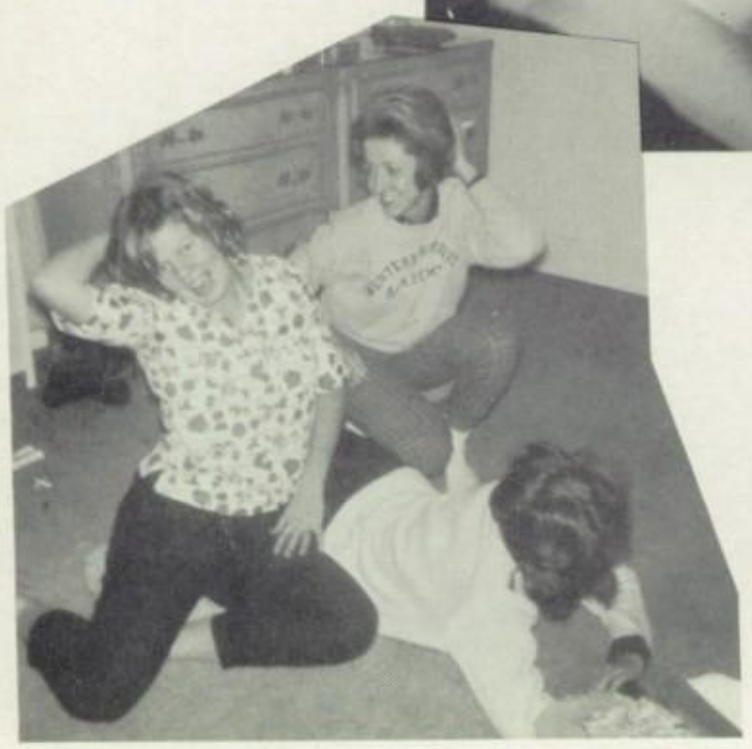

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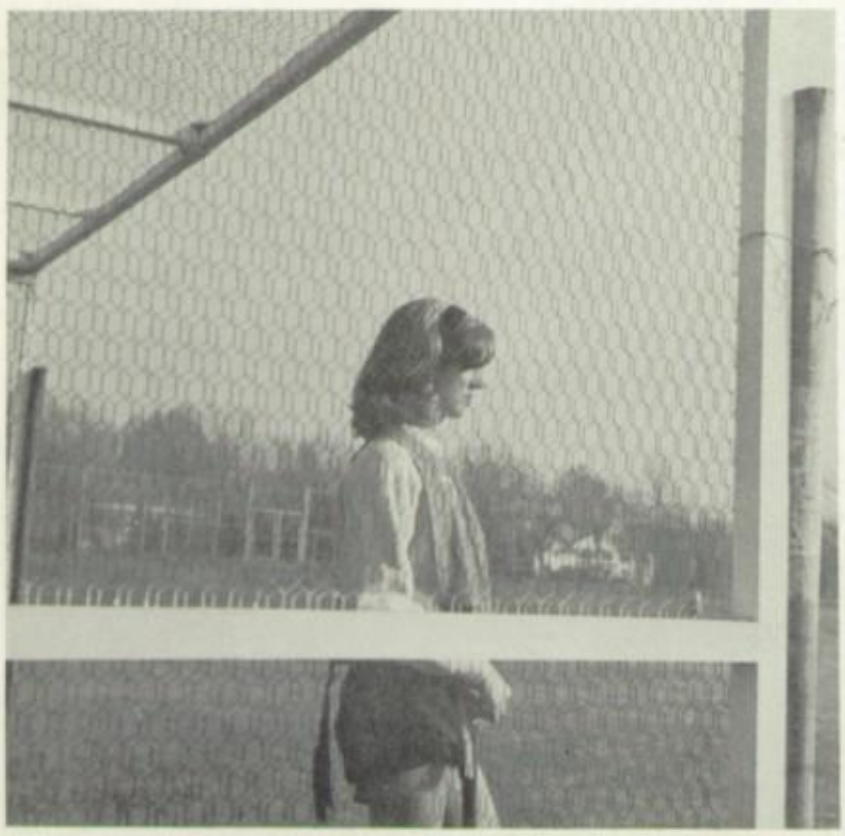

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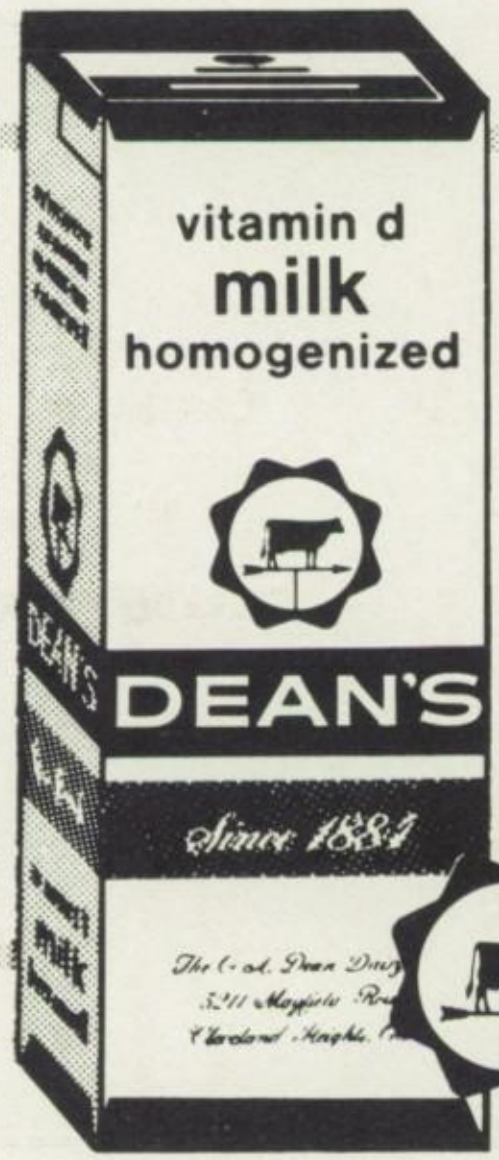

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HOLSEN, CATHERINE . . . . . 32 Lyman Circle, Shaker Heights 22
HUDSON, MARY . . . . . 2964 Falmouth Road, Shaker Heights 22
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JEWITT, BARBARA . . . . . 14217 Drexmore Road, Shaker Heights 20
KEIL, CYNTHIA . . . . . 2705 Ashley Road, Shaker Heights 22
KLIE, SUSAN . . . . . 15 Chillicothe Road, Chagrin Falls
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KUHN, DEBORAH . . . . . 2853 Brighton Road, Shaker Heights 20
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WATTS, MARILYN . . . . . 20776 Sydenham Road, Shaker Heights 22
WELLER, JUDITH . . . . . 2728 Claythorne Drive, Shaker Heights 22
WHITTLESEY, ROBIN . . . . . 3169 Rumson Road, Cleveland Heights 18
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AUTOGRAPHS

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